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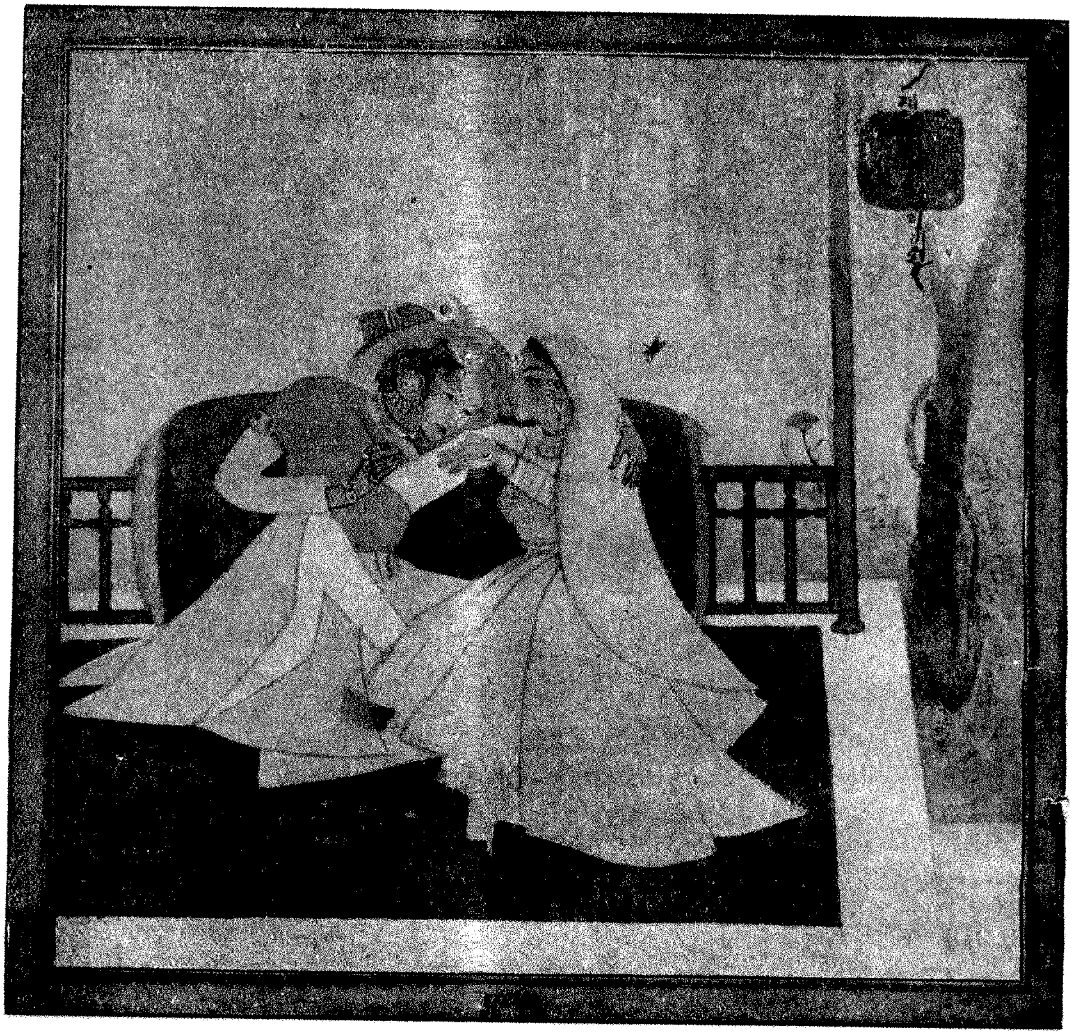

Signing the Bond.

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THE CALCUTTA REVIEW

JANUARY, 1922

NEW YEAR SONG[1]

God keep us in the year to come,
Between the times of palm and yew,
Of lilac and chrysanthemum.

God send our happiest wishes true
And build our broken towers anew,
Between the times of palm and yew,
Of lilac and chrysanthemum.

God keep us all the seasons through
And give us rain and sunshine, too,
And every cloud its bit of blue,
Between the times of palm and yew
Of lilac and chrysanthemum.

---

[1] This unpublished poem by the talented authoress Nora Hopper who died on 14th April, 1906, has been very kindly placed at the disposal of the Calcutta University by her husband Mr. W. H. Chesson.

God send each singing bird his mate
And lovers all a happy fate,
A rose to every sprig of rue,
Each blade of grass its drop of dew,
Between the times of palm and yew
Of lilac and chrysanthemum.

NORA HOPPER

THE CALL

[This little poem is by Eichendorff. It was written at the beginning of the great national revival in Germany against the yoke of Napoleon.]

Hark! Do you hear the wondrous whisper sounding
Which from our glorious age-long legends springs?
Our hearts with deep unuttered hopes surrounding,
Of Love and of the clash of arms it rings,
And eke of Liberty—and all she brings
To nations. Like a mighty goddess armed,
With crash of steel on shield, as from a grave
It wakes—our nation's manhood. All the brave
And dauntless hearts thrill to the call that rings,
And face the certain future unalarmed.

. . . .

What is this call o'erpowering petty strife,
This mighty call to paupers as to kings?
The hearts of men are but the music strings,
Through which now blows the breath of God's own Life.

POST-GRADUATE

THE MESSAGE OF THE GITA,—WHAT IS TRUE CULTURE?

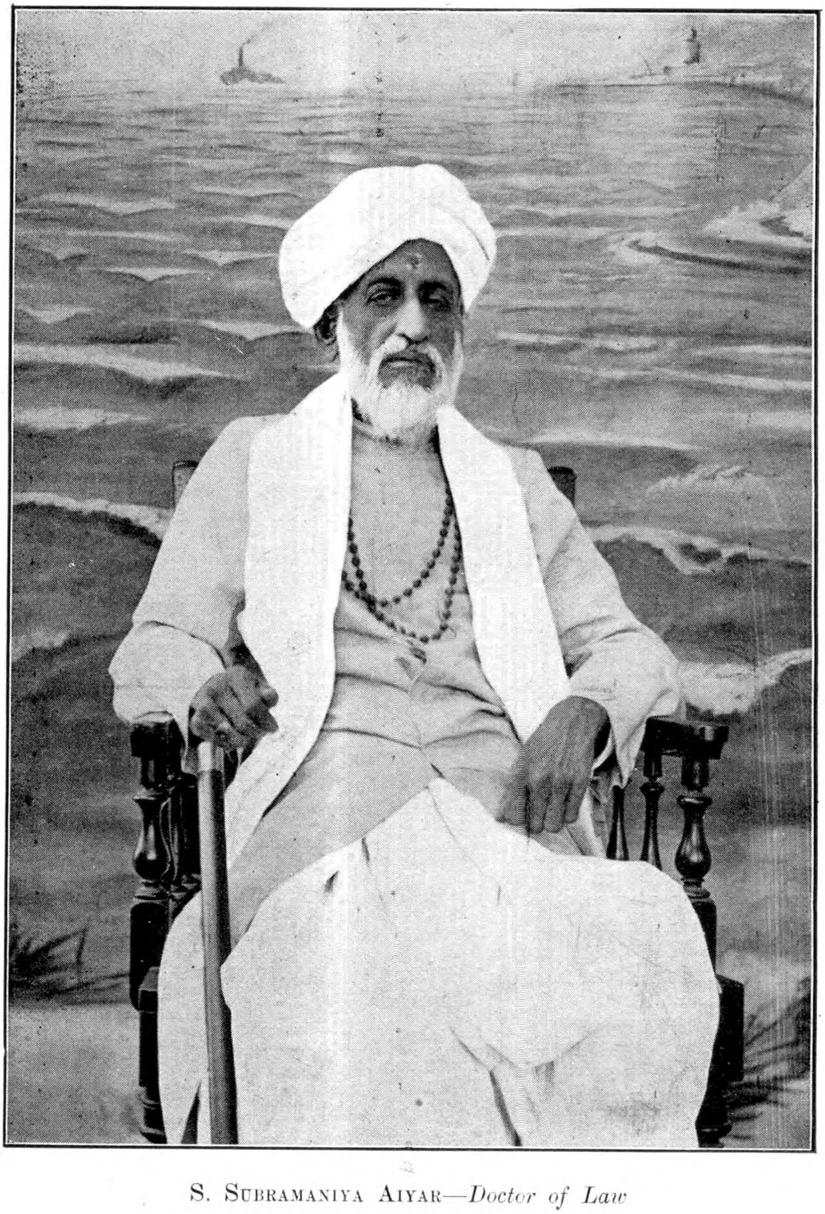
One often hears culture spoken of as eastern culture and western culture and the like. No doubt, there are standpoints which may justify such a distinction being adopted. But is there not a culture which is fundamental and distinctionless? One surely there must be and is. And it is the culture of the *whole* man, if such an expression may be allowed. Of course, the vast multitude of humanity consists of only more or less partially developed members of the race. Yet, there are certainly *whole* men in many parts of the world even now, though their number small. I mean by whole men, those whose lower nature has been subdued and is under perfect control, while their higher nature has been fully unfolded. These comparatively rare representatives of highly evolved mankind are by no means anxious to advertise themselves. They bear no visible marks singling them out from the rest of their brethren. They are the salt of society and are content to play their part silently and unknown. In these circumstances is there no means of knowing what sort of culture is that of these exceptional men? Now, one desirous of knowing what its real character is, cannot do better than turn to that book of books, the Gita, the Song Celestial, as it has been felicitously described.

Though this Hindu Scripture has enjoyed unbounded admiration and reverence on all hands, it can scarcely be taken that the exact grounds for such admiration and reverence are generally understood. What are these grounds then? Manifestly one of them is that nowhere else in the whole range of the world's literature is the culture of the *whole* man outlined and portrayed with greater accuracy and beauty than in this famous colloquy between Krishna and Arjuna.

This is, of course, but only one of its highest merits. For, it is not merely the nature of the true man, the microcosm, *i.e.*, delineated with marvellous skill in this ancient dialogue but also the infinite microcosm and the basis of both, *Brahman* the absolute. Hence the claim made with perfect warrant, that the subject matter of the Gita is the synthetic science of the Absolute, *Yogobrahmavidya*—a term as old as the Rigveda and, as I am informed, to be found in it.

Now the erroneous veiw that western education has totally undermined the religious spirit of the Hindu community cannot be more strongly rebuked than by the fact that the Gita has been studied by thousands and thousands of ardent students thereof through the medium of English translation; relatively to whose number, that of those, who had the advantage of studying it in the original Sanskrit, was utterly insignificant. The aspiration to spiritual progress, which so great an influx of such students implied, has not been without a response from the invisible custodians of *Aryavartas Para Vidya* or the Higher knowledge, who are, of course keenly alive to their responsibility to forward the work of reconstruction of the world's affairs, now so urgent and needing to be helped and instructed by the study of the treasures of that *Vidya*.

One small proof of the said response is to be found in the coming to light not long since of a great and illuminating commentary on the Gita, which when it is printed and published cannot but show how little has hitherto been generally understood of the store of spiritual wisdom which as it were, this Scripture hides within the short compass of its 745 verses. It would take much space even to draw attention cursorily to the leading points supporting so strong a statement as the above. Before, however, offering the few remarks on this point which is all that can be attempted here, a little explanation is necessary as to the



S. Subramaniya Aiyar—*Doctor of Law*

source from which this commentary comes. It is part of a large collection of commentaries on some of the most important Upanishads and other Hindu Sacred books including the Ramayana and the Mahabharata ; the collection being spoken of as *Khanda Rahasya* by *Hamsa Yogi*, by the members of an ancient Hindu organisation called *Suddha Dharma Mandala*. It is from one of the secret libraries of this organisation situated in Northern India, that the manuscript copy of the Gita commentary, under reference, has been obtained, at my instance, by one of the members of that organisation Pandit K. T. Srinivasachariar of Madras.

Though little was heard of this organisation until a few years ago, much interesting information regarding its constitution and nature is now forthcoming in the two parts of a work named *Dharma Deepika*, published by the said *Pandit*. Suffice it to say, that guided by the eternal truths, taught by such great Hindu scriptures as the Upanishads, the tenets of the organisation are absolutely free from all sectarian narrowness and bigotry; caste, for example, being held by this organisation to be out of date altogether in the present age and women being held to be entitled to an equal place in all matters bearing on the well-being of society. And the title *Suddha Dharma Mandala* points emphatically to the catholicity of those tenets. The explanation of the phrase *Suddha Dharma* is this. As stated in another work called *Yoga Deepika*, published by the same *pandit*, the members of this organisation view the godhead in three ways :—(1) *Saguna* or possessed of forms, (2) *Nirguna* or formless, but immanent in every thing and (3) *Suddha*, or the entirely attributeless, the absolute aspect of the Deity of which all that can be predicated is what is stated in the *sruti* passage, which runs "*Sothiyam jnanam Ananthum Brahma*," the One Reality, the Fount of All Consciousness, the Infinite. It is this expression *Suddha* that the organisation has utilised for its title with the object of showing that its tenets have the very best spiritual basis; or, in other words, that those tenets are the reflections of the pure and eternal Law so far as any reflection of it, down here in this mundane plane, is possible.

Now reverting to the collection of the commentaries above referred to, the name *Khanda Rahasya* connotes that the commentaries in question explain the esoteric teachings to be found scattered in the leading Hindu Sacred books dealt with in the commentaries. As to the authorship of these commentaries, there is one peculiarity to be mentioned. The name *Hamsa Yogi* is not the proper name of any specific writer but the title of an office in the organisation, filled, from time to time, by one or more of the most learned among the members thereof; these office holders being charged with the duty of elucidating esoteric teachings contained in the chief Hindu Sacred books.

The reason for the selection of the phrase *Hamsa* is two-fold. Firstly, the work of these commentators is very much like that of the fabulous bird *Hamsa* which separates and imbibes the milk mixed with water. The next and truer ground for the name is that the great and main aim of these commentators is to inculcate the supreme lesson that the Spirit in man is no other than a fragment of the universal Divine Spirit; tellingly expressed by this phrase *Hamsa* which is literally "I am that," "I am Brahman."

I now proceed to offer a few remarks as to the invaluable light in which the Gita is presented in the commentary under reference. To begin with, the recension used for the commentary, is not the one commonly current. It is pointed out that the contents of the letter are not quite consistent with what they should be with reference to the verse which occurs in the last chapter, called the Bhagavad Gita Parva, forming part of the Bhishma Parva, of the Mahabharata. The verse lays down the exact number of the slokas containing the speeches of the four speakers in the *Gita*—Krishna

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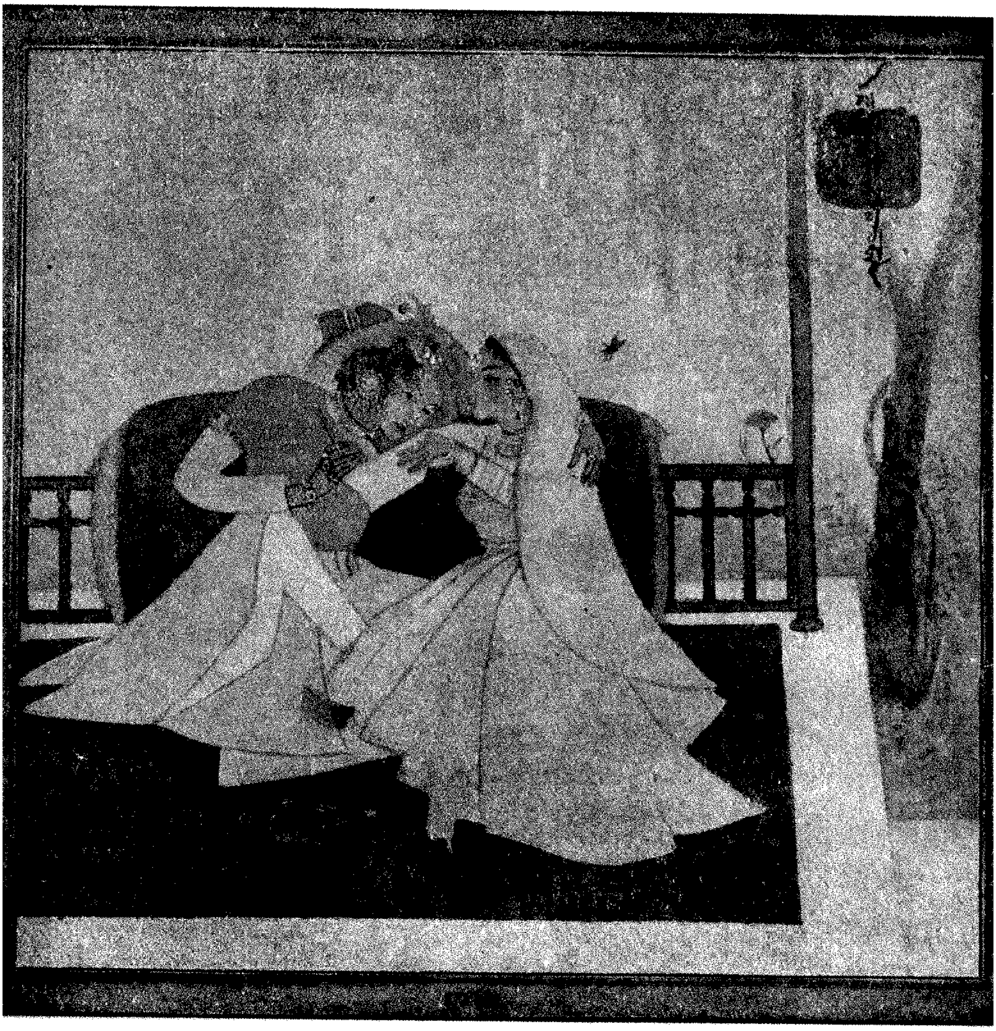

Signing the Bond.

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THE CALCUTTA REVIEW

JANUARY, 1922

NEW YEAR SONG[1]

God keep us in the year to come,
Between the times of palm and yew,
Of lilac and chrysanthemum.

God send our happiest wishes true
And build our broken towers anew,
Between the times of palm and yew,
Of lilac and chrysanthemum.

God keep us all the seasons through
And give us rain and sunshine, too,
And every cloud its bit of blue,
Between the times of palm and yew
Of lilac and chrysanthemum.

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[1] This unpublished poem by the talented authoress Nora Hopper who died on 14th April, 1906, has been very kindly placed at the disposal of the Calcutta University by her husband Mr. W. H. Chesson.

God send each singing bird his mate
And lovers all a happy fate,
A rose to every sprig of rue,
Each blade of grass its drop of dew,
Between the times of palm and yew
Of lilac and chrysanthemum.

NORA HOPPER

THE CALL

[This little poem is by Eichendorff. It was written at the beginning of the great national revival in Germany against the yoke of Napoleon.]

Hark! Do you hear the wondrous whisper sounding
Which from our glorious age-long legends springs?
Our hearts with deep unuttered hopes surrounding,
Of Love and of the clash of arms it rings,
And eke of Liberty—and all she brings
To nations. Like a mighty goddess armed,
With crash of steel on shield, as from a grave
It wakes—our nation's manhood. All the brave
And dauntless hearts thrill to the call that rings,
And face the certain future unalarmed.

. . . .

What is this call o'erpowering petty strife,
This mighty call to paupers as to kings?
The hearts of men are but the music strings,
Through which now blows the breath of God's own Life.

POST-GRADUATE

THE MESSAGE OF THE GITA,—WHAT IS TRUE CULTURE?

One often hears culture spoken of as eastern culture and western culture and the like. No doubt, there are standpoints which may justify such a distinction being adopted. But is there not a culture which is fundamental and distinctionless? One surely there must be and is. And it is the culture of the *whole* man, if such an expression may be allowed. Of course, the vast multitude of humanity consists of only more or less partially developed members of the race. Yet, there are certainly *whole* men in many parts of the world even now, though their number small. I mean by whole men, those whose lower nature has been subdued and is under perfect control, while their higher nature has been fully unfolded. These comparatively rare representatives of highly evolved mankind are by no means anxious to advertise themselves. They bear no visible marks singling them out from the rest of their brethren. They are the salt of society and are content to play their part silently and unknown. In these circumstances is there no means of knowing what sort of culture is that of these exceptional men? Now, one desirous of knowing what its real character is, cannot do better than turn to that book of books, the Gita, the Song Celestial, as it has been felicitously described.

Though this Hindu Scripture has enjoyed unbounded admiration and reverence on all hands, it can scarcely be taken that the exact grounds for such admiration and reverence are generally understood. What are these grounds then? Manifestly one of them is that nowhere else in the whole range of the world's literature is the culture of the *whole* man outlined and portrayed with greater accuracy and beauty than in this famous colloquy between Krishna and Arjuna.

This is, of course, but only one of its highest merits. For, it is not merely the nature of the true man, the microcosm, *i.e.*, delineated with marvellous skill in this ancient dialogue but also the infinite microcosm and the basis of both, *Brahman* the absolute. Hence the claim made with perfect warrant, that the subject matter of the Gita is the synthetic science of the Absolute, *Yogobrahmavidya*—a term as old as the Rigveda and, as I am informed, to be found in it.

Now the erroneous veiw that western education has totally undermined the religious spirit of the Hindu community cannot be more strongly rebuked than by the fact that the Gita has been studied by thousands and thousands of ardent students thereof through the medium of English translation; relatively to whose number, that of those, who had the advantage of studying it in the original Sanskrit, was utterly insignificant. The aspiration to spiritual progress, which so great an influx of such students implied, has not been without a response from the invisible custodians of *Aryavartas Para Vidya* or the Higher knowledge, who are, of course keenly alive to their responsibility to forward the work of reconstruction of the world's affairs, now so urgent and needing to be helped and instructed by the study of the treasures of that *Vidya.*

One small proof of the said response is to be found in the coming to light not long since of a great and illuminating commentary on the Gita, which when it is printed and published cannot but show how little has hitherto been generally understood of the store of spiritual wisdom which as it were, this Scripture hides within the short compass of its 745 verses. It would take much space even to draw attention cursorily to the leading points supporting so strong a statement as the above. Before, however, offering the few remarks on this point which is all that can be attempted here, a little explanation is necessary as to the source from which this commentary comes. It is part of a large collection of commentaries on some of the most important Upanishads and other Hindu Sacred books including the Ramayana and the Mahabharata ; the collection being spoken of as *Khanda Rahasya* by *Hamsa Yogi*, by the members of an ancient Hindu organisation called *Suddha Dharma Mandala.* It is from one of the secret libraries of this organisation situated in Northern India, that the manuscript copy of the Gita commentary, under reference, has been obtained, at my instance, by one of the members of that organisation Pandit K. T. Srinivasachariar of Madras.

Though little was heard of this organisation until a few years ago, much interesting information regarding its constitution and nature is now forthcoming in the two parts of a work named *Dharma Deepika*, published by the said *Pandit.* Suffice it to say, that guided by the eternal truths, taught by such great Hindu scriptures as the Upanishads, the tenets of the organisation are absolutely free from all sectarian narrowness and bigotry; caste, for example, being held by this organisation to be out of date altogether in the present age and women being held to be entitled to an equal place in all matters bearing on the well-being of society. And the title *Suddha Dharma Mandala* points emphatically to the catholicity of those tenets. The explanation of the phrase *Suddha Dharma* is this. As stated in another work called *Yoga Deepika*, published by the same *pandit*, the members of this organisation view the godhead in three ways :—(1) *Saguna* or possessed of forms, (2) *Nirguna* or formless, but immanent in every thing and (3) *Suddha*, or the entirely attributeless, the absolute aspect of the Deity of which all that can be predicated is what is stated in the *sruti* passage, which runs "*Sothiyam jnanam Ananthum Brahma*," the One Reality, the Fount of All Consciousness, the Infinite. It is this expression *Suddha* that the organisation has utilised for its title with the object of showing that its tenets have the very best spiritual basis ; or, in other words, that those tenets are the reflections of the pure and eternal Law so far as any reflection of it, down here in this mundane plane, is possible.

Now reverting to the collection of the commentaries above referred to, the name *Khanda Rahasya* connotes that the commentaries in question explain the esoteric teachings to be found scattered in the leading Hindu Sacred books dealt with in the commentaries As to the authorship of these commentaries, there is one peculiarity to be mentioned. The name *Hamsa Yogi* is not the proper name of any specific writer but the title of an office in the organisation, filled, from time to time, by one or more of the most learned among the members thereof; these office holders being charged with the duty of elucidating esoteric teachings contained in the chief Hindu Sacred books.

The reason for the selection of the phrase *Hamsa* is two-fold. Firstly, the work of these commentators is very much like that of the fabulous bird *Hamsa* which separates and imbibes the milk mixed with water. The next and truer ground for the name is that the great and main aim of these commentators is to inculcate the supreme lesson that the Spirit in man is no other than a fragment of the universal Divine Spirit; tellingly expressed by this phrase *Hamsa* which is literally "I am that," "I am Brahman."

I now proceed to offer a few remarks as to the invaluable light in which the Gita is presented in the commentary under reference. To begin with, the recension used for the commentary, is not the one commonly current. It is pointed out that the contents of the letter are not quite consistent with what they should be with reference to the verse which occurs in the last chapter, called the Bhagavad Gita Parva, forming part of the Bhishma Parva, of the Mahabharata. The verse lays down the exact number of the slokas containing the speeches of the four speakers in the *Gita*—Krishna and Arjuna, Sanjaya and Dhritarashtra. The verse runs thus:

Ṣaṭśatāni Saviṃśāni
ślokānām prāha Keśavaḥ,
Arjunaḥ saptapañcāśat
saptaṣaṣṭin tu Sanjayaḥ:
Dhṛtarāṣṭra ślokamekam
Gītāyā mānam ucyate.

Now, the total number of verses in the current editions is either 700 or 701 only instead of 745, as the total number should be, according to the above verse of the Mahabharata. Again, Arjuna's real contribution to the Scripture amounted to only 57 verses, while those put into his mouth in the current editions are more than 100. Turning to Sanjaya, he gets the credit in the old editions for only about half the number of his legitimate share of 57 slokas. As to Krishna himself, the old editions, strongly enough, omit no less than 34 verses appertaining to his share, though the whole of them as was to be expected are quite important, as *Hamsa Yogi* points out.

Putting aside the comparatively small discrepancies noticed above, it is important to point out that in the matter of the division and the arrangement of the chapters, there is a radical difference between the recension, followed generally, and that used by *Hamsa Yogi* for his commentary. Without denying that the division and the arrangement in the former recension have their warrant, *Hamsa Yogi* maintains, with ample grounds, that the more authoritative and acceptable arrangement is that of the *Suddha Dharma Mandala* recension. According to this latter the *Gita* proper consists of 4 sections containing six chapters each, with two additional chapters, one at the beginning and the other at the end, thus making up the total of 26 chapters. The reason for this arrangement is shortly as follows:—The manifested cosmos which, issues out of Brahman and is merged again in it, is made up of 24 elements, as taught, in the Gita itself, *viz.* 5 *Maha Bhuthas*, 5 *Thanmatras*, 5 *Karmendriyas*, 5 *Jnanendriyas* *Mansa*, *Budhi*, *Ahankara and Avyakta*. It is this constitution of the cosmos, that is symbolised by the *Gayatri* of 24 letters with the *Pranava* both as a prefix and a suffix. Now the Gita as an exposition of the Synthetic Science of *Brahman* has to follow the analogy of the said symbol as many great ancient teachers have held. Hence the division into four sections preceded and followed by two chapters as just stated. What is vital, however, in this four-fold arrangement, is its conformity with the fundamental character of human nature, which it is one of the main purposes of the Gita to explain for the benefit of all aspirants to Spiritual Knowledge and the attainment of the goal of *moksha*, Nirvana, or liberation. It is scarcely necessary to say that nature, from the life side or the consciousness point of view, has three aspects, viz :—*Jnana* or Wisdom, *Iccha* or Will, Desire and *Kriya* activity; Conscionsness itself being the unity, the Summation. It is these three aspects of Consciousness, that the 1st, 2nd and 3rd sections in the *Suddha Dharma Mandala* recension bear upon respectively; the 4th or the yoga section being devoted to their synthesis.

Next turning to the order in which the chapters follow each other in every one of the 4 sections, it is to be observed that the sequence is equally noteworthy and highly suggestive. In illustration of this statement a brief reference to the order in the first section may be relevant. The first chapter here adverts to the Spiritual Hierarchy in charge of our globe. Its title *Nara-Narayana Gita* points to the supreme head of that Hierarchy, Narayana, so called by reason of His being, on the globe, the representative of the *Ishwara* of our solar system, who is also known as Narayana; whilst *Nara* is the Hierarch in special charge of all that concerns our humanity. The second chapter, called, *Avatara Gita*,

The Vice-Chancellor and the Recipients of Honorary Degrees—17th December, 1921 rightly follows and explains the rule of world government, providing for the appearance in our midst at the instance and under the authority of the Hierarchy, of mighty Beings in order to restore righteousness when it has waned through lapse of time and to inaugurate new civilisations suited for the particular age. The third chapter, called, *Adhikara Gita*, makes mention of the fact that the several departments of the Spiritual Government of the world by the Hierarchy is presided over and administered by those Hierarchs who are known as the Seven Rishis and the Four Manus and so on. The fourth chapter, called, *Siksha Gità*, indicates that such administration has its rules and regulations applicable to its procedure. The fifth chapter, called, *Karana Gita*, calls emphatic attention to the one cause of the Phenomenal universe, namely Brahman in its *Atomic* aspect. And the sixth and the last chapter, called, *Kaivalya Gità*, declares that the end of man's evolution is *Kaivalya* or liberation which inures not merely to the individual benefit of the liberated soul but serves that soul using the exalted wisdom, power and capacity which accompany the state of liberation towards forwarding the mighty work of creation and preservation of worlds and world systems undertaken and carried on by the Divine Trinity known to all great religions under varied names, Brahma, Vishnu and Rudra, Father, Son and Holy Ghost and the like. In passing, it is to be observed, that the culture of which such liberation is the highest fruition is that fundamental culture alluded to by me in the beginning of this article, the culture of the *whole* men explained in the Gita in all its bearings.

Passing to *Hamsa Yogi's* explanations of the verses themselves it is certain that he is at his best in this respect. By way of illustrating this remark it is now only possible to touch upon a striking point made by him with reference to the opening pregnant verse of the Gita and to another point made with reference to the verse beginning with the words *Thath vithi*, possessing considerable significance.

The first of the said two verses, the commentator states, has been introduced in its place, in accordance with the well established rule, recognised in Sanskrit literature, that every great treatise should indicate at its very beginning either by express words or by the sense (*Sabthatho Arthathova*) what the subject-matter of the treatise is. He proceeds to show that by means of this verse, the Gita complies with such rule, and the subject-matter of the scripture is, as the language of the verse in terms explains, the nature of man, the microcosm. This position of the commentator is proved by bringing out, in strict accordance with Grammar, the inner meaning of the leading words in the verse; those words themselves being what were skilfully chosen to convey esoteric truths under the guise of an allegory. In this view the blind king and his party stand for the lower and the dark side of man and *Dharmakshetra* for his dense body in which that part of his nature finds expression; whilst *Pandavas* stand for his higher and bright side, *Kurukshetra* being the fine and subtle bodies wherein this higher part works. In short the question, put in the verse, is one which every man has to put to himself sometime or other, *viz.*:—"what am I this seeming bundle of warring elements?" Thus explaining the verse, *Hamsa Yogi* maintains that the whole of the rest of the Gita is an exhaustive answer to this inevitable and all important question—an answer that would enable all true aspirants after spiritual progress to furnish themselves with all the requisites needed for their carrying out the injunction of the Delphic Oracle, "know thyself." Now here it is necessary to note that the position taken by *Hamsa Yogi* that the subject-matter of the Gita is the nature of the microcosm does not conflict with the broader view that that subject-matter is, likewise, the synthetic science of Brahman. For both views are reconcilable having regard to the Hermetic maxim—"as above so below"; from which it follows that the comprehension of the lower is impossible without the comprehension of the higher. The connection between the lower and the higher is so inseparable as to make it unavoidable that the Gita should treat of both. And it goes without saying that the scripture does treat of both the microcosm and the macrocosm with unparalleled clarity and fullness. Nor does *Hamsa Yogi* fail to show that this is in fact the case. For he discusses the point at length in his masterly introduction. He there cites the erudite *Tankacharya's* comprehensive definition of *Yoga Brahma Vidya* and proceeds to establish that the requirements of this definition are fully complied with in the Gita; relying, in effect, upon the passages referring to (1) the great *Avyakta*—the Unmanifest, the Absolute; (2) the all pervading *Atman*, the Universal Self; (3) the *Para* or *Daivi Prakriti*, the *Mahachaitanyam*, or the One Life of the infinite cosmos and (4) the *Mulaprakriti* the one root of all that is spoken of as matter and the one seat of all forms.

Lastly, as to the second of the said two verses under explanation, the importance of the verse is that it refers to the existence of the provision in our world, without which humanity would be really helpless in regard to the all essential matter of the acquisition of the knowledge of the Sacred Science, the highest of all Sciences, that of the Self, *Atma Vidya*. The provision, in question, consists of the presence, in the world, of that Supreme body of Teachers who form an integral part of the machinery of the Spiritual Government of the globe, referred to in Chapters I to IV of the first section of the Gita as explained in the last paragraph. These teachers are spoken of in the verse as masters of Wisdom and the Seers of the Truth *Jnanani Thatwadarshi* who alone are competent to impart knowledge of Brahman. As *Hamsa Yogi* luminously points out, the verse indicates the course of discipline open to those aspirants desirous of obtaining such knowledge and training at the hands of the masters; and this it does by the three well known aphoristic phrases used in the verse, *viz.*, (1) Prasna, (2) Prani Patha, (3) Sevaya.—These phrases show that the disciples of the Great Masters are of three grades. Those of the lowest grades are in the stage of enquiry and study. The next grade disciples are those, who having passed this first stage, offer themselves unreservedly from practical training under the guidance of the master and try to live the life of purification and self restraint indispensable to the treading of the Path of Holiness described in the Scripture as a Path as narrow and sharp as the edge of a razor *Kshurasya dhara.* The highest grade of disciples are those who are more or less treading that Path and serves their teacher by Service to God and Humanity.

It is finally pointed out that Arjuna exemplified in himself the said three stages: first, by his confession of his ignorance of his duty and the desire to learn more about it; next by offering himself as a disciple to Krishna and lastly as the result of the teachings vouchsafed to him by his Divine Guru, he entered into the battle and fought it to the finish, in obedience to the Divine Command that it was his duty to do so utterly unmindful of its consequences to himself for the reason that such unflinching performance of duty, unaffected by personal motives, was necessary in the interests of the world whose *Karma* rendered the war.

I trust I have said enough to justify the high opinion that has been formed of the merits of the commentary which has come to light so recently. And I conclude with the expression of the hope that the discriminating support, needed for the publication of this latest valuable addition to the literature of India's greatest Scripture, likely to make a handsome volume of about 1,000 pages, will be forthcoming and thus make it accessible to the earnest students of the Scripture, whose number is happily and steadily on the increase day by day.

S. SUBRAMANIYA AIYAR

THE THREATENED DISSOLUTION

(*The first great fruit of the Reforms*)

The Calcutta University is on the throes of a grave financial crisis and unless relief is forthcoming during the next few months, it will relapse into its former status of an examining and a degree-conferring corporation, with no teaching functions which characterise all modern universities. It will be remembered that the Indian Universities Act of 1904, empowered the then existing universities of India to undertake teaching functions, and the Calcutta University was the foremost to enter on this undertaking with a courage, determination and purpose which were singular of their kind in India, and for which, I am afraid, she is now going to pay the penalty. They were singular inasmuch as they were, it now seems, far in advance of the times; for, if the University now died from lack of public support it would justify the only conclusion that was possible, *viz.*, that it had become a social excrescence, a diseased limb or atrophied organ of the body-social, which the Bengal society had better got rid of, if the life of the society had to be preserved. It had, in short, ceased to be a part of the social organism, and it could not draw its nourishment from society, because society had ceased to be nourished and invigorated by it.

To interpret clearly the situation which this unnatural state of things presents itself to the social mind in general, and to the mind of the social reformer and the politician in particular, it would be necessary to survey, in brief, the lines along which the Calcutta University has developed and to discuss how far these activities are likely to contribute to social progess, how far they are out of harmony with the needs and the spirit of society, or whether a university is an integral part of a modern society and must be maintained if society has to thrive and advance.

It will be recognised that a well-equipped university, dominated by a high purpose, represents many-sided activities, co-extensive with the activities of society. Its function is to direct and encourage cultural and utilitarian education in all its aspects so as to fit the citizens for every sphere of good and useful life. The subjects of study and research are accordingly manifold and indefinite and a university would not be worth the name if it failed or neglected to make adequate arrangements for the study and research in all branches of humanistic and naturalistic thought and culture. We need not, therefore, be surprised if the Calcutta University has provided for the study of subjects like Anthropology, Phonetics, Fine Arts, Ancient Indian Culture and History, Indian Vernaculars, and languages like Sanskrit, Pali, German, French, Japanese, Chinese and Tibetan in addition to such subjects as Philosophy, History, Economics, English, etc. The object of providing for these languages is obvious to all who have some fascination for the cultural internationalism of the civilised world. Pali, Tibetan, Japanese, and Chinese—the principal languages of the East—are necessary for the intensive and extensive study of Indian culture in its various stages of development from ancient times. German and French are necessary to bring the students into touch with the vast lore of scientific and philosophic thoughts of the West. Too much emphasis cannot be laid upon the Queen of Asiatic languages—Sanskrit—with the philosophy, drama, poetry, history, law, mathematics and the dialectics of this ancient land which it unfolds to the explorer. The scope and sources of anthropological and sociological studies are nowhere more fruitful and wide than in this country with its many languages and dialects, its manifold races in various stages of civilisation, its religious sects, its customs, rituals, faiths and festivals. As regards the naturalistic studies, there can be no question of their immense utility and value in a country which has been characterised as scientifically backward. That this bad reputation has been somewhat retrieved by the magnificent work done by the College of Science within a short time of its establishment is a sufficient justification of its necessity. The University has appointed just a sufficient number of teachers and not more than is necessary, for the vast field of work covered by the above analysis. It has only *partially* supplied the needs of a diversifying system of higher education so as to suit individual tastes and capacities and to avoid the vast waste of human talent which the pre-postgraduate system involved. It has undertaken the teaching of various branches of Eastern and Western culture which a scheme of liberal education ought to encourage and provide for, and it has endeavoured to adapt both the naturalistic and humanistic branches to the insistent needs of the craving soul and a developing society. It has attempted to develop a vast organisation, to be sure, with very slender resources in men and money. The attempt was beset with insuperable difficulties; but it proceeded to solve and dissolve them with courage and foresight and not to shirk them because of their magnitude. The difficulty about *men* was greater than that about money. The whole country had to be ransacked to discover suitable men; and, as western scholars could not be imported owing to financial considerations, the University adopted the only practicable and economical course, *viz.*, to appoint and train intelligent and promising Indian graduates. Assuming, on a very moderate estimate, that a young man fresh from the University takes between five to ten years to qualify himself for the teaching work of a university type, and considering that the teaching department was organised only about eight years ago, we cannot expect startling results during the comparatively brief period of its onward development. Neither can it be asserted with a clear conscience that their training is complete. But the sceptic and the pessimist may be assured that the University has secured good material and that the men are doing admirable work and better work is certainly expected from them as they grow in maturity and knowledge. Some of the results of their academic investigations have been published and have received recognition in other Indian universities as well as abroad; while their lectures cannot be said to be altogether barren of interest and fruitfulness. The lecturers have displayed greater interest and enthusiasm in their chosen and favourite subjects than had even been displayed in the olden days. Unfortunately our University has not enjoyed that measure of public and state sympathy and support which have been the mainstay of the universities of Europe and America. The lecturers are given the minimum salaries which may be said to be fixed on a competitive basis. To free them from domestic anxieties, to enable them to get up a workable private library of their own, and to prevent them from being attracted to government and other services, they are given the lowest salaries commensurate with their educational attainments. In no case can the salaries—which amount on an average to say Rs 240 per head—be called excessive; and cases are not rare in which they are on a much lower scale than that which prevails elsewhere for men of similar qualifications. Exception has been taken in certain quarters that their work is not proportionate to the remuneration they get. This has been done with a purpose. Leisure and opportunities have been provided for each teacher for free and unarrested pursuit of study and research. Some have, no doubt, profited by them; others could not, unfortunately, turn them to good account. But it is undeniable that if these facilities had been denied and all men worked under uniform and onerous conditions, there could not emerge out of the field a differentiation which sifted the researcher from the student, the man of originality and inquiring spirit from the man of industry, capacity and love of study. These facilities have thus separated certain natural differences

JOHN LUMLEY DUNDAS, EARL OF RONALDSHAY—*D.Litt.*

of talent which are not only valuable, and useful, but which work toward an essential harmony of purpose, *viz.* the highest end of the University.

The University is only performing nothing more than a legitimate function by providing for a multiform system of education necessary to revive the ancient culture, of India and thereby to give Indians a status in the academic world, to increase their self-respect in the eyes of the West, to accomplish a synthesis between the cultures of the East and the West, and lastly, to supply intelligent guidance to the varied spheres of social and industrial life. In the comparative scarcity of gifts and endowments as well as in the stinted support of the state, the University has adopted such measures as have been found to be well-adapted to fulfil its self-imposed, but none the less, legitimate obligations to the public and to the state. It has, even at the risk of being charged with extravagance, done all that is possible to provide facilities for study and advancement of learning. What is called extravagance by outside critics, may justly be called sound, productive and judicious investment of funds in the organisation, development and utilisation of the latent resources in talent, capacity and intelligence of the country. It may be admitted that its teachers compare unfavourably in quality with the teachers in western universities; but this is an unavoidable accident which cannot be dispensed with without serious loss to the nation. The post-graduate department of the University is now in its infancy: it is performing the dual function of educating the youths of the country and of training teachers for higher work by investing them with a responsiblity. The organisation of a large teaching staff carefully selected from among the flowers of its *alumni* with a view to develop a group of eminent teachers in all departments of human culture, is a national ideal. The potential value of such an organisation in the social and cultural life of India is stupendous. It is accumulating and conserving a great national asset and reserve of immense intellectual value and power. No Indian, so long as the faintest spark of patriotism smoulders in his breast, should grudge the expense which is incurred by the University in building up this valuable asset which is destined to be the common property of the nation. Already some of its stars are shedding their lustre in Dacca, Lucknow, Lahore and other parts of India; and the time is not far off, when the young lions of the University will constitute a strong and vigorous band of scholars in their respective branches of study. Experience of the last forty years it is said, has shown that English graduates do not invariably develop a talent either for study or research in this country. They usually begin to take interest in its politics and they take interest in it because they find in it a happy field for the free exercise of their faculties as members of a ruling race. Study and scholarship are merged in a passion for power; and administrative work is preferred to teaching work which possesses no fascination for the instincts of a ruling race. There have been of course, exceptions to this rule: but they rather prove the rule. The University itself, has, as most people are aware, also learnt the bitter lesson of the consequences of importing Europeans for teaching work; but no person has so far condemned that policy inspite of its obvious weakness. If that policy is discarded as impracticable and extravagant, the alternative policy, which the University is at present pursuing, is the only sound and practicable one, both from a financial and from a national point of view. How much more essential then is it, in the interest of finance, nationalism and efficiency to train young men for the work of higher teaching. Superficially viewed, the expenditure may appear to be extravagant and fruitless, but if one goes deeper into the ultimate cause, one will be gratified at the ultimate saving in money and the addition to national talent, capacity and culture which the system will produce. The teaching department of our University should be regarded as a national concern of great productive value and should not be lightly condemned on narrow grounds. It is an institution which depends for its sustenance on the desire for satisfaction of the higher and nobler impulses of human nature, to create and distribute learning in pursuit of the mission of a really progressive and many-sided organisation. No institution or organisation having, or professing, a high national purpose should be judged by the sordid test of pounds, shillings and pence; but by the test of the higher purposes of the state and national life. Higher national values, any more than human values, cannot be measured by money. The teaching department of the University, inspite of its "praiseworthy faults," has, it must be confessed, emancipated the latent intelligence and capacity of our graduates which would have remained quiescent and in bondage in any other atmosphere. It has given scope to intellectual freedom, and stimulated a degree of intellectual curiosity and activity which is unprecedented in the history of this University.

A very unjust demand is made by certain enthusiastic scholars that all the teachers in a university should be researchers. This demand is not only unrealisable in practice but inconsistent with the fundamental differences in human nature. The primary function of a university is no doubt to extend the bounds of knowledge and to discover the Truth in every department of human activity but to adequately fulfil this function presupposes an approach to the frontier of knowledge. Indeed, university work consists of the co-operation of two distinct classes of workers—teachers and researchers. The former work within the limits of existing human knowledge leading their pupils by sure paths towards the frontier. Not before reaching the frontier are they stimulated with a hankering for what lies beyond. At this stage, the function of the researcher begins. He tries to show them the way to a distant and glorious vista of knowledge and truth, by the light of which existing knowledge can be tested or enriched. The function of the teacher is to interpret or expound existing knowledge : the function of the researcher is either to increase or re-interpret existing knowledge. Thus, the former cares for his students; the latter cares for his subjects. Researchers are not made but born—persons gifted with originality, imagination, an almost intuitive perception of truth, a faith akin to knowledge, and an intuition almost bordering on reason. A teacher imparts knowledge to a student; a researcher inspires him with a desire for knowledge. A university performs its functions incompletely if there is no co-operation between the teacher and the researcher. It would be advisable that both should work co-operatively, but that their functions should be kept distinct. Their association in a university is necessary to train the mind and the character, the head and the heart of the young, and to teach them the inner and deeper meaning of life and Nature.

Another charge that is often made against the University is that it is governed by an autocrat. An autocrat has been a prominent figure in the histories of nations. It is autocrats who have, in every age and in every country, directed and shaped the destinies of people at times of religious, political and educational upheavals. Great ideas originate in the reformer: a reformer who achieves his ideal against popular prejudice, popular sentiments and popular opposition, is, in one sense, an autocrat. Where is that reformer who has not, in some stage of his activities, played the part of an autocrat among the people whose hoary and unsuitable institutions he is bent upon reforming? For a time, he must go against popular opinion until events and results demonstrate the value of the reform when the people acclaim it as a boon and the reformer as their hero. A reformer's lot is to encounter persistent and sometimes violent opposition: but no reformer is true to his faith unless he makes sacrifices, and is capable of convincing by logic, by persuasion, by facts, and, if need be, by example, the truth and altitude of his ideal, and brings the people round ultimately to his way of thinking. The 'despot' of the University has been animated by such an ideal—he has faith in its truth, and he has faith in the right way of approaching it: his vision is far-sighted and clear: but unfortunately he cannot show others what he sees so clearly himself. If he could discover a machine like the crescograph he could demonstrate by a scientific operation the goal of his vision—his ideal. But, unfortunately ideals, cannot be visualised—they are not material objects. They can only be felt—and felt only by those who feel as the reformer feels.

Now, how do the people of Bengal feel about the functions of the Calcutta University—what according to them is an ideal university for Bengal? The answer is furnished by the spirit of commercialism and industrialism which dominates the world—the spirit which bestrides all nations like a colossus. It is the domination of matter over the spirit, of wealth over morals, and of utility over culture. The inevitable result of this world-force is to set the less materially progressive nations in competitions with those more progressive. And we behold among the people of Bengal, as in people of other provinces, a demand for a utilitarian type of education which they claim will fit them for the practical pursuits of life. A utilitarian education is a narrow type of education; and it tends to be personal and pecuniary, if it is divorced from the cultural type. A utilitarian education without cultural education is not complete education and a society without cultural education is not a complete society. It lacks the brain centre which supplies intelligence to all social activities requiring intelligent performance and direction. The University in a social organism is the centre of intellect and freedom of thought—the *fons et erigo* of ideas and ideals which mould social phenomena and advance social progress. Whatever social activity requires intelligence for its initiation or guidance, must owe its debt to the university from which flows the intellectual stream which is distributed as if by innumerable channels to innumerable fields of action, fertilising them by its freshness, its originality and its power. No social activity requiring intelligence can thrive without the vitalising influence of the fountain of thought and culture: and they will wither and decay if the source dries up, of the stream it cut off from the source. In other words, there must be a co-ordination and perpetual connection between the university and the diverse activities of man. Cultural and utilitarian education are both necessary in society—the former, to supply motive force and inspiration to the latter; the latter to realise in practice and to apply to social good the principles and ideas inculcated by the former. The former is required by the leisured class, the latter by those who must labour for their living. A university is therefore, directly necessary for the former and indirectly, for the latter. Labour is coming into power in the modern world and peremptorily demands utilitarian education to be provided by the state: at the same time, labour should not be permitted to be despotic. Some amount of moral restraint is necessary against the onrush of labour movements. This restraint is furnished by the cultural element in society which tries to maintain a healthy balance between culture and utility. Liberal or cultural education cannot therefore be altogether discarded especially when labour threatens to dominate society. On the contrary, the two types of education should be synthetised and co-ordinated in the organic framework of society. Europe and America became intensely industrialised and commercialised long before India promised to be—but there is demand there for more, rather than less, cultural education than before. There is a growing demand for newer types of universities no doubt—but demand there is.

It may be argued that our University is an ideal. It is; and probably it is unattainable like all ideals. But the ideal requires continuous inspiration and motive power for action and is never a cause for inaction. It is still in the stage of ideas—it is a great and potential idea. It is still, in Herbert Spencer's phraseology, an "undifferentiated jelly" just emerging into form, life and shape, and requires careful handling and sedulous and constant nurture for its growth. This idea is the germ of a great institution promising to be materialised and fully developed in all its branches. But till then, the public had not only better suspend its judgment, but carefully nurture it. No great change, political, religious or educational, has been achieved immediately in response to a public demand : and the path towards an ideal is long devious and arduous. The life of the teaching department of the University has been too brief to warrant a final judgment on its achievement or its fruitfulness. The seed of a great tree has been sown on very good soil ; and time alone will show its many-sided ramifications and utilities. As has been said before, the public must feel as the reformer feels to perceive the ideal which he has kept in view ; and the reflection of this ideal will be visible and distinct in proportion as the social mind is unruffled by doubts and prejudices and is pervaded by a clearness of imagination and serenity of thought. It would be an evil day for Bengal if the public were to dethrone the existing University from the high pedestal it has occupied so long and so worthily, and enthrone in its place a purely utilitarian institution. Let there be, by all means, an extension of the present structure by the addition of one or more utilitarian wings : but there can be no greater disaster to the cause of intellectual progress in Bengal than to build a new structure based on the narrow principles of wealth—production on the ruins of the existing fabric which rests on the higher principles of culture, nationalism and other spiritual factors connected with the EMANCIPATION AND REALISATION OF THE SOUL OF OUR NATION.

SATISCHANDRA RAY

VENGEANCE IS MINE

CHAPTER VII

WHICH SHOWS THAT EVEN AN ASTUTE DIPLOMAT MIGHT POSSESS A HUMAN HEART

Jagat's happiness was but short-lived. Within a couple of days Harilal got his orders for the transfer and made ready to get away. The first dark cloud had arisen in the lives of the two children: at present it was no bigger than the palm of one's hand, but none could foretell whether it would pour forth a destructive flood or would disperse harmlessly. He talked as if sure of meeting again some day, but often they came very near tears at the grievous idea that it may be never again. At last the day of parting came. Jagat insisted upon going to the station to see them off. Harilal put a rupee in his hand as a parting gift: but there was no smile on Jagat's face nor did his heart for one moment cease shedding bitter tears. He gazed and gazed at the receding train until he could no longer see Tanman's face. And when the train had gone quite out of sight nothing was left but the tears in his eyes. From that time Jagat thought that light had faded out of the sun. He roamed about the house all day with a long face.

"Oh, mummy dear, I feel very sad indeed," Jagat cried to Gunavanti at noon.

"My dear, all will be well soon. Do have a little patience."

"But, mother, when will Tanman come back?"

"How do I know, dearie? But she shall come back. It will not do to worry yourself thus. There are to be many such meetings and partings in life. In a little while you will understand it all."

"What will he understand, sister-in-law," chimed in the honied voice of Raghubhai. He had just come in.

SYED AMEER ALI—*Doctor of Law*

"Oh, I was only explaining to Jagat about pleasure and pain."

"Then please explain it to me as well." Sometimes Raghubhai used to be a bit free with Gunavanti. At first this seemed rather strange for a grave man like Raghubhai. In the words and in the voice there was the faintest trace of some terrible ulterior motive. But it might be nothing; being always together under one roof such little liberties might be permitted—thus did the simple honest-minded Gunavanti quiet her disturbed imagination.

"What can I explain to you? You are so very learned."

"Not at all by a great deal. But, sister-in-law, you are always so grave and solemn, that is not quite proper. You are at perfect liberty and should be quite free here, you should feel quite at home here."

"Of course, I do feel quite at home. But is that Rama crying? Is Kamala out?" and Gunavanti hastened away from his presence.

Raghubhai walked upstairs and sat upon the swing. His mind was swinging in time to its motion. One sentence of Anantanandji last night coming on the top of all, had kindled every base desire in him. Raghubhai had derived quite another sort of inspiration from those few words. He saw the Divanship within his grasp. The Swami seemed popular and clever; of course, it was impossible for any one else to be more clever than himself—of this latter proposition Raghubhai was quite sure. Why should not the Swami, Ranubha, Champa—everyone—serve as pawns in his little game of chess? And the result—Revashankar checkmated and Raghubhai victorious.

Two days passed away. Raghubhai woke up one day with joy in his heart. In a few days from now, he would get the assistant Divanship, he would climb one more rung of the intended ladder; hence his mind was full of joy. Raghubhai's mind, however, was different from ordinary minds; his joy and his sorrows were peculiarly his own. In his mind—in his heart—everything moved according to fixed rules. There was no place in it for useless anxieties, for love not understandable, for yearnings not to be expressed—for trifles as these. His brain was playing merely a game of chess or was working out a sum in mental arithmetic. His Highness, the Divanship, Kamala, Rama all these were the various terms written down one after the other and the sum total was to be "Raghubhai"—not put down in ordinary type but in capitals RAGHUBHAI. To live well, to dress well and above all, that people should speak well of him—this was the test of the correctness of the answer. If, in order to get the answer correct, a minus quantity—a murder, for instance—had to be introduced, it did not matter in the least; but the answer *must* come out as indicated.

But in this an indeterminate term had now crept in—Gunavanti. The queen in the game of chess had got beyond the chance of capture[1]—had, so to say, run amok. To appear thoroughly respectable *and* to make Gunavanti his own,—to reconcile these apparently opposed objects was now the game. He was now preparing to aim simultaneously at both these targets without caring for their opposite directions. His preparations were worthy of a great commander like Napoleon. People believed that Raghubhai took care of the wife and child of his old patron out of pure friendship, and so they admired his generosity. Endless favours were being heaped upon Gunavanti, so it was just possible that she might look kindly upon him. All might be arranged privately at home in three or four years' time, without any one else being the wiser. Haste makes waste. Kamala had not sense enough to see what was going on, nor had she the strength to speak out even if she saw and understood. "Well, well, the tender leaves of my fate are now beginning to put forth blossoms," muttered Raghubhai often to himself complacently stroking his forehead.

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[1] In the Indian game the last piece left, besides the King, may not be taken.

Raghubhai got out of bed and opened the window. The sun had not yet risen. In the growing light of the dawn Gunavanti was drying her clothes after her bath and was singing a morning hymn by Narasingha Mehta[1] in a low melodious voice. The eyes of Raghubhai shone with a new savage lustre. A new problem of chess had arranged itself in his mind. But a strange irregularity had forced itself into the hitherto well regulated game; one piece had got beyond control and beyond all rules of the game. He breathed a little more quickly, in his heart he felt an unexplained warmth, his quiet undisturbed emotions felt a strange ruffling; the veteran arithmetician discovered an unknown algebraic *x* among the columns he was adding up. Fortunately (or unfortunately) Gunavanti was walking about with her eyes cast down. Had she looked up,—she might have seen a pair of hungry, menacing eyes, lusting for each graceful curve of her pure body, devouring her limb by limb; and she might have at once escaped from their unholy presence.

When Raghubhai came down there was a trace of warmth in his cold tones, just a tremor in his usually steady hands ;—except for this, there was no indication of the instrusion of that unknown *x*. When at breakfast Gunavanti was serving him, every approach of her hand fanned his heated senses like a wonderous coasting breeze. After breakfast Raghubhai went to the prince's *darbar*.

In the evening Raghubhai was back early. His usually steady feet were almost dancing with joy, his eyes sparkled with joy. He had won something that day ; he seemed to see his desired object within easy reach now.

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[1] The Father of Gujarati poetry and perhaps the most popular of Gujarati poets. He lived from A.D. 1415 to 1481.

"Sister-in-law," cried Raghubhai as he entered the house, "my star is in the ascendant to-day."

"Is it ? Have you become the Assistant-Divan ?" asked Kamala.

"No. It is something else. What will you give me ? Give me something and I shall tell you ; I want my reward."

Gunavanti looked up. Such tender tones, such youthful jests from Raghubhai were as strange as the rising of the sun in the west. His eyes were glaring at Gunavanti with a strange passion. Gunavanti was by nature most unsuspecting. Possibly people in their joy look strange out of their eyes, she thought.

"What is it ? Speak out, please," said Kamala.

"No. It concerns the welfare of our sister-in-law. What price will you give, what reward ? Speak."

"What can I give ? But what is it ?"

"To-day I spoke to His Highness about Jagat and he has ordered an allowance for him untill he comes of age."

"Indeed ! Is it really true ?" The love-crazed mother pressed Jagat, who was sitting by her side, close to her heart.

"Yes, twenty-five rupees a month."

"Really ! Thank God, He has at last had pity on the poor. I need not have any more anxiety about Jagat's education now. Raghubhai, we have to be deeply grateful to you ; indeed, we have."

"Why should you thank me ? It was but my duty and I did it. Who else would have done this if not I ?

"Of course, who else ? But, Raghubhai, I have had a letter from my brother-in-law and he has sent a pressing invitation to us to go to him at Surat." Gunavanti handed over the letter to him. As Raghubhai took it a tremor shook his frame, he felt a shock as the letter made the electric contact with her hand, he could hear the beats of his own heart—the joy-bells of victory. The spark fell upon the fuel ready laid and the flame burst forth. The chess problem was all forgotten, but one piece remained—the queen. "Very well, we shall send the reply in a few days," he said and went upstairs.

After some time Jagat roused himself from a deep reverie and asked, "Mummy, can three people live comfortably on twenty five rupees?"

"Why?"

"Oh, I merely want to know."

Jagat's young head was thinking of something. Gunavanti could easily understand who the three were and said with a smile "Yes, three can easily live on that sum."

In Jagat's brain the words were re-echoing—"Mummy, you and I."

CHAPTER VIII

RAGHUBHAI OR DEVIL

The conflagration had started in right earnest and Raghubhai felt as if being choked. He could scarcely understand. Every fibre of his being was echoing, "Gunavanti, Gunavanti." He changed his dress and reclined upon the *gadi*, shut his eyes and tried to be calm—but he failed. He got up and had some dinner. One or two flatterers had come to see him, but he sent them away. They were surprised to find the sweet-tongued diplomatic Raghubhai with his mind thus strangely befogged. One of them remarked, "Oh yes, this mental fog will increase as he goes on." To-day he was befogged indeed, but the fog was not the sort they thought it was. Excusing himself Raghubhai went to his room to write. Poor innocent Kamala had put little Rama to bed and then retired herself without suspecting anything The noises of the day were stilled; quiet reigned over the whole house. The Kotwal Saheb was not counting the steps to the Divanship. His befogged mind was busy with other calculations; he was trying to add up the unknown algebraic x as if it were a determinate arithmetical figure and his sums were all going wrong. But the day had been auspicious ; he had greatly obliged Gunavanti. She would surely hesitate to reject his advances. Raghubhai got up not knowing what to do.

He heard the hour of midnight clashing out from afar. Outside all was still. Only in Raghubhai's heart a tempest was raging. There was a brute, lustre in his eyes. Outwardly there was no ripple on the surface, but a submarine eruption was in progress in the depths below. He got up, went to the staircase, stood still. Wisdom whispered caution. What if she spurned him? What if he were exposed? Raghubhai was accustomed to overcome every obstacle by his doggedness and his tact. Even His Highness had been subdued, and who was this?—a mere fickle frail woman!

He came down the stairs slowly. A dim oil wick was burning in the next room. Gunavanti had not yet retired. She was sitting on the swing doing her needlework. Jagat was fast asleep in his bed. There is a special characteristic of hearts which are habitually cold, without a spark of love to warm them;—there is ice eternal around them and when that thaws there is naught left but cold water. Raghubhai's heart stopped beating,—at any rate he thought so. He waited a while behind the door, then advanced one step. The swing was going gently, slowly. Gunavanti was bent upon her needlework. He went in and stood behind her. Sometimes we become aware even of an unseen presence. Gunavanti felt some such thing and looked up; she got down from the swing and faced him.

"What do you want?" she demanded sternly.

She had read his thoughts from his face. The dim light of the oil wick fell on the tall, graceful form of Gunavanti. He thought at that moment that the dazzling beauty of heavenly *Apsaras* was investing her; she had grown a thousandfold more beautiful in his eyes. Raghubhai was trembling in every limb. His coward lips could frame no answer to her question.

"The headache cure—is it here? I could not find it upstairs."

"No. It is not here. It must be upstairs. Go," ordered Gunavanti with dignity. Raghubhai's head was whirling. He might have obeyed her at once, but his limbs refused to budge from there. Unfortunately the tender heart of Gunavanti could not suppress a surge of pity; she was overcome by the distress in Raghubhai's looks. "Have you really got a headache?"

These kind words made matters worse. The shame and fear of Raghubhai grew less—his mind went back to its usual calculations. She shall submit or he shall know the reason why. For a couple of minutes they stood gazing at each other. "Gunavanti," Raghubhai's voice was unrecognisable, "Gunavanti! What shall I do? How can I manage this?"

"Manage what?" Poor Gunavanti did not know what to say nor how to get out of this trouble.

"What? Oh, Gunavanti, do you not understand, I am dying? Do you not know? Why do you torture me? Without you life is but dust and ashes," and he stretched forth his arm. As already mentioned, Raghubhai was a special type of person. At this moment, for once in his life, he had forgotten himself, had failed to rein in his emotions. If just at this moment Gunavanti had spurned him, had addressed him a few harsh words, Raghubhai might have gone away, for he had but little courage. He was terribly afraid of public exposure; he would have made every effort to avoid a scandalous scene. But Gunavanti went about it the wrong way. She entreated in a pleading tone, "Raghubhai, your mind is not clear at this moment, so you are talking all manner of nonsense. Go now to bed and sleep." With her eyes open, Gunavanti still refused to see the devil within that man.

"Sleep? How can I sleep? my heart is on fire. You alone can cool it. Gunavanti! Gunavanti! I am your slave,—come to me, come to my arms." Raghubhai came a step nearer. Gunavanti retreated a bit.

"What do you mean, Raghubhai? You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Just remember with whom you are talking. Remember your dead friend and brother. I am utterly helpless and you behave thus!"

Gunavanti was only wasting precious moments. These entreating words had but one effect on Raghubhai. The fierce flame of passion had already begun to cool, worldly wisdom had come to the aid of his brain. As a result fresh figures were put down, fresh calculations were started. She was a mere woman, her youth and the proverbial frailty of woman would also be helping factors, she would remember the obligation of to-day, and to retreat after coming so far would be mere folly—bidding eternal farewell to all hopes. As shame retreated in the background he began to speak more freely.

"I have thought all about it. The conclusion is—only you. Without you all else is worthless. You shall have to yield. Why waste time in useless talk? Don't be foolish. The days of chaste matrons and woman-saints are gone," he said with a faint smile. Raghubhai's true nature was now slowly asserting itself. Gunavanti was completely roused by these words. She could never even have dreamt that such animals were known—nay, were respected,—in this world as "men."

"Raghubhai! Raghubhai!" burst out Gunavanti passionately, "What are you saying? Do you think that because I am helpless, that because I live in your house, you might propose to me anything you like? Saint or no saint is no concern of yours. Is this your gratitude? Have you forgotten that you promised to treat me as your own mother? Was it for this you brought me here?" Gunavanti's eyes filled with tears.

WILLIAM JACKSON POPE—*Doctor of Science*

A cool person enjoys very much the sight of his opponent getting hot. Raghubhai, the ardent lover had disappeared, in his place only the clever rogue remained.

"For what else then? Had I food stored in my house that I could feed two extra mouths gratis? Gunavanti! Why bandy words? You will merely awaken the boy."

How base, how treacherous, how shameless! Gunavanti felt every nerve tingling with shame and rage. She wanted to rouse Jagat by shouting, but on second thoughts she did not deem it wise. She desired to spare her son even a fleeting glance of this shameful scene created by Raghubhai.

"Is it Raghubhai speaking or a devil? So you brought me here for this? And you think I will yield—that I will be the partner of your hellish passions? You do not know me well yet."

Raghubhai repented his last words uttered hastily. He felt they might have been better pitched in a humbler tone. So he said, "I do know you, Gunavanti, I do know you. These last four months every moment of my waking hours, every thought of my brain has been striving to know you—has been absorbed in you alone. Come, Gunavanti, come to me." He came near Gunavanti with a theatrical air, thinking to win her thus. He tried to kneel and take hold of Gunavanti's hand. At his mere touch, all the fury in Gunavanti's heart burst out unchecked; her eyes grew fiery red with passion and hatred; her face, her whole body glowed with the terrific rage of a warrior-queen. With her open hand she dealt a resounding blow on Raghubhai's face.

Raghubhai got up, rubbing his cheek, cowed down, but still growling like a cur that has been kicked. Facing him was the furious lioness beautiful even in her rage; the flame of passion leapt higher. Biting his lips and with bloodshot eyes he glared at her for a few moments. His resolve was firm, his brain was cool. The blow had merely hurt his pride a little. His voice was hoarse and low, his words came hissing through his clenched teeth. "So you mean to resist? You will not obey my wishes? You will not be my slave? Remember, you *shall* accept me as your master. I am accustomed to having my own way."

"Coward! Villain! Traitor! Do your worst. If you remain here a moment longer I will shout for help."

Raghubhai thought rapidly. If Gunavanti could not be persuaded there would be a terrible exposure and he would completely lose his position in society. Better it were to force her to be his partner in sin and thus stop her mouth. If not by persuasion, he could still use force. He rushed upon her and before Gunavanti could understand anything held her firmly in his arms. Then like a serpent entwined round her he removed the *sari* from her face ready to sting her.

In an extremity of grief and rage Gunavanti pushed back his arms with all her might. She looked behind and saw the window half open. In a moment she had flung herself out of it.

With the noise of her fall Jagat woke up. He saw a dim light, and suddenly it went out. He thought it was all a dream and turning over on his side he fell again into a deep slumber.

CHAPTER IX

PITY THE POOR KOTWAL!

Even the ground floor of some of the old fashioned houses is about ten feet from the ground. Gunavanti fell heavily down and as she got up she saw the window suddenly getting dark. What was she to do? On every side there seemed only confusion and dishonour. She remembered Ramkisandasji. He alone could help. Through the silent gloom,—through the main square of the city so dreadful in its midnight solitude—past the darkened houses, Gunavanti sped on. It was one o'clock when she reached the temple of Ramachandraji and knocked at the gate. After some time a neophyte got up and rubbing his eyes, came to the gate using the choicest language at his command. He opened it and shouted, "Damn you! Who the devil is that?"

The young man suddenly saw the face of the person outside, recognised her and asked shamefacedly: "You, mother! This time of night!"

"Yes, Lakshman. Please awaken the Bawaji."

Lakshmandas yawned and lit a lamp. Confused with various kinds of surmises, doubts and suspicions, he went in and awakened Ramkisandasji. At the mere mention of Gunavanti the Bawaji roared out "What!" and jumped up. Coming out he saw Gunavanti panting and out of breath and understood it all.

"Boy, bring me staff," said he to Lakshman. "Well, child," this to Gunavanti, "step outside. There are many ears listening here."

Gunavanti had as yet no idea what to say.

"Did the hell hound rascal do anything?" Gunavanti nodded her head in reply.

"I knew it from the beginning. Very well, where is Jagat?"

"He has been left behind. The wretch will kill Jagat."

"Oh, never fear! That coward dog dare not."

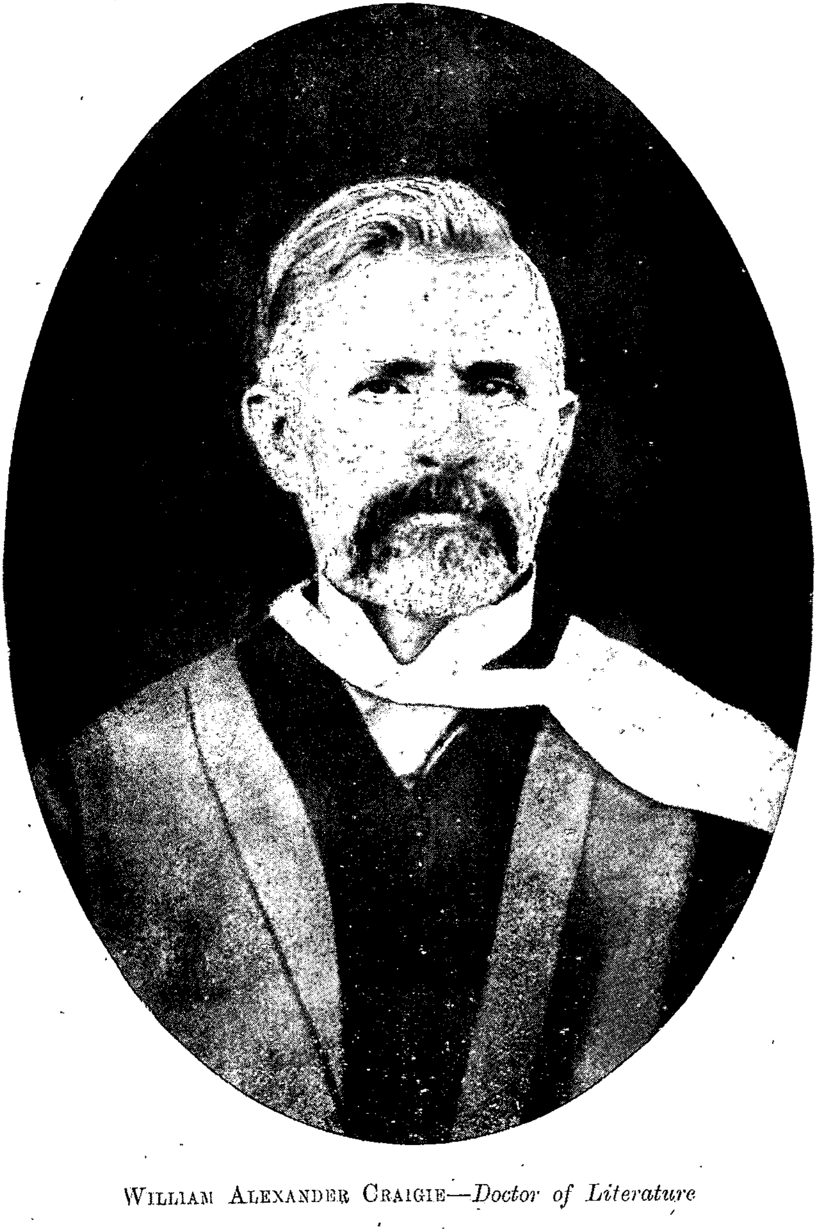
Bawaji at this time was worth a million, he never spoke one useless word. Quietly they both walked back to Raghubhai's house.

"Bawaji, please see that there is no open scandal."

"Never fear."

They went to the back of the house, "You stand here. I will be back presently," said the Bawaji and with the agility of a young man of twenty he jumped over the hedge and went in. He knew Jagat's bed-room but instead of going in there he turned to the left and went upstairs. Shamefaced and afraid of the idea of exposure, Raghubhai lay trembling in his bed thinking only of what would happen to-morrow. He was making and rejecting all sorts of conjectures and plans. Sometimes he believed himself hopelessly hemmed in and sometimes he thought he might yet escape scot-free. He had been quite certain that Gunavanti would run to Ramkisandasji, but he had not expected that the Bawaji would arrive within an hour and would come upstairs. And hearing the Bawaji come into his room Raghubhai shivered from head to foot. If he shouted for help, he might be publicly disgraced. Better lie quiet in bed oven at the risk of being killed, thus decided Raghubhai. He could see even in the gloom through his half-closed eyelids that the Bawaji came slowly up to his bed. "Oh, God!" muttered he under his breath.

A heavy hand fell upon Raghubhai's neck and iron thumb and fingers closed upon his throat. Raghubhai felt as if life was being choked out of him. He was forced into a sitting posture. "Silence," came the terrible whisper of Ramkisandasji in his ear. Raghubhai loved his life as much as he was afraid of losing his respectability. So he did not know whether he should shout out to save his life or be dumb and save his honour. Coward that he was, fear choked every word in his throat. In the darkness he obeyed the command of that iron grip and got up; with knocking knees he was dragged forcibly to the staircase and descended the steps without any exertion on his part and came out into the yard below. The heavy hand still pressing his throat dragged him to the well. "Surely the Bawaji will now drown me," he began to fear. If the Bawaji had but uttered one syllable while doing all this, if there had passed any words between them the pieces on the chess-board might have been set in their proper positions and Raghubhai's active brain might have found a way out. But the situation was very peculiar; there was neither time for quiet thought, nor courage to utter



WILLIAM ALEXANDER CRAIGIE—*Doctor of Literature* a word. He had tried once or twice to say something but the cruel fingers had closed in upon the windpipe almost squeezing the life out. It was better to keep quite quiet. Raghubhai heard the Bawaji taking out the rope from the pulley, he was enlarging the running noose to which the water jars were attached. In a few moments the noose was round his neck. Was he going to be strung up? Raghubhai screamed—tried to scream; but even before the sound had left his throat a terrible blow fell upon his back. Every nerve of his body quivered with the agony, he felt a flaming welt rising along his back as if he had been branded with burning wood. A moment more—even before he fully realised the agony of that blow—the noose came lower and fastened itself round Raghubhai's waist. He became immediately aware of being lifted up and found himself hanging at that end of the rope where a jar is usually to be found, and the free end was in the hands of Ramkisandasji.

"Oh Bawaji!"—hardly had these words come out of his mouth when the sky disappeared and he saw the sides of the well all round him and the circle of open sky with twinkling stars above him and the same circle reflected below in the water. Raghubhai was now frightened out of all his wits; he shouted once or twice but only the echo from the cold water below answered him. The Kotwal Saheb began to dance and wriggle at the end of the rope. Raghubhai showered abuse upon Gunavanti and her beauty, upon the Bawaji and Jagat. But even at such shameful pass the coward loved his life, he stopped wriggling for he remembered that the noose might slip and he might drop down. He was now afraid lest some policeman on beat near by, might have heard his shouts and might come up to witness this wonderous dance of the Head of his department. And he also thought with trembling of some servant, who might come in the morning to draw water and discover his master at the other end of the rope.

The Bawaji made the rope fast to the beam of the pulley and hurried away to where Jagat was sleeping. He lifted him out of his bed.

"Who's that? Mummy!"

"No, my boy, it's me."

"Bawaji? Where is mother?"

"Outside, my boy, now keep quiet."

The intelligent boy knew that something extraordinary had happened; he had full faith in the Bawaji, so he held his place. The old man opened the wicket gate of the garden and handed over Jagat to Gunavanti. The boy rubbed his eyes and looked round, but he could not understand anything. But so long as Gunavanti and the Bawaji were there he had no reason to fear.

"Wait a bit, my child, I will be back in a moment" said the Bawaji and went back into the garden. He had no intention of keeping Raghubhai dangling there in space. He had taken all this trouble because he saw in it an opportunity to settle old scores and also because he thought that if Raghubhai were to feel the shame of this night's doings the secret would be quite safe with him. He went up to the well and pulled up the rope. Finding himself pulled upwards, Raghubhai felt satisfied. To be dishonoured by himself was no shame to him—he was only afraid of a third party witnessing the scene. He scarcely felt a blow in the dark. Pale as a sheet and half dead with fright the Kotwal Saheb came up and the Bawaji flung him aside with scant respect. Raghubhai lay there like one dead. The Bawaji bestowed a parting kick and muttered, "You d—d dog!"

Raghubhai swore to have the Bawaji deported the very next morning.

KANAIYALAL M. MUNSHI.

HOW LEARNING WAS HONOURED AMONG THE ANCIENT HINDUS

It is generally acknowledged that learning was held in high esteem in Ancient India and it was the possession of this much priced qualification that gave the Brahman his position of ascendency in Indian Society. It is not, however, so clearly understood that the learning, such as it was in Ancient India, could not have been as general, especially in the higher branches of it, as it can be in modern times. This was owing entirely to the absence of those mechanical facilities which make the acquisition of even the most abstruse branch of learning a comparatively easy matter, if regard be had to the necessity for mastering every branch of the subject to attain to any degree of proficiency in any one of the specially recognised branches of higher learning in Ancient India. It was necessary in those days for learned men to be "walking dictionaries and breathing libraries" almost in the literal sense of the term, and this supreme necessity accounts for the feature that the Chinese traveller I-tsing noticed among the chief professors in the University of Nalanda where he resided for over ten years as an advanced student. The feature that is referred to is that the more advanced among the professors could, at one hearing of a small work of six hundred verses of thirty-two syllables, learn the work by heart, discuss and deal with it as though they had conned it by rote. It was neither a freak of Indian learned men, not a partiality of the Indian savant to do this; but was clearly a necessity of the times when dictionaries and reference books carefully indexed and properly provided with the other requirements of reference were not in existence. Learning, therefore, then in the sciences, as well as in the humanities was far more painful, and a great deal more precise in those days than it is at present, and if at times we come upon references that lead us to the inference that learning as such was held in extraordinarily high veneration, the explanation is clearly to hand that that veneration was in proportion to the labour and single-minded devotion that it called for in its acquisition. These difficulties notwithstanding, learning seems to have been far more wide-spread, and literacy much more general than it is usually taken to have been.

Our knowledge as to how learning and learned men were treated then has hitherto been somewhat meagre. All that we had hitherto known from literary and other sources had reference only to individual learned men and the great, if somewhat inordinate, esteem in which they were held by individual patrons. Anything like an organised effort at recognition of learning and learned men, and what exactly the kind of recognition actually was, were matters of which our knowledge was but little except for a single instance. This exception had reference to the Tamil land and the southernmost part of India. Tradition had long known of bodies of learned men called the Śangams in the Tamil country. The same tradition describes of three such bodies that existed, if the tradition is to be given its full value, at different times, nay in different ages, and in different places. The traditional account, as it is given by the later commentators, in regard to the three Sangams is as follows :—

The Three Sangams :

The First Śangam was held in "Southern Madura," and consisted of a body of four hundred and forty-nine members in all, including Śiva, Subramanya (Skanda), Agastya, Muranjiyūr Muḍināgarāyar, Nidhiyan Kiḷavan, (Kubhera) etc. The number of authors who came to the notice of this academy was sixteen thousand one hundred and forty-nine. The most remarkable works pertaining to this Śangam were Perum-Paripāḍal, Mudu-Kuruhu, Mudu-Nārai, Kaḷariyāvirai, etc.

BRAJENDRANATH SEAL—*Doctor of Science*

Eighty-nine Pāndya kings patronised this Śangam beginning with Kāyśina-Vāḻudi and ending with Kaḍungōn. Of these eighty-nine, seven distinguished themselves as scholars. The authoritative grammatical work for this age was Agattiyam, the grammar of Agastiya. The period of existence of this academy is said to have been sixteen thousand one hundred and forty-nine years. *The Second Śangam* had a total membership of fifty-nine including in it Agastya, Tolkāppiyar, Irundaiyur Kaṛungoḻi-Mośiyār, Veḷḷūr Kāppiyanar Śiru-Pāndaragan, Madurai Aśiriyan Māran, Tuvaraik-Kōmān, Kīrandai, and others. Three thousand seven hundred authors came to the notice of this academy. The works relating to this academy which survived to the age of the commentators were Perum Kalittogai, Kuruhu, Veṉ-Tāḻi, Vyāḻamālai, etc. The authoritative grammars were Agattiyam and later Tolkāpiyam. The other works were Māpurāṇam, Bhūta Purāṇam, Iśai Nuṇukkamor. The number of Pāndyas that patronised it was fifty-nine, beginning with Veṉ-Ter-Śeḻiyan and ending with Muḍattirumāran. Of this number five distinguished themselves as scholars. The place where the academy sat was Kapāṭapuram, and the period of its existence was three thousand seven hundred years. *The Third Śangam* consisted of forty-nine members including names like Perum-Kuṉṟūr-Kiḻār, Iḷam-Tirumāran, Nallanduvanār, Maṟudan-Iḷanāgan, Narkīrar, etc. The total number of authors that came to the notice of the academy, were four hundred and forty-nine. The chief works ascribed to this Śangam were Muttoḷḷāyiram, Naṟṟiṇai, Neḍumtogai, Puṟanānūṟu, Kurumtogai, Śiṟṟiśai, Periśai, Padiṟṟupattu, Paripāḍal, Kurungali, etc. The authoritative grammars were Agattiyam and Tolkāppiyam. Forty-nine kings patronised it, beginning with Muḍattirumāran and ending with Ugrapperuvaḻudi. Of these three achieved distinction as scholars. The academy sat in the present-day Madura and lasted for a period of one thousand eight hundred and fifty years.

THEIR CHARACTER. It will be seen from this that the period of time ascribed to these Śangams is fabulously long. The number of authors ascribed to the first and second seem also very highly exaggerated. These discrepancies would cast grave doubts upon the historical character of these bodies, though in respect of these particulars, the third stands out as being more likely to be historical. The only explanation for this unsatisfactory feature is that at the time these traditional accounts happened to be put in the form in which they have come down to us, all information relating to these Śangams had either become too vague or altogether forgotten. But there is one feature which seems rather striking. Some of the names of the active members of these academies continue from one end to the other. The name Agastya figures in the lists of both the first and the second Śangams. Even if we should pass over this name as that of a "superhuman Rishi who lives in perpetuity," the fact that his disciple Tolkāppiyar was a leading figure in the second Śangam would bring the age of the first and the second not far apart. The works of one of the members of the second, Kīrondai, are referred to in works of the third Śangam, and he may, therefore, be regarded as a poet who lived and wrote actually. The list of Pāndyas that patronised the second Śangam ends with Mudattirumāran with whose name the third Śangam begins. It, therefore, seems likely that these academies were a body of scholars existing permanently for a certain number of centuries continuously. The work of this body of scholars showed alternations of periods of great output and of comparative barrenness. What exactly might have been the cause of this alternation we are unable to explain. But it seems clear that it is these brilliant epochs that get to be called the first, the second, and the third Śangams in the tradition regarding them.

Their functions as learned bodies:

As these are described to us in the traditional accounts these three are of the nature of the academies of learned men set up to examine works written with a view to publication by their authors. Their Imprimatur as a result of this examination gave the publication an authority which it did not otherwise possess. In their nature these bodies may be regarded as examining bodies, the examinees being authors, and the examination being through their works intended for publication. Those authors that agreed to submit their works for this examination had to run a very severe gauntlet of criticism and as the story has it, even the performance of God Siva himself was called seriously into question on a point of rhetorical propriety. The great and unique work "Kuṛaḷ," a work of the greatest eminence in the estimation of the Tamils, had to pass through this furnace of criticism and came out of it in all its purity. There are two features in regard to these assemblies that call for special remark. The first, the academies were standing bodies of the most eminent among the learned men of the time in all branches of knowledge. The next, it was the approval of this learned body as a whole that set the seal of authority on the works presented to it.

These academies not peculiar to the Tamil land alone:

If these academies were peculiar to the Tamil land and were associated only with the dynasties of Pāṇḍyas who held rule in the South, why should such learned assemblies be called by the Sanskrit name *Sangha* (Tam. Śangam)? The word *saṅgha* has the ordinary meaning, an assembly, and was the term chosen by the Buddhists for their religious community as a whole, It is just possible that the Buddhists did not invent this application of the word, and, as in so many other instances in the vocabulary of their religious language, they might have turned an old word in one of its many applications to their own purpose. If such had been the case, the use of a well-worn Sanskrit term for representing academies of Tamil learned men even would not be difficult to understand. That it was probably so and that the Tamils of that age did not cherish the squeamish objection to foreign "ink-horn" terms is illustrated by the Sanskrit word *kāvya* being used for literary compositions generally in Tamil, no doubt in the somewhat modified form *Kappiyam.*

Assemblies of Learning in other Capitals:

If the Tamils took up the word that came ready to hand in this application, the word must have had some anterior vogue in that sense and that seems to have been the case from what we learn of assemblies of learned men referred to in the work Kāvya Mīmāṁsa of Rājaśekhara, who flourished in the late ninth and early tenth centuries, and enjoyed the patronage of the Gūrjara monarchs Mahendrapāla and Mahīpāla of Kanauj. He refers to literary examinations having been held by royal presidents of these learned assemblies and quotes in illustration a *Sāstra* assembly at Pāṭaḷīpura and a *Kāvya* assembly in Ujjaini. To these assemblies of learned men he gives the name "*Brahma Sabhas*," not assemblies of Brahmans, but assemblies of men of learning. Those that on examination of their works or otherwise proved successful received honour and donations from the monarch whether he was actually president or not. The highest honour that could be done to a man of learning was the tying of a fillet of recognition and being carried along the royal roads of the city in the "*Brahma Ratha*" style. That the term "*Brahma Ratha*" is not very well understood is clear from the explanation given to it in Sir Monier William's Sanskrit dictionary. The dictionary breaks up the word into *Brahma* and *Ratha*, and renders it to be a Brahman's carriage. This may be quite right philologically, but that is not the significance of the term. It is a term of common usage in South India and is associated with the history of many a learned man, religious and secular, more generally the former than the latter, and always involves the placing of the successful man with the fillet tied round his head on a small rectangular platform provided with two beams beneath the platform for being carried. It is generally open but might have a canopy. The successful scholar, placed on a vehicle like this with the fillet tied round his head and wearing other ornaments that he might have received by way of reward for his learning, is carried round in procession *by other learned men.* This last item is what constitutes the "*Brahma Ratha.*" In the absence of a vehicle, and when this kind of honour is to be done on the spur of the moment, such a learned man used to be carried round on the shoulders of other learned men. This kind of a procession for learning is performed annually in the great temple of Śrīrangam, where in the month of December-January a festival is celebrated for changing the "*Tamil Prabandha*" and the leader of the chorus, which by the way, is a hereditary distinction now, is carried round in procession at the end, with this difference that the vehicle is carried not by learned Brahmans, but by the professional temple servants.

Instances of Royal Presidents:

Four ancient kings are specifically referred to as having presided over such learned assemblies. These are according to Rājaśekhara, Vāsudeva, Sātavāhana, Śūdraka, and Sāhasānka. We know of Sātavāhana as an author and a man of learning. Śūdraka is the well-known author of the drama "Little Clay Cart" 'Mrichchakatika.' Sāhasānka is one among the many names of the Vikramāditya of the Indian tales. Who Vāsudeva is would be difficult to decide, unless it were the Brahman minister of the last of the Sunga monarchs. But we know of no literary tradition to connect him with learning in this intimate fashion. Rājaśekhara speaks of two such assemblies. The first was an assembly for examination in the sciences at Pāṭaḷīpura as was mentioned already. From out of this assembly passed Upavarsha, Varsha, Vyādi, Vararuchi, and Patanjali. These scholars went forth into the world as *Śāstrakāras* (experts in the sciences) as a result of this examination. It is impossible to regard these names as given in the order of chronology as we know that Varsha was the elder and Upavarsha was the younger brother, contemporaries of each other, and, if the tradition regarding them happen to be correct, Vararuchi could not have followed much after these two. But the mention of these three names and of Patanjali who flourished almost certainly about the middle of the second century B.C. is a clear indication that the assembly was something like a standing body, the personnel of which might change while the body as a whole continued to remain.

The assembly at Ujjaini was one for examination in poetry and from out of this passed into the world the poets Kāḷidāsa, Menṭha, Amara, Rūpa, Sūra, Bhāravi, Harichandra, and Chandragupta. The four presidents referred to above were apparently presidents over this assembly at Ujjaini.

Assemblies of learned men, a general institution:

From the prescription that such learned assemblies should be held in all large towns we have to infer that assemblies of learned men for such a purpose were an ordinary institution in Ancient India. Kings that aspired for a literary reputation as patrons of letters, or in rarer cases, men of letters themselves had to make provision for holding a learned assembly. Such assemblies were held in a hall containing a chamber with sixteen pillars and four doors, surmounted by eight turrets. The hall was located in a place attached to the pleasure house. In the middle of the chamber was placed an altar one hand high with four pillars and a jewelled floor and rim. As president of the assembly the king had to take his seat here. Men of learning in all the sciences and the humanities as well as men of letters and proficient in the various arts were called together and arranged in this way. Sanskrit poets were seated on the northern side of the chamber occupied by the president. Behind these poets sat Vaidikas (those learned in the Vedas), logicians, Paurāṇikas (those well-read in the Purāṇas), Smārtas (experts in the Smriti), physicians, astrologers, and such others. On the eastern side sat Prakrit poets, and behind them sat actors, dancers, singers, musicians, bards, and such others. On the western side sat the vernacular poets and behind them were placed painters, jewel setters, jewellers, goldsmiths, carpenters, blacksmiths and such others. On the southern side sat the Paiśācha poets, and behind them gallants, courtezans, rope-dancers, jugglers, wrestlers, and professional soldiers. This array of subjects relating to arts and letters is a clear indication of the comprehensive character of the learning which would entitle the assemblies to the name universities. It is not merely the learned men in the various languages, but the experts in the various arts also came in for reward on satisfactory exhibition of their skill in the particular art to which they have devoted themselves.

Early Association of the Institutions with the Tamil Lands:

There is one detail in this account that seems to bring these assemblies of the north into connection with the Tamil land. The great early Chola king Karikāla is said, in the work Śilappadhkāram to have gone on an expedition to Northern India, and came into alliance with the rulers of three kingdoms in Hindustan. These were respectively Vajra

Nāḍu on the banks of the Sone, Magadha, and Avanti. Of these three one was an enemy who became a friend, another was an ally already and the third was a neutral who became a friend. All the three of them gave him presents as a mark of their esteem. The king of the Vajra country gave him a triumphal arch, the king of Avanti gave him a canopy of pearls; but the king of Magadha is said on the contrary to have given him a "Paṭṭimanṭapam" which means a pavilion of learning. The question at once arises how a pavilion could be carried by a man to whom it was presented. It must have been of such a structure as could be put together and taken to pieces as that when needed it could be dismantled and carried about. There are indications in the course of the work to show that it was set up in one of the halls at Karikāla's palace at Kaveripaṭṭinam. The inference seems possible from this that even if the institutions of learned assemblies itself had not been carried from the north into the south, certain important features of it were. The description that is generally given of what the Tamils called *Śangappalakai* (the plank or the seat of the Śangam) seems reminiscent of the seat of the president described by Rājaśekhara. If such assemblies were common in the middle of the 4th century B.C. under the last Nandas and the early Mauryas as the names Varsha, Upavarsha and Vararuchi would indicate, there is nothing to prevent the institution travelling to the south at least from that period onwards. The donations made, took the forms generally of rings, bracelets, anklets, pendants of various sorts, in addition to the fillet and the shawls and clothing that formed an essential feature of it. Oftentimes titles also followed. Occasionally very large gifts were made for very remarkable performance by the institution Tulā-bhāra, (weighment against gold) and Kanakābhisheka (literally burying the author in gold coin, etc). We have accounts of a remarkable university for students having been founded in days of the great Chola Rājendra I, and those students who

Raghunath Purushottam Paranjpye—*Doctor of Science* were fed and educated at the expense of the institution and came out of their examination successfully were rewarded with rings in token of their success on the 'Jayanti Ashṭami Day,' the eighth of the waning moon in the months of August, September, the birth-day of Krishna. The great king Krishṇadevarāya of Vijayanagar, did his poet laureate and intimate friend Allasāni Peddana the extraordinary honour of placing him in the state palanquin, and himself carrying him in procession along with others. It must be remembered that this king was himself a poet of no mean order and equally a patron of learning. Later on a ruler of Tanjore, poet, musician, warrior and administrator did extraordinary honour to a lady of the court by name Rāmachandrāmba who composed an epic on the achievements of her patron Raghunātha Nāyaka of Tanjore. It appears she was a poetess of extraordinary powers who could compose with equal facility in eight languages, and was accorded the honour of Kanaka-Ratṇa Abhishēka (bath in gold and gems). She was, by assent of the court, made to occupy the position of the "emperor of learning," *Kavitā Sārvabhauma.* Such was the regard in which learning was held in Hindu India, and the organisation referred to above associated intimately with royal courts could, several of them, be regarded as of the nature of universities. We have omitted in this account any reference to the regular universities as being somewhat out of our scope at present. This way of honouring learning is not yet quite dead and exists at any rate in the courts of South India where such assemblies are held, and deserved recognition is granted.

It is very appropriate then that the University of Madras should have decided to celebrate the visit of His Royal Highness by holding a "Brahma Sadas," an assembly of learned men, and making the royal guest present "*khillats*" to some few men of learning.

S. Krishnaswamī Aiyangar

HIGH PRICES

There has been an abrupt rise in the prices of almost all commodities since the world war; and this has caused much distress to the consumers in every country, and India has not been an exception.

Sometime ago, the provincial Government of Bengal were induced to institute a committee to enquire into the phenomenon. The committee had two objects in view:—(1) to enquire into the causes of the high prices; and (2) to suggest remedies for the supposed evil of the high prices.

In the report that has been issued, the committee have taken up the important articles of consumption separately, and in each case, have traced the causes of rise in price. For example, in the case of rice, it has been ascertained that the causes are:—(*a*) Shortage of supply, (*b*) Export, (*c*) Profiteering and (*d*) Lengthening the chain of middlemen.

The remedies, suggested, are:—Increase of supply by prohibiting export, facilitating import, and increasing the area of cultivation and out-turn of production; prevention of waste and better distribution to secure the highest possible marginal utility by co-operation in storing and consumption; and abolition of profiteering by controlling the internal trade so as to reduce the length of the chain of dealers, intermediate between the producers and the consumers.

With regard to a few other articles of consumption, Cloth, Sugar and Milk, the suggested remedies are the same as for rice. So it is not necessary to take them separately for consideration.

No doubt the above conclusions with regard to the causes seem to be plausible enough at the first sight, but, in fact, a deeper analysis, will disclose one root cause, which is so all-pervading and so unmistakably connected with the present phenomenon of the high prices, that with due deference to the authority of the committee, one may be permitted to say that they have not laid appropriate stress on it, nor have they studied the question freely, as a problem of Indian Economics.

As regards the suggested remedies, there may be fundamental difference of opinion—at least so far as the control of price and export of the Indian produce, and also the interference in the freedom of trade generally, are concerned. The committee have considered the question from the points of view of the consumers only, and have altogether neglected the interests of the producers.

In fact, it is rather difficult to comprehend the necessity of a committee of enquiry to find out the causes of the existing high prices, which could have been easily detected from the study of the statistics of the various departments of the Government of India.

But before entering into such a study, it should be clearly understood that the present high prices are due to the world war, and any enquiry into the causes of the phenomenon, means the study of the new economic forces brought into existence by the last war, namely, altered circumstances of production and consumption—demand and supply of commodities,—alterations and innovations regarding the medium of exchange, adoption of new trade policies by various nations resulting in new restrictions and development of new trade relations, destruction of capital and labour power, etc.

(1) A historical *résumé* of the rise and fall of prices will indicate that though the index number of prices has shown both upward and downward tendencies in Europe and America, in India it has indicated a persistent upward tendency for the last half a century.

From Sauerbeck's Index number it is found that the English prices fell during the period 1873-96, and then began to rise in 1896, and continued their upward tendency up to the declaration of the war when new and unforeseen forces caused an unprecedented and abrupt rise.

When silver was demonetised in the European countries, the price movement in the silver countries like India, ran somewhat antithetically to that in the gold countries; but when in 1893, India accepted the Gold exchange standard, the price-movement began to run parallel to that in Europe and America; and thus, it may be said, in good accord with the world prices.

During the period 1873-96, prices in India rose roughly speaking from 107 to 140, and during the period 1896-1913, the same tendency to rise continued, as will be found from the table below:—

Article.	1896.	1913.	Approximate Percentage of rise in 17 years.
Rice	84	92	... 10
Wheat	84	106	... 25
Cotton	76	108	... 44
Jute	69	98	... 42

In 1910 Mr. K. L. Dutt of the Finance Department was placed in charge of enquiring into the rise of prices, and arrived at certain general conclusions as to the causes of the rise which were (*a*) a comparative shortage in the production of the food-stuffs, (*b*) increased demand for India's food-products and raw materials, both at home and abroad, (*c*) transporting, banking and other trade facilities, (*d*) increased supply of gold throughout the world and development of credit, and (*f*) destruction of wealth in recent war and increase of expenditure in armaments.

Thus, the extent of the rise in the pre-war prices has been estimated and the causes have been ascertained. So the study of the present problem should be confined to the period which begins with the war; and from the comparative table given below it will be easily perceived that the characteristic, feature of the Indian prices since the war, has been an unprecedented and abrupt upward velocity of their index numbers.

Article.	1913.	1917.		Approximate Percentage of rise during a period of four years.
Rice	97	107	...	10
Wheat	109	140	...	29
Cotton	110	171	...	55
Jute	102	112	...	11

Now we may enter into the enquiry of the causes of the abrupt rise of prices in a scientific way. "Price is money consideration given in exchange of commodities"; and for estimating it, various devices have been invented by economists; and "it is generally believed that the amount of monetary circulation exercises an important influence on the level of prices" Mr. Irving Fisher, in his famous work "The Purchasing Power of Money," has promulgated an excellent formula for equation of Exchange ($MV + M^1V^1 = E\ p\ q$ or P. T.), which may be regarded as a valuable instrument for solving the present problem. Even those who do not fully believe in the above quantity Theory of Money do not hesitate to admit that the price level is the resultant of the inter-action of the following variables:—(*a*) the quantity of money in circulation; (*b*) the quantity of commodities to be exchanged; (*c*) the proportion of credit to cash transactions; (*d*) the velocity of money circulation; and (*e*) the average level of prices. Of these conditions, all but the last which has, according to Fisher's critics, some influence also upon the quantity of money in circulation, are included in Fisher's formula. So the application of the formula to test the causes of the present high prices may be expected to give approximately correct results even from the points of view of those who have no absolute faith in the formula itself.

The symbols of the formula $MV + M^1V^1 = E\ p\ q$ or P T are abbreviations for money × velocity of circulation + credit money (Bank deposits acting as currency through the use of the cheques) × velocity of circulation = price level × volume of trade. Thus $P = \frac{MV + M'V'}{T}$. that is, the price level expresses the relation between the volume of trade (commodities sold) and the amount of the media of exchange in circulation.

The war has affected both sides of the equation by increasing the quantity of money in circulation and by reducing the volume of trade in various ways. So there cannot be any wonder about the abrupt upward rising of the index line of prices. During the decade from 1910, to 1919 the currency in active circulation in India increased from Rs. 226 crores to Rs. 362 crores. If the amount of cheques cleared is added to this, the total shows an enormous increase from Rs. 691 crores in 1910 to Rs. 1700 crores in 1919. According to Mr. Fisher's formula this fact alone is sufficient to explain the rise of prices so high.

Looking on the other side of the equation of exchange it may be found out that "total active rupee and active note circulation and cheque currency......since the war outstripped......growth in business to a marked extent" (Indian Currency and Banking, G. F. Shirras).

The volume of the internal business in India may be found from (Imports + Production) — (Exports + Re-exports); and it may be easily perceived from the published statistical tables that there was an all-round diminution of imports, on the whole, an increase in exports and perhaps slight increase in production. The diminution of imports is due to the increase in the cost of production of the imported goods, reduction in the quantity produced, diminution in the volume of efficient demand, and the exchange muddle. The increase in the exports and re-exports is due to the increase of demand in the foreign countries for the Indian foodstuffs and raw products which were needed for filling up the gaps caused by the war in the European fields of production and consumption, and the consequent offer of high prices. The increase in production is due to the impetus of the high prices offered and the check on foreign competition which has enabled certain moribund Indian industries and firms to work on profit, and made for certain other firms, extra-exertion for greater output profitable, and also caused the development of a few new industries and firms.

It may be noted here that the foreign sea-borne trade of India, of which the Index number in 1899 had been about 100 (108) and which had risen up above 280 in 1914, fell below 200 just after the declaration of the war, and by a slow recovery stood at about 273 in 1918.

Thus, we find that the general level of high prices may be explained from the inflation of currency as well as diminution in the volume of trade, the former item being much more significant than the latter: because, the volume of trade though affected by the war, has varied in a much lesser degree than the amount of currency. To be more explicit, the present high level of prices is due mainly to the increase in the money circulation, but also, to a certain extent, to the increase in the foreign demand for Indian goods and increase in the cost of production and reduction in supply of foreign goods to India.

The causes for the high prices of particular articles of Indian consumption, can be found in the working of the same forces as discussed above.

Whatever may be the case about the particular provinces or species, it cannot be assumed, with regard to the whole of India, that the total production of foodstuffs has undergone, because of the war, an abrupt and abnormal diminution. The export statistics shows reduction in export of foodstuffs under certain heads and increase under other heads. "The quantity of food grains exported in 1917-18 showed an increase of 2 per cent. on the pre-war average. The quantity of rice exported was 19 per cent. below the pre-war level; and that of wheat 11 per cent. higher." Thus the abnormal rise in the price of food grains is to be sought mainly, not in the reduction of production, neither in the quantity exported but in the all-pervading general cause—the inflation of currency.

The same may be said with regard to the other necessities, with the modification, that reduction in supply has had considerable influence in the case of the imported articles. The imports of piece goods decreased 41 per cent. from the pre-war average, but against this must be set off the increased activity of the Indian producers which resulted in the substantial additions to the looms and hands in the Indian Cotton Mills, the former of which (looms) rose from 8,81,000 in the pre-war quinquennial to 11,48,000 in 1917-18. Of course, the heavy reduction in the imports of foreign piece goods has not been materially counterbalanced by the increased home production, and this has much to do with the rise of price of piece goods but here also the inflation of currency has much more to do.

"As compared with the pre-war quinquennial average the quantity of the total imports of sugar from all countries showed a decrease of 26 per cent. The Indian production of cane sugar ...... was estimated at an increase of 20 per cent." But this increase was not sufficient to counterbalance the reduction in imports.

So, in the case of the most of the other imports—salt, silk goods, hardwares, etc.—the shrinkage has to do something for the rise in prices. But it is not irrational to conclude that the inflation of currency is much more responsible, as not only the price of imports but also the price of home products the exports of which do not indicate much deviation from the pre-war average, has shown an abrupt rise.

One more question remains to be considered in the causation of the high prices—profiteering. From the retail and wholesale prices as well as the prices paid by the middle men to the growers of the agricultural produces, and the cost of

JOHN HUBERT MARSHALL—*Doctor of Philosophy* production and the price charged by the manufacturers, and the high and unusual rate of dividends announced by the joint-stock companies, it may be legitimately suspected that the evils of profiteering are very great and are responsible to a certain extent, for the present high prices. But the extent of the evil is much greater in the case of the manufactured articles than in the case of the agricultural goods. While the former frequently show an unusual rate of dividends, in the latter there is no indication of much divergence between the purchase-price to the growers and the sale-price to the consumers, except in the case of jute.

(2) Now, having come to the conclusion about the cause of the high prices which have been found to be primarily due to the inflation of currency, and, in a minor degree, to the diminution of supply for the Indian consumers through the reduction of imports, increase in exports and cost of production, and also profiteering, we may proceed to the consideration of the second point, that is, finding out a remedy for the supposed evils of the prevalent high prices.

It may not be out of place to discuss here, how far, or whether at all, the phenomenon of the high price-level, is an evil generally, and what are its particular bearings on the Indian economical and social conditions.

Increase of money circulation results in the rise of prices. Rise of prices means increase in profits, because even when the cost of production increases on account of high prices of raw materials, etc., the total amount of profits also increases, but in fact, as at the beginning of the rise of prices the rate of interest—an element in the cost of production—does not, necessarily and generally rise, the rate of profit also increases, and profit rises faster than prices. This leads to industrial expansion.

Rise of the price-level may also help the ideal socialistic distribution of wealth by diminishing the value of the permanent incomes of the idle fund-holders, landlords, etc., and if the rise of prices is followed by proper rise of wages, *entrepreneurs'* profits, professional earnings, etc., then it cannot be a matter of complaint.

There are reasons to believe that under the present circumstances of India, the recent rise of prices has been more beneficial than harmful. It has surely been followed by increase of profits and launching of a large number of productive enterprises, in the shape of joint-stock companies, and it has attracted a section of the Indian middle-class people, in Bengal and possibly in the other provinces also, towards business enterprises.

It has immensely benefited the Indian *raiyats* by diminishing the burden of their payment of rent which can be paid now by parting with a much smaller quantity of their produce than formerly, and it has bettered their lot by enabling these to fetch higher prices for their products. The concurrent rising in their cost of living only absorb a part of their increased income—that portion which they are to spend in manufactured articles, hired labour, manures, implements and seeds, etc. But after all deductions, their remains a certain net gain to them, and as they are the majority of the Indian people, at least 66 p.c., the Indian community as a whole may be regarded as benefited inspite of some sectional distress.

The rich section of the Indian people which idly enjoys big rent-roll or high funded-incomes, has no doubt been hit hard through the fall in the value of the incomes, but that has rather been a gain to the community as a whole, as it has diminished in an indirect way the inequality of wealth, by taking away a portion from those few, who have enough and may not deserve so much, for the benefit of the millions of Indian people. This diminution in the income of the idle people may lead to the putting forth of their energy for filling up the gaps in their chests, or to the curtailment of their unwholesome luxuries or to the correction of their spendthrift habits, and all these results are beneficial to the community.

The salaried middle classes and the wage-earning factory men, railway-workers, miners, etc., have also been much adversely affected. But their distress must be of temporary nature, as the natural and inevitable play of the economic forces are already tending towards a proper adjustment of their incomes to their expenditures through strikes or state revision of salaries or natural and amicable concessions of the private employers. Already there has been much increase in the time earnings in many cases, and it is inevitable that the readjustment in no time would be all-round.

Thus, we have seen that the high price-level is by itself not an evil anywhere, that it may be beneficial under certain circumstances, and it has on the whole, been more beneficial than harmful in India.

But there have been those incidental evils to the prevalent high prices in this country, which should engage serious attention.

1. The Indian high price, as we have seen, has been the result of the inflation of currency which has entailed an additional burden on the Indian tax-payers through the increased expenditures on the money metal, cost of coinage, etc. How far the financiers were right in causing such an inflation and whether the war had made it an inevitable evil or necessity, or how far the reduction in the volume of Indian currency can be carried on at present, is a question outside the scope of the present essay.

2. Another evil is profiteering, which has been partly the effect and partly the cause of the present high prices. The current system of profiteering, which is being complained of, as of the nature of monopolistic speculation, is a real social evil. It has followed the high prices in sequence of time and there are reasonable grounds to suspect that profiteering owes its existence to that condition. The high

prices emerging out of the novel economic forces, generated by the war, gave an extraordinary high rate of profits to certain individuals and firms, and these began to look forward with selfish concern, the restoration of the normal economic conditions.

They were afraid that the price level and along with it their profit will fall after the war, and became busy in devising measures, and utilising their advantageous position as masters of immense war-riches, for keeping their war rate of high profits steady, through cornering and combination, manipulation of supply and demand—purchase from the growers and sale to the consumers,—and similar other acts.

In Europe or America where economic forces normally work under more favourable social circumstances (fair competition)—the success of such a profiteering campaign would have been difficult. But even there, as we are aware from the operation of the American 'trusts,' such campaigns do not on all occasions, fail in the realisation of their object. But in India when the economic force of competition works normally under much more adverse conditions—want of a considerable number of *enterpraeneurs*, ignorance of the mass, indebtedness of the agricultural producers, absence of the power of organisation of the consumers—the evils of the campaign of profiteering must be formidable, and much of the present distress of the Indian consumer is no doubt due to profiteering in piece-goods, sugar, etc., while the Indian producer has also been affected by the combination of the purchasers of jute, rice, etc.

The state may step in here to enquire into the extent of profiteering and to stop it. The high rate of dividends to the manufacturing concerns, the difference between the price of the raw products and the finished goods, the stock in the hands of the *Mahajans* and the actual supply in the market, should furnish the data for such an enquiry and attempt.

3. The injudicious interference of the state in industry and commerce has been the third incidental evil. By unsound economists, interested consumers and applause-hunting politicians, a loud and persistent demand has been made for fixing the maximum price, interfering with freedom of trade and stopping exportation of foodstuffs, etc.

It would be unsound to assert that a state should never resort to such weapons but the question can be raised whether such weapons are good and necessary under the present circumstances of this country. If the maximum price of goods over which the Indian Government has control, be fixed at a lower level than normal under the free working of the present economical conditions, then the action of the Government would be ruinous to the majority of the Indians. The growers of raw produce will have to continue to purchase the foreign manufactured articles at a high price while selling, perforce, their own commodities at a low price, and thus their distress will increase and not diminish. The new Indian industries will be compelled, under the state-law which cannot touch the foreign articles effectively, to sell their articles of the same quality at a price lower than that of the foreign goods, and thus the Indian capital will emigrate to the foreign countries; therefore such interference means permanent and incalculable loss to the Indian community in the interest of a section whose distress should be removed through the adjustment of incomes to expenditures and not through artificial obstructions to the free play of the economic forces, which are sure if left to themselves, to make the prices normal in course of time.

In fine, it may be asserted the state should not interfere, and should allow the economic forces to run freely. But if there is artificial obstructions to free competition, as in profiteering, the state may step in but even then its activity should better be indirect than direct.

AKSHAYKUMAR SARCAR

THE ABBASIDS IN ASIA

THE GOLDEN AGE OF THE ABBASIDS. AL-SAFFAH TO MUTASIM [1]

A combination at once fierce and terrible, consisting of divers elements, succeeded at last in bringing about the fall of the Omayyads. Envy and love of power in the individual members of this family; dissension among the Arab tribes; national and racial hatred in Persia and Africa; republican principles, and the theory of hereditary succession; detestation of the descendants of the enemies of the Prophet and love for his family—all these forces combined to overthrow a dynasty whose services to the Islamic Empire could not be ignored or denied, and which reckoned among its earlier rulers Muawiah, Yazid I, Abdul Malik, and Walid I, and among its later ones Hisham and Merwan—men of indisputable talents and conspicuous gifts. Much more easy was it to conquer a common enemy than to establish afterwards a new rule which could satisfy all hopes. To effect a reconciliation between the divers races and nationalities was just as difficult, nay impossible, as to satisfy, at one and the same time, the champions of popular government and the supporters of hereditary succession. Even among these latter themselves it was difficult, amid conflicting theories and opposing efforts, to maintain peace and concord. It has already been mentioned that hitherto the descendants of Abbas, an uncle of the Prophet, and those of Ali, his son-in-law, had worked together in the preaching of rebellion against the Omayyads, and in securing recognition of the right of the family of the Prophet to sovereign authority. Even when Abu Muslim raised the black flag—people in Khorasan did homage only generally to a Caliph of the family of *Mohamed, without naming any person in particular*. In Kufa, whither the Abbasids had fled, the sons of Kahtaba, who had taken possession of this town, for the first time, proclaimed Abul-Abbas-Abdullah, later surnamed Saffah, Caliph ; and thus, by a *coup de main*, as it were, the House of Abbas was set over that of Ali, and the younger brother over the elder, Abu Jafar. Abdallah is said to have been declared by his brother Ibrahím, before his murder, the Head of the family. The reason for his choice may have been the great firmness and strength of character of the younger brother, or the fact that he was the son of a lady of the distinguished tribe of Banu Harith ; while Abu Jafar was only the son of a slave girl. On his election the Caliph justified the choice. In a stormy time, such as that, they needed a man with no conscience or scruples ; a man who would tread humanity, honour and religion alike under foot. Such a one the Caliph showed himself to be, immediately on his election.

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[1] Weil, Geschichte der Islamitischen Völker, pp. 127 *et seq.*

Abu Salma, "Wazir of the family of Mohamed," one of the most distinguished and active emissaries of the Hashimites, was treacherously murdered, at the instance of the Caliph, with his entire supporters, because he wanted to raise an Alide to the throne. But this terrible deed was imputed to the Kharijites.

Abdullah Ibn Muawiah, referred to before, who had fought Merwan, at the head of a number of the Alides, was also treacherously removed.

If such was the fate meted out to those who had hitherto supported him, we need not marvel at the war *à outrance* resolved upon against the Omayyads. Abdullah Ibn Ali, an uncle of Saffah, invited the Omayyads, at the command of the Caliph, to do homage to him, promising them not only a complete amnesty, but even the restoration of their confiscated properties. But when they came they were beaten to death, and Abdullah is said to have carried his inhumanity and barbarism to the extent of holding a banquet in the very room of death, amid the dying groans of the betrayed Omayyads. Even Sulaiman Ibn Hisham, who largely contributed to the fall of Merwan, was killed—plighted oath and solemn promise of pardon notwithstanding. So also Ibn Hubaira, who held out for eleven months at Wasit, and only surrendered on a solemn promise of amnesty, was executed as a quondam partisan of the Omayyads. In Damascus they even extended their barbarous vindictiveness to the Omayyads who had been long dead. Their graves were opened, and the corpses, which were not entirely decomposed, were hanged and burnt. Both in Syria and Mesopotamia these shameful deeds called forth fresh revolts; but because of lack of harmony and co-operation amongst the rebels, consisting, as they did, of the followers of Abu Salma, of the Omayyads, and of the Kharijites, they were suppressed one after another, and this so successfully that by the year 752 the Abbasid flag floated over all the towns from Mansura in India to the Atlantic Sea, and from Samarqand to the Gulf of Aden.

In Khorasan and Transoxiana Abu Muslim once again restored order, although the insurrections there were secretly encouraged by the Caliph, in the hope either of wrecking the power and influence of Abu Muslim, or of ridding himself of him altogether. But it was not easy to deceive Abu Muslim. As the former chief of the Hashimite mission, he had even devoted adherents in Iraq, who kept him continually informed of everything there. By promptly attacking the leader of the rebels (who, abandoned by his troops, perished in his flight), Abu Muslim once for all shattered the hopes of the messenger of the Caliph who had come to incite the rebels to resistance, and even if possible to do away with Abu Muslim. Against Saffah he betrayed no sign of anger or resentment. After peace was restored he sought permission to make a pilgrimage to Mekka. This request could not

Rudrapatna Shama Sastri—*Doctor of Philosophy* be refused; nay, perhaps, the Caliph even cherished a hope of thus getting him under his control, and wrote at once to his brother Abu Jafar, Governor of Adherbaijan and Armenia, to apply for permission to make a pilgrimage, and to ask for his appointment as the *Amir* of pilgrims, with a view to avoid the conferring of so great a distinction on Abu Muslim. It is easy to imagine that the fall of Abu Muslim was the Caliph's one cherished dream. Not only was he jealous of his power and influence in Khorasan, but he also feared that, sooner or later, he might expel him from the throne and offer it to an Alide, for Abu Muslim had been won over to the Alide cause chiefly by their tragic fate. The Alides were always ready to sacrifice their lives for their right and convictions; quite unlike the Abbasids, who intrigued in silence, and cold-bloodedly looked on at the slaughter of the grandson and the great-grandson of the Prophet. Abbas, the uncle of the Prophet, himself played a very dubious rôle. He sided with the enemies of his nephew so long as they were powerful. He became their spy when the issue of the war was uncertain, and openly went over to the Prophet as soon as the victory of Islam was assured. Abdullah, son of Abbas, much admired for his piety and theological studies, gave up the governorship of Basrah, conferred upon him by Ali, as soon as Ali's rule began to waver; but he emptied the treasury before he left. Ali, that son of Abdullah from whom the Abbasids trace their descent, likewise made a great display of piety, but it was he who implored the Caliph Abdul Malik not to spare the life of the unfortunate Abdullah Ibn Zubair. His father had already appeared as Zubair's rival. Probably even then they nursed the hope that the Caliphate, some day, would fall to the lot of their descendants. Moreover, Ali was accused of even murdering his natural brother Salit. Ali's son Mohamed sent the first missionaries to Khorasan, to stir up the people against the Omayyads;

but this did not stand in the way of his asking the Caliph Hisham to pay off his debts. Abu Muslim, anticipating the design of the Caliph, made arrangements, before setting out on pilgrimage, to avoid falling into the hands of his enemy. So far so good: but by his offensive conduct towards the successor to the Caliphate—Abu Jafar—whom he out-shone in the splendour and brilliance of his retinue—he incurred Jafar's displeasure, and eventually brought about his own downfall.

The blood-stained reign of the cruel, revengeful, oath-breaking, ungrateful Abul Abbas lasted but five years. He died at the newly-built town of Hashimiyya—near Anbar—before he had completed his thirty-sixth year (9th June, 754 A.D.)[1]

In his reign was created the Wazirate—an office which was held, for some time, by the founder of the Barmecides.[2] According to the Shi'ite doctrines, to which the Abbasids originally subscribed, the Caliphs were not merely temporal chiefs. They were also spiritual rulers, possessing, in a certain measure, divine attributes. Such a holy person needed an intermediary between himself and the people, and the Wazir became such an intermediary. Hardly was the first Abbasid dead when a dispute arose in his family as to his successor. Following the example of the Omayyads he had named two successors—first, his brother, Abu Jafar, whom, henceforth, we shall call Mansur, and secondly, his cousin, Isa Ibn Musa. Against this arrangement his uncle Abdullah Ibn Ali protested. In the war against Merwan, and subsequently against the rebels in Syria and Mesopotamia, Abdullah had rendered distinguished services, and he asserted that Saffah had pledged his word to him to nominate him as his successor. He stood at the head of an army which was intended to protect the Northern frontiers against the attacks of the Byzantines. He declined to do homage to Mansur, and with his troops marched on to Harran. In spite of his hatred of Abu Muslim, Mansur needed his services against his uncle. Abdullah Ibn Ali had a great many Khorasanis in his army, and it was presumed that they would not fight against Abu Muslim. Indeed as soon as Abu Muslim took the field against him, Abdullah slaughtered all the Khorasanis, for he feared that they would betray him, though this meant a loss of 17,000 men. He led the rest of the troops, collected from Syria and Mesopotamia, to Nisbin, and took up a strong position by the Euphrates. Abu Muslim managed, however, to lure him out of this secure position, and inflicted a defeat on him (Nov. 754). As soon as all danger was over the Caliph, swayed once again by hatred and suspicion, insulted Abu Muslim, by sending a commissioner to his camp to collect the booty. When he heard this, Abu Muslim said, "With men the Caliph allows me to deal at will, but he trusts me not with things my own hand has won."

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[1] Sir William Muir, Caliphate: Rise, Decline and Fall, p. 444.

[2] Browne, Lit. Hist. of Persia, Vol. I, pp. 255-7.

Abu Muslim, who now trusted the Caliph less than ever, determined to return to Khorasan, where he would have nothing to fear from him, and where he could even be a source of danger to him. But the Caliph tried to prevent this by appointing Abu Muslim Governor of Syria and Egypt, and inviting him to a conference at Madain. Instead of accepting this invitation, Abu Muslim wrote to the Caliph that he considered it wise to avoid close quarters with him, but he did not, on that account, cease to be an obedient subject. If the Caliph let him alone he would, as it behoved a man, remain loyal to him, but if he followed his own will, he would, for his own safety, be constrained to throw up his loyalty. To a second letter of the Caliph, in which the latter summoned him once again to appear, without fear, before him, Abu Muslim replied that he had been led astray by a teacher who stood close to the House of the Prophet through the very Quran which he distorted and misinterpreted. He commanded him in the name of God to draw the sword and to banish every feeling of compassion from his heart in making easy the path of the family of the Prophet to the throne, and he obeyed his command. But now that he had learnt to know more intimately those for whom he had done so much, he had perceived his error, and there was nothing left for him but to seek the mercy of God through penance and repentance. It is obvious from this that Abu Muslim was a fanatic, brought up in a Jesuitical school, whose eyes were opened for the first time, when the Abbasids succeeded to power, to the devilish deeds they had recommended as God-pleasing deeds. We further see that already the Abbasids, and the theologians who stood by them, misinterpreted the simple sense of the Qur'an, and set up and supported by false interpretations political creeds for which there was not the slightest warrant in the Qur'an. They were, moreover, the founders of that convenient exegesis which the later Alides developed still further, until the literal sense of the Holy Book, as among the Batanites and the Assassins, was entirely ignored, and in its place an allegorical interpretation was substituted.

Mansur tried, by threats and promises, to get round Abu Muslim, who was then in Hulwan; but when these attempts failed he bribed his representatives in Khorasan and his friends at court. The former wrote to Abu Muslim that he could not reckon upon the Khorasanis if there was a question of waging war against the family of the Prophet; while the latter tried to persuade him that, in case of voluntary submission, he had nothing to fear from the Caliph. Thus, despite his distrust, Abu Muslim repaired to Mansur, accompanied by some thousand Khorasanis in whom he had faith and confidence. But their leader was bribed and won over by Mansur. On the second visit to the Caliph he was killed by five men who, at a signal, rushed out of an adjoining room. The murder of Abu Muslim, who had not only contributed most to the fall of the Omayyads, but to whom Mansur himself owed his throne—for none but Abu Muslim could have vanquished his uncle Abdullah—called forth several risings in Khorasan, which were suppressed with much effort and at great sacrifice. Even in the very residence of the Caliph an insurrection of a peculiar kind broke out. From what has been stated it is clear that the Abbasids, so long as they were intent on the fall of the Omayyads, professed the extravagant dogmas of the Shi'ites; but they abandoned and renounced them as soon as they felt themselves secure in their position. According to the Shi'ite doctrine—the germs of which we find as early as the time of the Caliph Othman—the Caliphs were the Representatives of God. In fact they were regarded, in a certain measure, as an integral part of the divinity itself. These Shi'ite-Persian dogmas, verging on idolatry, could not find acceptance, in their entirety, among the Arab population of Iraq, Mesopotamia and Syria. Moreover doctrines of this nature might prove fatal to the Caliph himself as soon as a descendant of Ali was put forward, as a true Imam, in competition against him.

When, therefore, some hundred youthful partisans of Abu Muslim came to Hashimiyya from Persia and called the Caliph their God, Mansur had their chief put into prison. The fanatics stormed the prison, and marched against the Palace of the Caliph, whom they refused to acknowledge as rightful ruler. But for timely help, Mansur would have paid for the renunciation of the Shi'ite faith with his life. The true Shi'ites now turned more and more away from the Abbasids, and encouraged the Alides with fresh hopes. At this time at the head of the descendants of Ali, stood his grandson Abdullah and the two sons of Abdullah—Mohamed and Ibrahim. Mansur soon discovered their intrigues, and found that they were in close touch with the rebels in Khorasan, from whom they received help and encouragement. When he made a pilgrimage to Mekka, where Abdullah resided, Mansur invited him to a feast. He then placed before him the proofs of his guilt, and assured him of his forgiveness if he would only give up his sons to him. Abdullah professed ignorance of their movements and of their whereabouts. He was accordingly imprisoned and deprived of his properties. The Caliph strove his uttermost to get the sons of Abdullah under his control. But they were now in Iraq, now in Eastern Persia. They found supporters and sympathisers wherever they went. Even a secretary of the Caliph is said to have warned them whenever they were threatened with danger. Thus four years rolled away since the arrest of Abdullah, when suddenly at the head of some hundred Shi'ites, Mohamed appeared in Medina, and with the help of the people there took the governor prisoner and proclaimed himself as Caliph. Precisely at this time an insurrection in favour of Mohamed broke out in Khorasan. This greatly alarmed the Caliph, and he now adopted against him precisely the same policy that he had adopted against Abu Muslim. He called upon Mohamed to submit, and offered to swear the holiest oath that he would not only completely forgive him, his relatives and adherents, but would also bestow on them rich presents and allow him a free choice of any country he cared to live in. To this Mohamed replied that he himself was ready to pardon the Caliph, if he would voluntarily give up the Caliphate which was Mahomed's by right. He asserted that not only was the fall of the Omayyads brought about by the supporters of the Alide family, but their descent from the Prophet singled them out as the real and rightful claimants to the Caliphate. "My right thou knowest," the letter concludes, "thou knowest that I am worthier than thee, and that I conscientiously fulfil my promise. The mercy that thou assurest to me, thou hast assured to others. Upon which oath am I to rely? On the one sworn to the son of Hubaira, or on that sworn to thy uncle Abdullah, or on that sworn to Abu Muslim?"

In his reply Mansur contends that in Islam women have no claim to the throne, and that, therefore, the best claim was the claim of Abbas, the only surviving uncle of Mohamed. He argues that the exclusion of Fatima, the daughter of the Prophet, from the Caliphate, involved the exclusion of her descendants too. Ali, he proceeds, was elected to the Caliphate only after the murder of Othman, in which he had a share, but he was never universally acknowledged, and had in the end to submit to an arbitration which decided against him. Hasan, he continues, sold his right to Muawiah. Husain and the descendants of Ali who rose against the government were killed, and not until the Abbasids, who even in the days of Heathenism had unsheathed their sword, did the Omayyad rule end.

As this letter produced no effect, Mansur, on the advice of his uncle Abdullah (whom he at first pardoned and then imprisoned), sent Syrian troops against the rebellious town. The Syrians, in earlier days, had repeatedly fought against the Medinites, and thus, from them no defection was to be feared. At the same time he blockaded the harbour of Jar and the Valley of Wadi-ul-Qur'a, to cut off from Medina all provisions from Syria and Egypt.

Mansur appointed Isa Ibn Musa, the successor designate, to be leader of the troops. His reason was obvious. As his successor, Isa could be thoroughly relied upon. Mansur need have no fear on this score. But in case he was killed, his death would fit in exactly with his plan—as it did happen later—of appointing his own son as his successor. Mohamed, whose adherents are said to have been originally 100,000 strong, had lost many of these, who belonged to the Mudharite tribe, even before Isa had taken the field against him, because he favoured the Yamanite tribe of Juhaina. Want of provisions, moreover, prevented him from concentrating a large army in Medina. Nevertheless, following the example of the Prophet, when Isa advanced nearer and nearer, he wanted to entrench himself in Medina. But the majority of the population left the town, being insufficiently provisioned for a siege, with the result that there was no other course open to Mohamed but to make a sortie with some hundred loyal companions, and to end his life like a hero (Dec. 762). Fourteen days before the fall of Mohamed, his brother Ibrahim rose in Basra against the Caliph, and, with the help of the Shi'ites who proclaimed him Caliph, arrested the governor of Basra, and drove away the small garrison from there. Ahwaz, Wasit and a portion of Faristan followed the example of Basra, and the Caliph feared that even Kufa might join the rebels. There was but a small force at Kufa, since a portion of the army was busy in Khorasan, another in Africa, and yet another in Arabia. He therefore went over personally to Kufa to keep things quiet there, and to prevent the Kufans from joining the camp of Ibrahim at Basra. In the meantime Isa, with his troops, returned from Medina, and Ibrahim, who, in hopes that the Kufans would join him, had marched against him, was vanquished, and perished on the battlefield (Febr 763).

For his victory over the Alides Isa received the very same reward as Abu Muslim[1]—treachery, ingratitude, death. He was to be put out of the way, to make the path to the throne easier for the son of Mansur. Yet the Caliph was not inclined to use force against his cousin, who had done nothing wrong, and who was in fact recognized as the successor to the throne by Saffah. He therefore devised a veritably diabolical scheme to destroy both him and his uncle Abdullah at one stroke. When on pilgrimage in the year 764 he commanded Isa to kill his uncle. A friend of Isa counselled him to refrain from executing the order, for he suspected that Mansur would throw all the blame on him, and deliver him over to the vengeance of the relations of Abdullah. Following the advice of his friend,

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[1] Abu Muslim's victory over Abdullah Ibn Ali.

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Isa, instead of killing his uncle, had him concealed, and thus escaped his own sure death. On his return from Mekka, the Caliph enquired of him if he had carried out the order issued to him, and when he answered in the affirmative, the Caliph arranged with one of his creatures to induce the relatives of Abdullah to sue for pardon and release; and when they made their appearance in the palace Mansur granted their prayer, and referred them to Isa, who was in charge of the prisoner. Isa declared that he had killed Abdullah under orders of the Caliph, but the Caliph denied having ever given such an order. Then the relatives of Abdullah unsheathed their swords against Isa, and Isa thereupon once more asked the Caliph whether he had not authorised the murder of Abdullah, and on his answering in the negative, Isa had Abdullah brought up from the place of his hiding. Abdullah—whom the Caliph could now trust less than ever—was soon, however, got rid of. The Caliph assigned to him a house on a sandy site which he had undermined by means of a subterranean passage, with the result that it collapsed one night. The learned Ibn Mukaffa, too, was secretly murdered. It was he who, at the time when Abdullah surrendered to the Caliph, drew up the oath with which the Caliph sanctified his promise of pardon and forgiveness.

For sometime Isa was slighted and insulted by the entire court. Eventually the Caliph called upon him to renounce his claim to the Caliphate in favour of his son—Mahdi. By his merit and virtue, said the Caliph, Mahdi had so endeared himself to the people and the army that not even he could withstand their insistent demand to do him homage as their next ruler. But these pleas and pleadings would not induce Isa to abandon his claim. He called the attention of the Caliph to the danger he was courting by encouraging perjury and disloyalty to him. In conformity with the will of the Caliph, homage had been done long ago to him, as the second in the order of succession; and he added that he who turned against him now would, at the earliest opportunity, turn traitor to the Caliph himself. But Mansur was resolute in his purpose of handing down the Caliphate to his son. By threat and terror he at last overcame the opposition of Isa. According to another report, Isa is said never to have formally resigned his claim, but Mansur set up false witnesses who deposed that he did. Thus, at last, homage was done to the son of the Caliph as the successor to the throne; and when, on Mansur's death, Isa once more sought to assert and enforce his claim, he was constrained to submit and do homage to Mahdi.

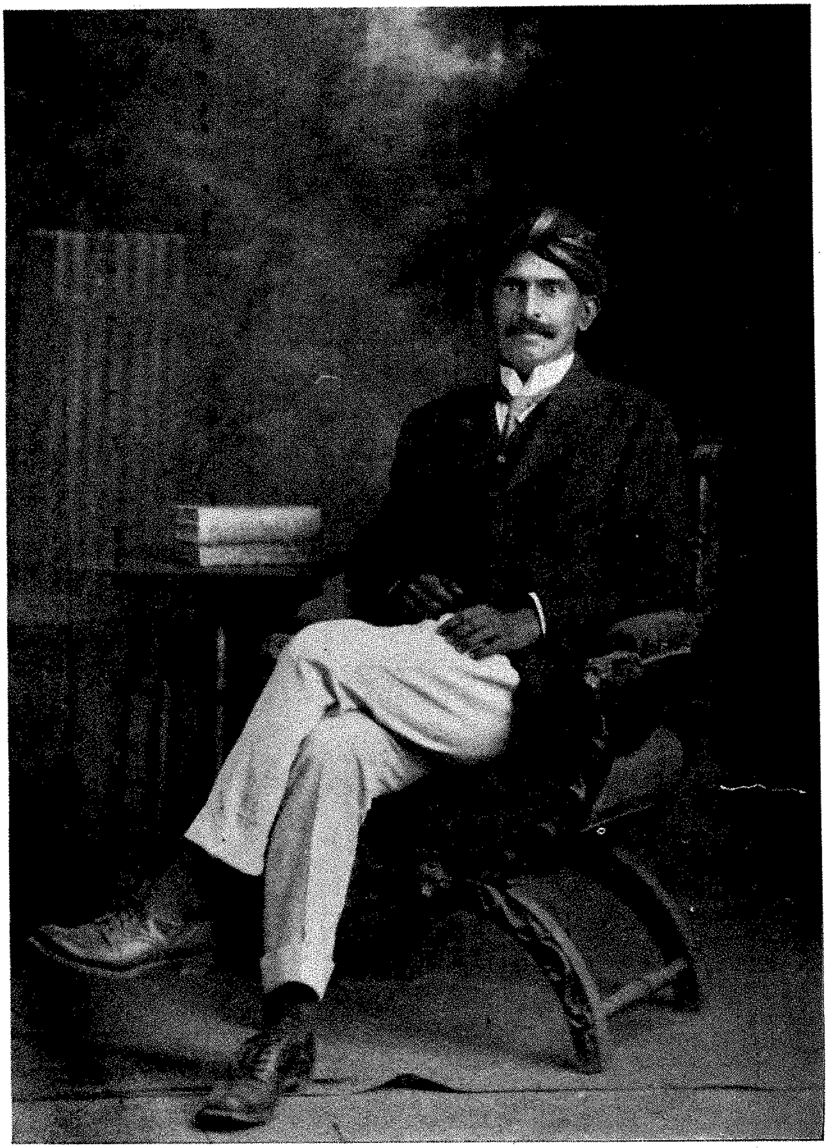
In spite of much internal disquiet and unrest, not only were earlier conquests maintained but even fresh ones were added in the reign of Mansur. In Asia Minor Malatiyya was recaptured, and Mopsuesta conquered. In Caucasus the Province of Tabaristan was, for the first time, completely subjugated. In the extreme East a portion of Kashmir, Multan, and Kandabil fell under the sway of the Governor of Sind; and even the town of Kandhar, on the gulf of Cambay, along with some other places, were conquered. The numerous insurrections—referred to—in Khorasan, Iraq, Arabia, Syria and Mesopotamia, did not permit of any considerable undertakings against the neighbours on the frontier. To these troubles were added the wars in Africa, which compelled Mansur to send a considerable army there, if it was not to be torn away, like Spain, from the Caliphate of Baghdad.

Abdur Rahman Ibn Habib, who rose under Merwan to be a Governor, submitted to the Abbasids for fear of the Omayyads, who sought to deprive him of his power. He had hoped that the Abbasids would exact from him no further demand than that he should adopt the colour of the new dynasty and mention the name of the ruler in the prayers. But, when Mansur called upon him, as upon others, to send in a portion of the revenue and a number of slaves, he rebelled, but was murdered by his own brothers. After wearisome wars against the relatives of Abdur Rahman, the Berbers first, and the Kharijites after them, held sway in Africa. The Caliph sent Mohamed Ibn-ul-Ashath, at the head of 40,000 men, to crush the Kharijites, who had not merely taken possession of the country, but, by their subversive doctrines, were sapping the very basis of his claim to the Caliphate. Mohamed conquered the rebels, and in 762 occupied Kairowan. Some years afterwards, the Mudharites rose against him, because he was a Yamanide, and in his place set up another governor. Mansur could not acquiesce in this arrangement, but he yielded so far as to appoint a Mudharite in place of Mohamed, the appointee, forsooth, being Al-Aghlab Ibn Salim—founder of the Aghlabides who later, in a manner, became independent rulers of Africa and Sicily. By these half measures the Caliph wrecked his cause with all parties. Fresh insurrections broke out, which the new governor Omar Ibn Hafs (768) put down, but throughout his official career he had to fight against the Kharijites and the Berbers, and after his death Mansur had once more to send 60,000 men under Yazid Ibn Hatim to punish and crush the rebels in Africa. In these circumstances we can understand Mansur's inability to prevent Spain—for a long time the theatre of civil wars and fierce insurrections—from falling a prey to a bold and aspiring Omayyad.

We have already seen how, after Ukba's death, Balj and Abdul Malik Ibn Kattan fought for the sovereignty of Spain. The latter was conquered and killed; but his son, in alliance with Abdur Rahman, son of Habib, refused to acknowledge Balj, with the result that a fresh civil war broke out and continued until the appointment of Abul Khattar as Governor of Spain. But, he being a Yamanide, the Mudharites (at the head of whom stood Zumail Ibn Hatim) submitted, though only for a while. After bloody wars they agreed that the rule should be shared by the Mudharites and the Yamanides alternately. Yusuf, son of Abdur Rahman, the

Governor of Africa, was first chosen by the Mudharites; but when, on the expiration of the year, he would not resign, fresh insurrections broke out, which were suppressed with much violence and bloodshed. The Yamanides, with whom even most of the Berbers joined, were awaiting a favourable opportunity to overthrow the faithless governor. Such an opportunity offered when Abdur Rahman, an Omayyad Prince, after many adventures and many dangers, and despite the plots and intrigues of the Abbasids, landed in Spain. All the enemies of Yusuf gathered round the adventurous youth, and thus, without opposition, he advanced to the very neighbourhood of Cordova, and won a brilliant victory over Yusuf (May 756), which put him in possession of the capital. Yusuf, however, continued the war, and was once again defeated and compelled to submit. All his and his son's attempts, later, to win back the crown proved unavailing, and resulted in their complete discomfiture and downfall. In Spain not the slightest sympathy was ever felt for the House of Abbas. The Arabs from Egypt, Syria and Yaman, settled here—apart from the devotion to the Omayyads, conquerors of Andalusia—could feel no love for a family which erected its power with the help of foreign, half-heathen tribes and on the corpses of their Arab kinsmen.

To the Moors and Berbers, who had settled in the Pyrenean Peninsula, any dependence on the Eastern Caliphate must have been odious and hateful, as, like the inhabitants of Africa, they were mostly Kharijites, and as such were wholly averse from the principles on which the Abbasids rested their claim to the Caliphate. Even the emigrants from Iraq, who cherished a great love for the family of Mohamed, were not kindly disposed towards the new dynasty, for the simple reason that they had fought and bled only for the descendants of Ali. To this was added the fact that the Arabs in Spain, weary of continual civil war, longed for a strong, independent rule, which would keep the peace and promote the



Devadatta Ramkrishna Bhandarkar—*Doctor of Philosophy* prosperity of Spain, and not have the interests of the Eastern Caliphate constantly in view.

Already, under Yusuf's government, when a certain Habbab advanced with a black flag against Saragossa, and proclaimed the sovereignty of the Abbasids, it was apparent how few were the supporters of that cause in Spain. This became still more clear when, under Abdur Rahman, a considerable army landed from Africa and strove to take possession of Spain in the name of Mansur. Ali Ibn Mughith, the leader of the troops, received support from none but some earlier adherents of Yusuf, and was eventually conquered and slain at Seville (763). His head was brought to Kairowan, or as others report to Mekka, and, according to one version, was thrown at the feet of the disconcerted Caliph, or, according to another, at those of the Governor of Africa. As he could not avenge the insult inflicted upon him, Mansur sought the friendship of the Franks, who, he hoped, would make war on Abdur Rahman from the North. This alliance—not quite proper from a strictly orthodox point of view—the Caliph did not hesitate to enter into, threatened, as he was, with danger. He feared that Abdur Rahman might wrench Africa from him, and he therefore instigated Pepin to attack Muslim Andalusia. Mansur received the Frankish embassy in Baghdad (765), and sent Muslim envoys to the court of the Christian King.

At this time the seat of Government was already in Baghdad—the town, newly founded by Mansur, on the western bank of the Tigris, some fifteen miles above the once famous Ctesiphon. For want of confidence in the Syrians, Saffah transferred his residence from Damascus to Iraq.[1] For very similar reasons Mansur abandoned Hashimiyya, the residence of his predecessor. The insurrection of the Fatimites had convinced him that the people bore very little love for him, and the revolt of the Alides had rubbed in the lesson that the people both in Basra and Kufa cherished more affection for the family of Ali than for his own. Baghdad, then, was to be, above all, a strong fortification, whose garrison was to keep under control the unruly population of Kufa, Basra and Wasit; while the garrison of Rafika—another stronghold[1] built by Mansur on the Euphrates—was to hold itself constantly in readiness to advance against both the Kharijites in Mesopotamia and the supporters of the Omayyads in Syria. The latter were always in terror of the well-fortified towns in the North; namely, Malatiya and Mopsuesta, which served also as a bulwark against the Byzantines. Mansur was well satisfied that the fall of Merwan was caused, or at all events hastened, by the fact that, after his defeat at Zab, he had no secure position upon which he might retreat and renew his strength. For this reason, all over the Empire—even far away from the seat of Government—he caused fresh fortifications to be built, or the old ones to be restored. The position of Baghdad was so favourable to commerce that, contrary to the intention of its founder, who meant it to be a purely military centre, it was rapidly transformed into a great commercial town, where a lively commercial intercourse took place between India, South Arabia and Persia on the one hand, and between Syria, Armenia and Mesopotamia on the other. But soon the original walls could not contain the ever-growing population. Nor, on the Eastern side, did the Tigris prevent the further extension of the great world-city; for the eastern portion was connected with the western by innumerable bridges.

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[1] The Syrians, for a whole century, had remained loyal to the Omayyads. On Baghdad, see Le Strange, Baghdad during the Abbasid Caliphate, p. 41.

Mansur caused the Arab garrison of the town to be arranged according to tribes, so that in case of revolt he might use one tribe against the other. His body-guard consisted mainly of Khorasanis and Turks, whom he trusted more than the Arabs, and *thus, in a certain measure, he laid the foundation of the policy of supplanting Arabs by foreigners.* If, indeed, Mansur's love and partiality for the foreigners, especially for the Persians to whom he owed his throne, was a misfortune to the Arab nationality, from an intellectual point of view, it was a blessing to the Islamic Empire: for stirred by the Indians and the Byzantines, the Persians, claimed and cultivated all arts and sciences in fashion in those days.[1] They urged on the Arabs to serious studies; and under Mansur, who valued and patronised learning, the first Arab works on tradition, jurisprudence, theology, history, geography, grammar, lexicography, mathematics, astronomy and, as many assert, even medicine, came into being. In the meantime, the entire learning of the Arabs was confined to oral-tradition—very narrow in its range and extent.[2]

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[1] This Town was built in 155 A. H. (775) and was garrisoned by Khurasanian troops entirely devoted to the new dynasty. Le Strange, Lands of the Eastern Caliphate, p. 101.

Before the Prophet, only in the art of poetry could the Arabs boast a high standard of attainment. This was due to the peculiar life of the Beduins, and the great esteem in which poets were held. The poet was at once the judge and the representative of his tribe, when he sang its glories, or poured forth the feelings of his heart. To the portrayal of brilliant feats of arms were added a description of the weapons, of the charger, of the camel, of the scene of action, eulogy on the virtues of the tribe or of the poet himself, which chiefly consisted in bravery, beneficence, hospitality, eloquence, or censure of the vices of the enemy—namely, cowardice, greed, heartlessness. These were the main topics of the pre-Islamite poetry. They were generally introduced by an invocation to the Beloved, and were here and there interwoven with wise maxims and reflections. Many felicitous circumstances co-operating together brought poetry, among the Arabs, to a high pitch of perfection: the annual pilgrimage to Mekka made the dialect of the Qur'aish the common language of the people and the poet. Add to this the poetical contest at the Fair of Okaz; the absolute political and religious freedom; and finally, the isolation of the Arabs from the rest of the world, which made their own little affairs all the more important in their eyes. Of all the things of the earth they only knew the desert, their tent, their camel, their weapons, their Loved-one, their guests and their enemies. On these their burning, glowing imagination concentrated, and out of these were drawn true, living, palpitating pictures. The lack of rich description of natural scenery, which is easily explainable, among the inhabitants of the middle and Northern Arabia, the home of Arab poetry, is amply compensated by the picturesque account of the desert—life with its simple joys and sorrows. Long wearisome campaigns in inclement weather or in burning heat; the noise and din of battle; fights against fate, leopard or hyena—these topics alternate with the description of a quiet, comfortable tent, or a joyous feast ending with song, dance and games. The influence of Islam on the Arab poetry was not very favourable, since with Islam the individual life of the Arab passed away, and the sway of religion over their head and heart became so powerful that every other thought and feeling receded into the background. The celebration of their own heroic deeds, or those of the tribe, henceforward lost all its value and significance, compared with those of the Prophet or his Companions. Even the great war against the Infidels—though conducted with the fire and fervour of religious enthusiasm—could no longer evoke that intense personal feeling to which we owe so many fine pieces of gre-Islamite poetry. No longer now, as before—undauntedness in battle, kindness and generosity to the poor or the traveller, were purely personal virtues, but a divine command, the fulfilment of which led to Heaven, and its infringement to Hell. And yet the desert still sheltered many a poet who, unconcerned about the Qur'an and the Islamic rule, gave free and unfettered utterance to his own thoughts in bold and fearless song. Most of the Omayyad Caliphs not only tolerated profane poets but even loaded them with presents, with the result that the old form of poetry was steadily supplanted by a new one, which sang the praises of powerful patrons and mighty rulers. Thus the applause of the populace became more and more a matter of indifference to the poets. They expected their reward from the Caliph, whom they fêted, flattered and adored, and whose glories they sang. This became their sole endeavour; and thus court-poetry, superseding all other forms of poetry, rose triumphant and supreme.

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[1] See Nariman's *Iranian Influence on Muslim Literature.* It is translated from the Russian of Inostranzev, Bombay, 1918.

[2] There is a very admirable survey of Muslim learning in the last chapter of the 2nd volume of Von Kremer's *Culturgeschichte des Orient.*

Further, the settlement of the rules of prosody, which began under Mansur, also prejudically affected the Arab poetry. True, the verses became more refined, more glowing, more correct; but they were less natural, spontaneous, sprightly, than those of the older poets. In addition to this—they collected the old poems and reduced them to writing, and held them up as models, with the result that verses were composed according to the old pattern, but without the old inspiration. They became artificial, and wholly unsuited to the new conditions. We admire the poem of a Beduin, in which he describes for us the camel which carries him over mountains and valleys and through dreary deserts, and the still remaining traces of the abode where once his loved one lived. We weep with him over the desolate hearth, and accompany him to the tribe which has carried her off. We love to hear him when he praises his own courage and perseverance and those of his tribe, and follow him into the thick of the battle where he gathers fresh laurels to share them with his loved one—won back once again. In this picture there is the very breath of life—here are genuine outpourings of the heart, which make an unfailing, moving appeal. But when a poet who spends his days and nights in the palace of a Caliph, or that of a Wazir, immersed in wine, music and dance, begins in the old fashion describing the camel which has brought him through perilous paths to his patron, from whom he expects a reward for his Kasidah, it is not the language of the heart but of art and convention that we hear.

Mansur was of too cold and calculating a nature to have any relish for poetry, and too miserly to allure poets, by presents, to his court. Mahdi, Hadi, Harun and Mamun had a taste for poetry, and were generous to the poets; but by then the poets had sold their souls in bondage, and had forfeited their ancient freedom. Anything offensive to the ruler, his friends or his religious susceptibilities, was fraught with disastrous consequences: and thus poetry—no less than biography—became the handmaid of despotism. The historian and the biographer, standing in close relation to the Caliph, were compelled to present the events of the early days of Islam as fitting in with certain preconceived theories and doctrines. We can easily, for instance, understand Ibn Ishaq, writing under a Caliph like Mansur, putting the ancestors of the Abbasids as much as possible into the forefront at the expense of those of the fallen Omayyads who played a conpsicuous rôle in the history of Islam. Similarly would Waqidi—whose work, dealing with the first two centuries of Islam, constitutes our chief source of information, and which has been used by all subsequent historians,—dare to follow truth as his guide in his narrative, under a Caliph like Al-Mamun, who declared every one an outlaw who did not acknowledge Ali as the most spotless of men, or who ventured to praise one single virtue in the Caliph Muawiya?

However much we may acknowledge Mansur's patronage of letters, we cannot, at the same time, but deplore the fact that old traditions regarding the Prophet and the history of the first Caliphs were taken in hand and reduced to writing at a time when an impartial account of events and persons could scarcely be expected or obtained.

Towards the end of his reign, when he had nothing to fear from the Omayyads, Mansur is said to have softened down towards many of them. When, once, Hajjaj was praised in his presence, Mansur is said to have expressed himself thus, 'Would to God that I had a man like Hajjaj! I would make over the reins of Government to him, and end my days in the holy cities.'

On one occasion Mansur reproached a man for adding the usual formula "May God have mercy on him" when speaking of the Caliph Hisham. The person reproached replied that he was under great obligation to this Caliph, and that he would always honour and cherish his memory. The Caliph gave him a present and said: Would that I had many such men in my midst!

Such isolated acts of kindness and generosity are lost in many others which mark him out as a cruel, ungrateful, greedy tyrant. Like a true miser he gloated over the sight of his hoarded treasures. Not only was he close-fisted towards others, but even to himself he denied the barest necessities of life; and would on no account allow his officers to indulge in any luxury.

He prayed much, diligently studied the Qur'an, always had pious sayings ready on his lips, although it was an open secret that no crime would be deemed too great by him when there was a question of consolidating his rule or augmenting his treasure. With his wisdom, with his firmness of resolve, with his unresting activity, Mansur would have been for the Muslims what, since the fall of the Omayyads, they expected of a prince. Ah, if only the life and property of his subjects had been sacred and inviolable to him! By a pure, blameless life, by spotless administration of justice, he could easily have restored the Caliphate to its original dignity, and suppressed all revolts and insurrections without recourse to torture, to poison, and to the dagger.

Even in his last days he is said to have put his nephew, Abdul Wahab, out of the way, for fear that, after his death, he might dispute the throne with his son.

After a reign of twenty-two years, on his way to Mekka, Mansur died of a fall from his horse (7th Oct. 775). His body was brought to Mekka, but was secretly buried because it was feared that, in a subsequent revolution, his bones might share the same fate which the Abbasids had meted out to those of the Omayyads. Even his death was kept a secret until Isa and the magnates of the Empire had sworn the oath of loyalty to his son, Mahdi.

Mahdi's accession to the throne was acclaimed by Muslims as a real deliverance from a hard and uneasy yoke. With the exception of felons, prisoners were forthwith set free; the treasures hoarded by Mansur were applied to beneficent purposes, to works of public usefulness, and to the patronage of the arts and sciences. Mosques were built, fountains dug, streets laid out, and a regular postal system established. The sunny, luxurious life at the court, from which Mansur had banished music and song, attracted a larger and larger population to the capital, who repaired thither to enjoy the wealth acquired by commerce and industry, and thereby to restore and increase the general prosperity. Even in the administration of justice an improvement was effected. Mahdi was surrounded by well-trained judges, whom he always consulted in deciding cases. Despite all these merits of the new Caliph, his reign was not free from serious insurrections, which called forth great efforts on the part of the Government and which later even led the Caliph to many acts of violence.

Under the name of Al-Mukanna[1] arose in Transoxiana a well-known fanatic, who proclaimed the doctrine of the transmigration of souls and the incarnation of divinity; maintaining that God revealed himself first in Adam, then in Noah, and so forth, and eventually in Mohamed, Ali, Abu Muslim, and himself. This doctrine found ready and wide acceptance, as, by his unusual knowledge of the natural sciences, he had acquired the reputation of a worker of miracles. He formed an alliance with the rebels of Bukhara, and also with the Turcomans, and as Khorasan was torn by other insurrections he held out, for a long time, against the troops of the Caliph, and only in 779 A.D., when want of provisions prevented him from defending the fort of Sanam any longer against the besieging army did he poison himself and his adherents and set fire to the castle with all the hoarded treasures therein.

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[1] Browne, Lit. Hist. of Persia, I, 318.

While, in the Provinces bordering on India, where the ultra-Shi'ite doctrines dominated, the Abbasids were rejected on the ground that they claimed obedience as princes and not as divinities; they met with hostility elsewhere, on the ground that they rested their claim on their kinship with the Prophet, and not on the election of the People. In Mesopotamia there rose against the Caliph one Yasin, a man who, on the one hand, sought to restore Islam to its old tone and colour and on the other proclaimed himself as an uncompromising republican, condemning, all the Caliphs since Ottoman, as violent usurpers because they were not elected by the People. In Jurjan and Northern Syria the supporters of the old doctrines of Zoroaster and those of Mazdak raised their head and strove to undermine not only Islam but all revealed religions, by preaching community of wives and property, by declaring allegiance only to the laws of nature, and by owning no duties except those inculcated by love in its amplest significance.[1] This irreligious sect had a wide diffusion.[2] To it belonged powerful generals, officers, famous savants, even near kinsmen of the Caliph. The extirpation of so dangerous a sect demanded the greatest effort on the part of the government. With this end in view Mahdi instituted an inquisition (which continued right up to the end of the reign of Harun), which applied itself to the discovery and punishment of these heretics —the Zindiq. Doubtless it misused its powers at times, for it improperly condemned many to death as communists and free-thinkers.

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[1] Browne, I, 135.

[2] Khuda Bukhsh, Islamic Civilisation, p. 102.

Mahdi only too frequently, lent an ear to all manner of tittle-tattle, and, acting on what he thus heard, frequently changed both Governors of Provinces and other high officers. The Wazir Yaqub Ibn Daud maintained his position longest; but even he, in the end, was not only deposed but imprisoned, on the ground according to some, that he was a secret supporter of the Alides; according to others that he reproached the Caliph for his scandalous carouses. Giving him all credit for his administration of justice we, nevertheless, cannot regard him as a thoroughly straight man. Following the example of his father, he compelled the successor-designate, Isa Ibn Musa, by all manner of threats and terrors, to renounce his claims in favour of his own son. The reign of Mahdi has nothing much to show in the way of expeditions or conquests abroad. An attempt from Africa to bring back Spain once again under the Eastern Caliphate (776-7), failed, because of the indolence and inactivity of the Governor of Saragossa, who had promised help. A fleet sent out to India lost its crew partly by pestilence and partly by ship-wreck. In the Byzantine territory, however, several successful expeditions were made. Mahdi himself once accompanied the army as far as Halab, and Harun-ur-Rashid took part in several expeditions. In the last of these he advanced as far as Chrysopolis, compelling the Empress Irene to conclude peace at any price. An unopposed journey home with all the booty and the prisoners of war, provision for the army during the march, and an annual tribute of 70,000 Dinars, was the price for which Harun granted peace. After the conclusion of the negotiations

Harun restored to liberty the imprisoned emissaries of the Empress.

After the resignation of Isa (Oct. 776), Mahdi caused homage to be done to his son Musa, as his successor. Six years later he appointed his second son, Harun, as next to Musa in the order of succession. Later, because Harun showed a great aptitude for rule and administration, and also because he was the favourite of his mother, Mahdi wanted to alter the line of succession, giving Harun precedence over Musa. He therefore summoned Musa, who was with the army in Jurjan, to Baghdad. Musa, probably suspecting what was happening, declined to obey his father's command. He even ill-treated his messenger. Mahdi, on this, decided to take the field against him. At the head of an army, he marched against his son, but died on his way at the age of 48 (7th Aug. 785). Harun, who accompanied Mahdi, considered it prudent to return home with the troops, and to acknowledge his brother as Caliph.

(*To be continued*)

S. KHUDA BUKHSH

THREE OLD GERMAN FOLK-TALES

India has her *bhūts*, but the bhut's relatives are met with in every country. Many of the folk-tales told at the fire-sides during long winter evenings in Germany and other northern countries date from times long before the advent of Christianity. Others had their birth in early mediæval ages. Those were the times when bacteria were unknown as the champion mischief-makers; when the simplest principles of sanitation were unrecognised; when everybody's hand was against everybody else's; when clan fought against clan, and tribal warfare was an affair of everyday occurrence; when the so-called nobles reduced the peasantry to serfdom and robber knights infested the trade routes; when men and women and even children were tortured and burned at the stake in the name of religion—no wonder that country-folk peopled fields and forests, mountains and moors with sprites and gnomes and numerous other types of evil and malicious spirits, and Death and the Devil loomed large in the imagination of members of the human family, high and low. As a Christmas present for those who are fond of old folk-tales the writer has chosen three, of which the first has taken its birth somewhere he does not know where; the second hails from the Saxon Ore-Mountains, where the miners of old dragged out a miserable existence, and where even later on the usual food consisted mostly of potatoes and salt, the monotony of the daily fare being relieved by the culinary art of the miner's wife who knows how to prepare about seventy-five different dishes in which the main ingredient consists of potatoes, with the pleasing result that you need not have to eat the same kind of meal more than five times in a year. The third story has as its hero the far-famed King of the Giant Mountains, the redoubtable Rübezahl. The writer heard this story as told by a woman whose native village lies hidden away in the recesses of those very Giant Mountains, where people speak a German dialect which differs as much from that spoken in Saxony, as the dialect current in Somerset differs from that in vogue in Cumberland. The woman was hawking wooden toys carved in her mountain home, toys which were eagerly bought and carefully treasured by us children and only brought out on high holidays. I shall add to the three stories a fresh translation of Goethe's far-famed poem—the Erlkönig, rendered still more famous by having been set to music by one of the great Austrian composers—Schubert.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

At the time when Jesus wandered about the Earth, often accompanied by one or the other of his disciples, preaching love and mercy and forgiveness, healing the sick and consoling those bent down by sorrow, one day, towards evening, he and St. Peter, both tired and hungry after a long day's journey, reached the outskirts of a village where they hoped to be able to stay overnight. The first house on the side of the country road belonged to the blacksmith of the village; it was a substantial cottage; for the blacksmith, as usual, was a man of substance, a man who was honoured all over the countryside and whose advice was eagerly sought far and wide. The two wanderers stopped opposite the open doors of the smithy, where the master and his two assistants were still hard at work. The blacksmith himself was a man more than sixty years of age, but still hail and hearty and able to work as well as many a man thirty years younger than he. As soon as he noticed the two wanderers, he came to the door, took off his cap and asked in a friendly tone whether he could be of any service to the strangers. Jesus told him that they were looking for a place where they could rest overnight. "Oh, come in, by all means; there is room enough and to spare, and my old woman, who is just preparing our evening meal, will have no trouble in putting something extra on over the fire. But first have a good wash at the pump; that will refresh you, and you will enjoy your supper all the better." After having finished their ablutions, the two wanderers sat down inside, and finally the good old lady, wishing the travellers a pleasant evening, placed the smoking dishes on the table, and all sat down and enjoyed the simple, but wholesome evening meal. After an hour's quiet conversation, enlivened by the blacksmith telling several amusing stories—for he was known all over the country-side as a man of great wit—they all went to bed and enjoyed the rest which is the just reward of a hard day's toil. All rose early in the morning, and after a hearty breakfast Jesus and St. Peter prepared to start on another day's long journey. The blacksmith and his wife accompanied them to the door and bade them good bye. But before parting Jesus turned round and said: "Both of you have been very, very kind to us; such kindness should not go unrewarded, and therefore I ask you each to express three wishes, all of which shall be granted to you, whatever they may be." The old blacksmith took his cap off and in deep thought scratched his bald head: "Well," he said, "you see that tree full of beautiful apples. My first wish is that whoever climbs on that tree, when laden with fruit, shall not be able to come down again without my special permission." St. Peter opened his eyes wide, but said nothing; and Jesus said simply: "Granted! and your second wish?" The blacksmith replied: "You see that iron barrel leaning against the wall? My second wish is that whoever gets into that barrel shall not be able to get out of it again without my special permission." St. Peter, who could not keep silent any longer, gave it as his opinion that not even a fool, even if he could, would want to creep into a narrow iron barrel." But Jesus simply said: "Granted! And your third wish?" "Hm!" retorted the blacksmith. "My third wish is that, if I sit down on this my cap, no power in Heaven, or Earth, or in Hell shall be able to displace me." St. Peter could not stand it any longer. Of course, being a saint, he was not allowed to use any bad language, but he expressed himself pretty forcibly regarding the intellectual and moral attitude of the old blacksmith. But Jesus simply said: "Granted!" Then turning to the old lady he invited her to tell him her three wishes. "Oh Sir," she said, "you are very, very kind. What else can I wish for myself but that I may always enjoy good health, that my death may be like softly going to sleep and that angels may take my soul to heaven to dwell there in eternal happiness." Jesus said: "Granted, my good old lady, and the blessings of my heavenly father may always be with you." And St. Peter muttered in his beard: "Judging from my own experience with my wife and my mother-in-law I always thought that woman was not quite up to man as far as reason and common sense are concerned; but this old fool of a blacksmith makes me feel inclined to change my mind." So Jesus and St. Peter went their way. The old lady lived her homely life for another ten years and then died a peaceful death, her soul being carried to eternal bliss by a kindly angel.

The old blacksmith was left to follow his arduous pursuits for another twenty years. But some fine day, toward the end of a bright summer, whilst the blacksmith was hard at work, Death put in his appearance. Death beckoned to him to come out. The blacksmith did so and looked at his visitor with a questioning look. "Well," said Death, "it appears that you have lived long enough, and I have been ordered to fetch you away. "Hm!" said the master of the forge, "I cannot go with you like this, my clothes covered with the dust and ashes of the smithy and my face and hands black with grime and soot. Grant me half an hour to make myself presentable, the more so as I have to accompany such a handsome and handsomely dressed gentleman like you.' (We must picture the Death of these stories as represented by Hans Holbein the Younger in the collection of forty drawings known as "The Deathdance": a complete skeleton clad in a shroud and carrying a scythe)." But as you look as if you had eaten nothing for many a day, you better get on to that tree and enjoy the taste of the luscious red-checked apples with which the tree is laden." Death looked at the tree, and, not being able to withstand the temptation, he replied: "Very well. But do not be long, for I am very busy; indeed I have never a moment's rest by night or day." So Death placed his scythe against the wall of the cottage and, as may easily be imagined, it was only with great difficulty that he succeeded in reaching the lowest branch on which he sat down and enjoyed himself right royally; for he never had tasted apples like those before, in all his long career. The old blacksmith took more than an hour over his ablutions, until Death began to be impatient and called out to him to make haste. Finally, the old gentleman, dressed up in his best suit made his appearance and stood in the doorway smiling at Death, who tried to get down from the tree, but found that he could not move an inch. "What witchcraft is this?" he called out. "We have to be off. I have already wasted more than an hour." "Oh," replied the blacksmith, "you may wait for a few hundred years longer and still find yourself sitting on that tree. I am sure, I won't help you down." Death tried to parley with the old gentleman, but in vain. "What ransom do you want for releasing me?" Death finally asked. "I am not greedy," the smith answered. "Promise me never to come near me again, and I shall let you off." And Death, in the end, promised by all that is holy and unholy that he would leave him severely alone for all time to come.

So the old blacksmith lived and worked for another twenty years.

But one day, just when he and his assistants were forging some horse-shoes, they heard somebody or something making a hideous noise in the courtyard, as if dragons and giant snakes and lions and wolves and donkeys had combined to give an orchestral concert (now-a-days the blacksmith would suspect the advent of either a jazzband or of an opera company performing the overture of a very modern opera). Looking out of the window, the old blacksmith saw a figure which he guessed might very well be a member of the "Ancient Order of Fallen Angels."

But he was undismayed. "Softly, softly, please!" he called out, "we are not a large company here; if you want to give a musical performance, you better engage the dancing-hall of the village inn." "No jokes for me!" replied the Devil; I have something more serious to tell you. Your time is up, and as Death has refused to do his duty, I have been sent to take you away to a place which will pleasantly remind you of your smithy fire." "Oh you mean to say, you are the Devil." "Yes I mean to say I am one of them; we are a numerous brotherhood." "Well, any one can say he is a devil; one only need put the skull of a he-goat on one's head, put over one's shoulders the skin of an ox, with its tail hanging down between one's legs, and get the cobbler to make one a pair of forked shoes, and there you are; a devil in all his glory! I have seen things like that in village shows on Maundy Thursday. How do I know that you are a real devil?" "I can do every thing you may wish me to do as a test. You just try me." Well, can you creep into that iron barrel leaning against the wall?" "Nothing easier! You want me to do it?" "Well, if you can do that, I shall believe that you hail from the Lower Regions." The devil promptly made himself thinner and thinner and disappeared into the barrel. The old blacksmith took hold of it, placed it into the smithy-fire and worked the bellows for all he was worth until the barrel was white hot, and then with his largest pair of tongs, he put it on the anvil and called to his two assistants: "Sledge away with all your might!" and they wielded their sledge-hammers with a right good will, and the devil began to roar, and he roared and roared until the whole of the cottage shook in its very foundations and the hair of all the people for twenty miles around stood right on end and remained standing thus to the end of their lives, the whole countryside believing that Judgment Day had come. When the devil could not stand it any longer, he called out "You old rascal, let me get out of this; you are worse than the worst of us." "Well," said the old blacksmith, "if you promise that neither you nor any of your fraternity will ever come within fifty miles of this cottage, I shall let you go." And the devil swore it by the nose of Beelzebub—the most binding oath used by the dwellers in Hell—and when he found himself released, he flew off like a whirlwind to the field of ice and snow flanking the highest mountain on earth, to cool himself down and find relief from his burning pains.

So the old blacksmith lived and worked for another twenty years.

But one day, when he was just taking a breath of fresh air in front of his cottage, he heard a gentle flutter, and there appeared before him the Angel of Death. And the Angel said to him: "It is decreed that thou shalt go with me; for thy time is up." The blacksmith saw that there was no help for it, and after having, with the Angel's permission, changed his clothes, he declared himself ready to go. He had not forgotten to put on his cap. And the Angel said: "As thou hast not been to church every Sunday and often hast used expressions forbidden to be used in Heaven, we shall have to make our way to the place where they hold no religious services and where people are rather encouraged than otherwise to vie in using as bad language as they can invent." So they went along, down and down a beautifully paved broad road, until they saw in the distance a red glow like that seen on a dark night in the country of hundred blast furnaces, and the air was filled with pungent odours like those which nearly suffocated the saintly Lot when he fled from the doomed cities of Sodom and Gomorrha. Now it so happened that on that very day the devil who had made the old man's acquaintance on a former memorable occasion had been told off to perform the duties of gate-keeper; he was standing in front of the large gate of Hell, which, as usual, was wide open to receive fresh arrivals; but as soon as he caught sight of the old blacksmith, he rushed back into Hell, slammed the gate and called out: "No place for creatures like you in these mansions. There are quite enough devils in here, and we have no need of one who is likely to be worse than the worst of us and who soon would boss the whole show."

"Well, what are we to do now?" said the Angel. "We must not return to the Earth, and they refuse to admit thee to this place." "Why not take me to Heaven?" suggested the blacksmith. "We shall have to try anyhow," remarked the Angel. So they went back along the broad road, and after having reached the upper end of it, they entered through a narrow gate and proceeded up and up along a narrow path which became steeper and steeper the higher they ascended. Finally they approached the golden gate of Heaven, and the strains of the most beautiful music reached their ear, wafted down by the gentle currents of the dark-blue ether. The gate of Heaven was open and St. Peter was seen standing in the open space in front of it looking out for new-comers; but as soon as he caught sight of the old blacksmith, he rushed back and closed the gate, exclaiming; "You old fool, you had your chance once and you lost it, you shall not come in here, if I can help it."

After some hours of waiting the old blacksmith knocked at the gate and called out in a gentle, submissive tone: "Oh

St. Peter, dear St. Peter, if you refuse to open the gate for me, permit me at least to have a look into Heaven through the gate-window." St. Peter thought that it would be a proper punishment for the old man, if he were to see the splendours of Heaven and realise what he had missed. So he opened the gate-window and the blacksmith put his head through and he looked to the right and he looked to the left. But suddenly as if by accident, he let his cap fall so that it landed on the other side of the gate. "Oh, St. Peter, I have lost my cap and I shall catch a cold in my bald head, if I have to stand outside in the draught without my cap." St. Peter, who did not remember the third wish of the blacksmith at the moment, replied: "I am not going to touch that grimy black cap; fetch it yourself." And he opened the gate; but no sooner had the old man got through, than did he sit down on his cap and refused to move, so that finally St. Peter was compelled to appeal to higher authority. But Jesus said: "After all, the old blacksmith was not so very bad a man when he lived on Earth; he worked honestly; he never cheated anybody, and although he sometimes used hyperbolic language, he never told an untruth; and remembering a certain cold night many years ago and a certain place in Jerusalem behind the High Priest's palace, you may feel inclined to harbour more compassion in your heart with poor mortal sinners than you and your successors are wont to show and have shown in days gone by. And now have the blacksmith taken to his wife, who, gentle old soul, will be very glad to see him in Heaven; for she has been very anxious regarding his fate all these long years."

THE FAMOUS DOCTOR

A poor miner had been to a village ten miles off to engage the services of a midwife; for his wife was expecting a new arrival, the tenth in order of succession. How was he to meet the fresh expenses! Babies will turn up, even if there is not enough food in the cottage to feed the hungry mouths of those already in possession. And the poor fellow heaved a heavy sigh, and in his despair he burst out: "I wish Death would come and fetch me away from this land of starvation and misery." And lo and behold! A few paces in front of him, surrounded by a phosphorescent halo, stood Death, half covered by his ghostly shroud and holding his shining scythe in one of his hands. "You called me," said Death, "I am ready to take you to a place where there is neither starvation nor other kinds of misery." "Oh well," stuttered the miner, "I—I did not mean it, not in the sense you, Sir, seem to take it. But I did feel miserable, utterly miserable." "Yes," said Death, "it is always like that. They moan and groan and they sigh and say: I wish Death would relieve me, and when I make my appearance, they cling to life as if it was the most precious thing in the world, and if a poor mortal plucks up courage and puts an end to his misery, the jury returns a verdict: 'Killed himself whilst of unsound mind.' But to return to your particular case. As a matter of fact your time has not arrived yet, although I might have made an exception to oblige you. Now, tell me, what is really the matter with you?" And the poor miner poured out his tale of woes and troubles and looked appealingly at his unlooked—for companion. "Well I have watched you, when attending on your now defunct neighbours, and I know you to be an honest and hard-working fellow, rich in children and poor in everything else, and, therefore, I propose to help you and better your prospects. You must become a doctor." "I a doctor?" replied the miner. "I know gangue from good ore, but I do not know one herb from another." "Never mind," said Death, "you don't want to know any of that stuff about which physicians talk so glibly, looking fearfully wise all the time. It is all written in the Book of Fate. If Fate decrees that you are to recover, you recover; if it is pre-ordained that you are to die, you die. I do not kill people; I only fetch them away. Now listen. You just let it be known that you have discovered a wonderful medicine and then set up as a doctor. At the beginning you must not charge high fees, and sometimes you must not charge anything at all. Charge only for successful cures, and when you are certain that the patient must die, tell the people quietly that help is impossible, and if the party is poor, give them some money as a contribution towards the funeral expenses." "But how shall I know whether the patient will live or die?" asked the miner. "When you are called in to see the patient and you see me standing at the head of the bed, the patient is sure to recover," Death remarked. "But if you see me standing at the foot of the bed, the patient is doomed to die. And now good bye and cheer up!" Before the poor miner could recover from his astonishment, Death had disappeared in the darkness of night. And so the newfledged physician began his practice, and soon his fame spread far and wide, far beyond the limits of the Saxon Ore-Mountains.

Some years after, it happened that the daughter of the Elector of Saxony fell seriously ill. The Prince called in all the famous physicians of the country, but whatever they prescribed, the princess got worse and worse; her parents were struck down with grief and the whole country was plunged in deep anxiety, for the princess was loved by everybody who knew her for her gentle manners and kindly heart. When all the great physicians were at their wit's end, one of the Elector's councillors mentioned to his sovereign that he had heard of a doctor in the Ore-Mountains who had effected some wonderful cures. The Elector ordered a carriage drawn by four horses to proceed at once to the place mentioned by the councillor and bring the doctor without the least delay. Our friend, the protégé of Death, appeared promptly on the scene full of hopes of a brilliant career. But to his utter dismay, when he entered the sick-chamber, he saw Death standing at the foot of the bed on which the suffering princess lay. He looked appealing at his friend and patron, but Death shook his head most decidedly. What was to be done? After looking at the princess for some little while, as if examining her attentively, he turned to the Elector, and said: "Please, Sire, have the bed turned right round." This was done promptly, all the courtiers helping to carry out the Doctor's orders, and before Death realised what was happening, he found himself standing at the head of the bed. He looked reprovingly at his friend but whispered, "You may have your way for once, but let it not happen again."

The princess recovered rapidly and everybody sang the praises of the "Great Doctor from the Ore-Mountains," who established himself at the capital of the country, where his fame and his riches grew apace side by side.

The famous doctor attained a ripe old age; but on everybody finally dawns the day when he has to depart and leave fame and riches or, as the case may be, obscurity and poverty behind, soon to be known no more, except perhaps in tales of the past. And so it happened here also. One fine day in spring, when our doctor sat in his consulting room—for doctors had consulting rooms even in those remote times—there was a knock at the door and the Angel of Death softly stepped in. "Your time has come," he said to our physician "and I have to request you to leave everything behind and accompany me. Wish good-bye to your children, grandchildren, and friends. I shall wait for you at the gate of the Elector's palace." The Doctor did what he had been bidden to do and joined the Angel of Death at the appointed place. The two, having wandered beyond the precincts of the town, entered a cave in the side of the hills and, after traversing a long passage, they found themselves in an immense hall where millions and millions of candles were arranged in endless rows, some of them not yet lighted, others just commencing to shed a feeble glow, others consumed for some distance down, and again others reduced to small fluttering and spluttering stumps. And the Angel explained to our friend that the candles not yet lighted were those of children not yet born, those just lighted were those of newly arrived babies, those burned down half-way were belonging to men and women in the prime of life, whilst those burnt down to near their lower end were those of people whose end was close at hand." And pointing to a candle the light of which was just only flickering feebly he said: "That is your candle, my good Doctor.". Now, close to this candle stood another not yet lighted. Quick like lightning the Doctor grasped the fresh candle to replace his own dying-out candle by a new one. But in the attempt the light of his own candle died down and our friend sank down on the floor lifeless. And the Angel said softly: "Sleep in peace! Even the cleverest of man cannot escape the fulfilment of the Decrees of Fate."

RÜBEZAHL

Long, long ago the Giant-Mountains, which separate Bohemia from Silesia, were the home of mountain sprites and gnomes who guarded the treasures hidden within the forest-covered hills and who were ruled by a powerful king. This king had a golden palace surrounded by parks and gardens where blossomed flowers whose petals were diamonds and rubies and sapphires and emeralds which were lighted up by the glow radiated from fountains the drops of which sparkled like millions of stars. The palace was situated within the highest mountain of the range, the Schneekoppe, from the top of which one is able to see far and wide to the north as well as the south, but all that then was visible were the lower hills and plains covered with pines and oaks, here and there broken through by the rivers Oder and Elbe and some of their tributaries; for man had not yet made his appearance in those parts and not a single column of smoke rose from among the dense growth of trees. Now it so happened that the king of the mountain sprites had not left his subterranean home for five hundred years; but, one fine day, he felt himself tempted to pay a visit to his overground possessions to have a look round from the highest point of vantage. To his immense astonishment he discovered that the whole appearance of both countries, that to the north as well as that to the south of the Giant-Mountains, had entirely changed, and only the forest on the slopes of the mountains themselves were yet intact. Indeed, a fine broad road led right up to the foot of the Schneekoppe, and at the distant end of it had sprung up a large town with towers and palaces and churches rising above the mass of well-built houses. And outside the town lay scattered villages and farms surrounded by golden-coloured fields and green meadows, and on them there moved about curious-looking creatures that were not like gnomes or other mountain sprites. And as the Mountain King was looking out in amazement on the changed scenery, he saw coming along the broad road a carriage drawn by four prancing horses, and in the carriage sat a young lady, gorgeously attired, the most beautiful being, the King thought, he had ever seen. She was one of the princesses of the new kingdom of the plains. And like a whirlwind the Mountain King rushed down the flanks of the Schneekoppe, and before any of the princess' attendants knew what was happening, he had seized the young lady and carried her off to his mountain palace. Weeping most bitterly she found herself in a large room, splendidly furnished with everything a great lady could desire, and the Mountain King implored her not to be afraid, for she would suffer no harm and have numerous willing servants at her command, who would attend on her slightest wishes. And every day the King sent her basketfuls of the most exquisite precious stones and of golden ornaments; but all to no purpose: the princess continued to take not the slightest interest in anything around her and kept on moaning and weeping all day and all night. One day, when the mountain King asked her why she was always so sad, she told him that she felt utterly lonely; because in her father's palace she had had numerous playmates, and here she had nobody to talk to but a swarm of ugly mountain sprites. "Oh," replied the King, "that can be easily remedied." And he went out, and after a short while he came back with a basketful of turnips. "You want to add insult to injury," called out the princess in a tone of the most intense annoyance. "Do you mean me to play with turnips?" "Oh no, not at all!" replied the Mountain King; "here take my ivory wand tipped with a sparkling diamond, and whichever of your former companions you like to talk to or play with, pronounce her name and touch one of the turnips with the wand, and she will stand in front of you just as she was when you met her in your own home." And he left his wand and the basket of turnips with the princess and retired. After a little while the princess' curiosity got the better of her original resolution not to have anything to do with the turnips nor with whatever else the Mountain King might propose to her. She removed one of the turnips from the basket, touched it with the end of the wand pronouncing at the same time the name of her dearest girl friend. To her great joy there stood in front of her the very young lady whom she had desired to see, and who now made a low curtsy, giving her news from her home and telling the princess how glad she was to see her again, after all of her friends had bemoaned her loss.

The first experiment having been so successful, the princess repeated it and soon was surrounded by a whole crowd of her girl friends. So the time passed merrily for two days. But, on the third day, the girl friends began to develop wrinkles on their faces and soon looked like old decrepit hags; for after all they were only turnips. The princess, utterly disgusted, began to weep so loud that the Mountain King came rushing into her room to learn what was this matter. "Is that the company you have given me?" the princess exclaimed angrily. "Look at the crowd! Horrid, oh horrid!" "Never mind!" retorted the Mountain King. "Touch each of them with your wand!" The princess did so and in no time there lay before her a heap of shrivelled-up turnips. The Mountain King gathered them into the basket and had them carried away by one of the gnomes. And he told the princess that he would bring her another basket of fresh turnips and she could have a new set of girl friends every day of her life. Of course, a game of that sort finally becomes tiresome, and after a week or so the princess refused to have any more dealings with turnips. The Mountain King became more and more assiduous in his attentions and ultimately asked her to marry him, promising her that he would do everything to make her forget her home and all her former friends. The princess flatly refused, but the Mountain King pressed his suit more and more ardently day after day. Meanwhile the princess had won over one of the mountain sprites by unvarying kindness, and now she ordered him to take a letter to her father. In the letter she asked that arrangements be made to have a carriage, drawn by four of the king's fleetest horses, sent two days hence to the foot of the mountains. The next day when the Mountain King urged his suit again, the princess told him that she would agree to become his queen, if on the following day he would count the turnips on the field from which he had brought some basketfuls to her; but if he made the slightest mistake, he would be bound to send her back to her father. After some hesitation the Mountain King agreed.

Early next morning he went to the field and commenced counting the turnips of which there were thousands and thousands standing in long rows. He finished before noon;

but as such things will happen, he suddenly grew doubtful about the accuracy of his count and as all depended on that, he thought it better to start counting again. The total of the second count did not agree with that of the first, so he had no choice left but to do his task all over again. In the meantime the princess had quietly left the palace and, guided by her trusted servant, made her way down the slope of the Schneekoppe. Now it was only when the day was near its end that the Mountain King completed the third count, which agreed with the first. In joyful expectation he hastened back to the palace to find the princess gone. Nobody had noticed her, because by making use of the magic wand she had put all her attendants to sleep. Swearing revenge on all of them he rushed down the mountain like a whirlwind only to see the princess driving away at the distance and sitting beside her he beheld a handsome young knight—the betrothed of the princess. But as his power did not extend beyond the fastnesses of the Giant Mountains, he had to return alone to his subterranean palace, where he shut himself up for many months. Ever since the people of the plains nickname him Rübezahl —"the Counter of Turnips." But woe betide the poor mortal who uses this name within the boundaries of the Mountain King's realm.

Yet after all, Rübezahl was not a particularly evil spirit. He enjoyed playing tricks on members of the human race, but rarely wrought them serious harm, as the following short story will illustrate.

As is well known, a large part of the glassware used in the Eastern Hemisphere is manufactured within a belt of country inhabited by German-speaking people and extending right along the southern boundaries of the Giant and Ore Mountains. And, if a Saxon or, Silesian, already in olden times, wanted to lay in a fresh store of sheets of glass for window panes, he had to cross the mountains into Bohemia.

Now it so happened that a glazier who had his business in one of the towns of Silesia returned from one of the Bohemian glass works with a heavy load on his back. The task of crossing the Giant-Mountains is very arduous even if you have nothing to carry but yourself; and our glazier felt dead-tired before he had reached the foot of the range on the Silesian side. He looked anxiously about to discover a stump of a tree somewhere near the pathway, on which he might support his pack of glass panes whilst he rested his weary limbs. Rübezahl, who was roaming about in the forest, guessed what the wanderer's wish was and promptly transformed himself into a round log of wood a slight distance further on. On seeing the log the glazier with a sigh of relief rested his pack of sheets of glass on the log, which he took for part of the stem of a felled tree, and himself leant against it. Suddenly the log began to move, rolled down the sloping hill-side and upset the glazier and his burden, with the result that every sheet of glass was reduced to small fragments. The poor glazier had invested all his savings in the purchase, and starvation stared him in the face. No wonder that he burst out crying, wending his way slowly down the mountain. And suspecting who had played him the trick, he called out as loud as he could not caring what should happen to him afterwards: "Rübezahl, you wretch of a Rübezahl; it is you who has done all this mischief." And there Rübezahl stood before him, having assumed the appearance of a man of gigantic stature and looking terribly angry. "Don't you know that calling me by that name may mean death to you?" "I do not care whether it means death to me or not," replied the glazier. "After all my glass is gone, life is not worth living to me. I, my wife and my five children are now condemned to starvation; I shall have to sell my cottage and we all shall have to roam about the country—beggars." "All right," said Rübezahl; "I tell you what to do. You know, down at the foot of the mountains, in the mill near the mountain stream, lives a miller, one of the worst rogues of that part of the country; he cheats his customers, rich and poor alike for all he is worth, returning them short weights and often mixing dust with the flour; for, of course, he sells the flour he has stolen at a good profit. The scoundrel deserves to be punished for his malpractices. Now I shall transform myself into a donkey, and you go and offer me to the miller at a high price, but as soon as you have concluded the bargain, mind, be off as quickly as you can." And before the glazier had recovered from his astonishment, there stood before him the most beautiful donkey, nearly as tall as a fine horse, with a fur coat like velvet and without the slightest blemish. And the glazier drove his newly acquired possession down to the mill and asked the miller whether he was inclined to buy the donkey. The miller's mouth watered, but, of course, he refused to pay the tall price the glazier demanded. So they parleyed and bargained and haggled, until they settled on a price which was ten times the value of the glass broken to bits by the mischievous action of Rübezahl. The glazier pocketted the money and disappeared behind the trees, whilst the miller ordered one of his servants to take the donkey to the stable and give him some hay. After five minutes or so the servant came running back with his hairs standing on end. "What is the matter with you, old fool?" the miller asked. "Oh master," the servant replied, "as ordered by you, I placed some hay before the donkey, but he said he was not accustomed to eat hay, nor did he ever drink water, but he only ate cakes and plum-pudding and drank nothing less than the finest Hungarian wines." "You silly dotard, have you ever heard a donkey speak?" "No, master, of course I have not. But this donkey does speak, and he looks as if he would eat you, if you did not feed him with cakes and plum-pudding." The miller kicked the servant out of the room and himself went to the stable.

There stood the donkey and addressing the miller he said : "Look here, miller, I shall not eat your hay ; I am the king of all the donkeys and you will have to feed me accordingly," and the miller, with *his* hairs standing on end, rushed back in terror to his room, and the donkey was seen no more. But the glazier's business soon began to flourish and, after a few years, he was one of the richest men of his town.

DER ERLKÖNIG

(The Alderking)

Goethe—1781

Who is riding out there through the storm and night ?
The father and child so fragile and slight.
He clasps the boy tenderly in his arm,
He's holding him safely, he's keeping him warm.

" Why anxiously hidest thou thy face so, my son ?"
" Seest not, oh father, the Alderking yon ?
The Alderking wearing his crown and his shroud ?"
"My son, it is only a bank of cloud."

" Oh, prettiest boy, come and go with me,
The gayest games I shall play with thee,
And flowers shalt gather of beauty untold,
My mother wears dresses of finest gold."

" Oh father, my father, doest thou not hear
What Alderking whispers into my ear ?"
" Be still, remain still, my darling child,
In dead and dry leaves the wind wails wild."

"Wilt, pretty boy, come and go with me?
My daughters shall kiss and shall fondle thee;
My daughters shall dance and thou never shalt weep,
They shall rock thee and sing thee and hush thee to sleep."

"Oh father, my father, and doest thou not see
The Alderking's daughters dance under yon tree?"
"My eyes, son, are keen, they never betray,
Those are willows that sway at the mere bleak and grey."

"I love thee, my boy, for thy beauty and charm,
But if thou'rt not willing, I'll do thee dire harm."
"Oh father, dear father, he's clasping me tight,
He's hurt me, the Erlking, with all all his might."

The father, he rides, with terror struck wild,
He holds in his arms his moaning child.
In fear and in trembling he reaches his stead:
But on his arm the child lies dead.

P. Brühl

"TELL ME A STORY"

On the Olympian heights all the gods were collected. The hours dragged lengthily. Aphrodite yawning turned to Apollo. "Tell me a story," she demanded. "Sometimes your stories are good."

Apollo smiled.

"Once there was a king in Cyprus," he began, "who burnt incense at my altars only. For the Arts and the Arts alone he lived. And I blessed him with a cunning hand. So that he hewed fair objects from ivory and stone."

"To hew things from stone and ivory he must have been clever," remarked Aphrodite.

"He was," said Apollo, "till he took to hewing an image in the shape of a woman—and so engrossed in his pastime did he become that he visited no more my shrines and my altar fires died out. So to punish him I caused him to be enamoured of the ivory thing. His tears and lamentations were sweet to my ears. He must have perished miserably."

"No, he didn't," snapped Aphrodite, "He kindled a flame in my temple instead that could be seen for miles around. He was a wiser man than you thought. I breathed into his ivory woman."

"What then?" growled Apollo.

"She became a Queen in Cyprus," said Aphrodite laughing.

"Tell me a story," said Venus to Mars who was fanning himself languidly with an Asphodel fan. Mars began slowly.

"There was a Roman warrior whom men called Antony; because of his valour I loved him dearly, so that he became famous in battle and rich were the spoils which fell to his share. In the Roman land he was courted greatly—but he retired into his tents and lived like a Spartan."

"I, too," interrupted Venus, "gave him of the best—did not the fairest slaves and singing girls surround him daily? Also I found him for wife the fairest lady in the land. And little he cared for them all."

Isis, lying on her side, laughed low. "You were wrong," she said. "I brought him an Ethiop queen—none could have called her beautiful—but she had brains. At her feasts, together they drank wine mixed with pearls worth a king's ransom. In the end he died for her."

Osiris laughed. "That was Cleopatra."

"And now," said Isis, "the humans vow she must have been one of the most beautiful women the world has ever known."

"I know a story,—a short one," said Osiris.

"Tell it," said Apollo.

"There was a king in Egypt," said Osiris, "who kept a subject nation toiling in chains for many years. For him these slaves had to make bricks without straw."

"Then they could not have been bricks," said Apollo.

"They were," said Osiris; "for he built houses out of them but when—"

"But when?" said Apollo.

"The first shower of rain had fallen the houses tumbled down and killed one of the king's most favourite dancing girls."

"Tell me a story," said Baal to Astarte. "Your stories usually have a moral in them." Astarte smiled wisely.

"There was a king in Nineveh," she began, "who was noted through the world for the glory of his deeds, and throughout the whole universe famed for his bravery in battle—also for having founded mighty Nineveh till—"

"Till?" said Baal.

"Till he met Semiramis—whom he wed."

"She was beautiful," said Baal.

"She was ambitious," said Astarte, "and angry at being known only as the wife of the king of Nineveh. So she made him build her some hanging gardens—which he did."

"He was a fool," said Osiris.

"She called them the hanging gardens of Babylon—and all men flocked from the corners of the earth to view their wonder, till around the gardens there sprang up a city—Babylon—and the people hailed Semiramis Queen of Babylon."

"Where was the king?" asked Mars.

"Oh, he shut himself up in his royal palace for none came any longer to watch his battles, they were too busy with the Gardens. Thenceforward, too, he became known as *the husband of the Queen.*"

"If he remained shut up in his palace, who went to war?" demanded Mars.

"Semiramis," said Astarte. "And her Captains were successful so that thereafter her fame rose to be greater even than the king's."

"He was a fool," said Osiris.

"Had I been him I would have smote those hanging gardens to the ground," growled Mars, "and levelled them with the sands of the sea."

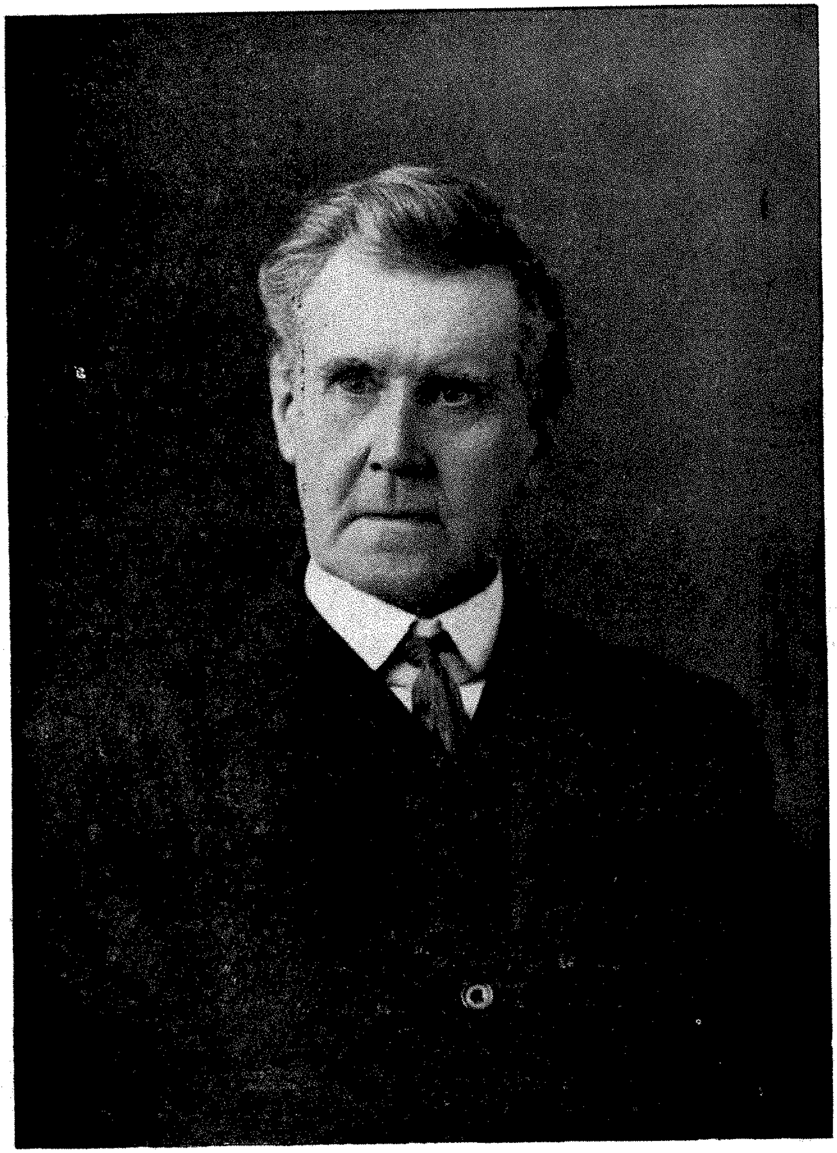
MIRIEM KHUNDKAR

"THE TROUBLES OF SIR A. BUREAUCRAT."

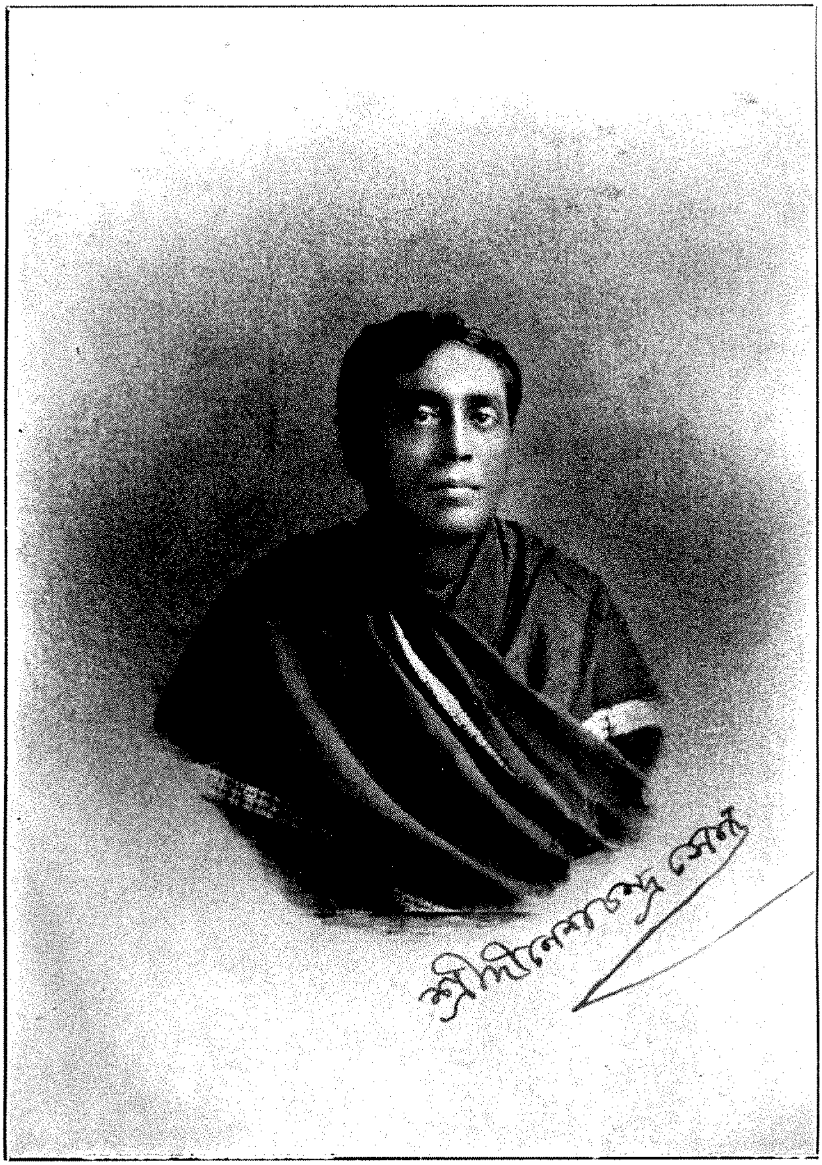
A suit of a sensational nature was recently filed by the well-known Madame University of Calcutta against her husband, the Hon'ble Sir A. Bureaucrat of Simla. The proceedings which were for alimony were heard by a Special Bench presided over by the former Lord Chief Justice of England, who, it will be remembered, was deputed last year to exercise original jurisdiction over certain special matters in which the causes of action arise in India.

In opening the plaintiff's case, her Counsel stated that his client had nothing to do with a petition which had been recently presented to an Honorary Magistrate praying for process against the defendant on the ground of bigamy. That complaint had been preferred by one T. H. E. Public, an officious nobody who, being totally ignorant of the *lex loci* and *lex fori* governing the question, had sought to interfere averring that the defendant had gone through a ceremony of marriage with another lady and that it was with money borrowed from complainant that he was supporting her. The learned Magistrate in very rightly dismissing the petition and refusing process had pointed out that no criminal offence had been disclosed. Whatever might have been the position of the Hon'ble Sir A. Bureaucrat in England, he was now domiciled in India where the English Common Law relating to matrimonial relations did not run. Moreover, being a resident of Simla he was, to a certain extent, above the law. As to the allegation that the second Mrs. Bureaucrat was being supported out of funds lent by T. H. E. Public, both the complainant and his pleader were sadly ignorant of the Indian Law relating to the transfer of property. Monies once handed over to gentlemen of Sir A. Bureaucrat's position became the

Gilbert Thomas Walker—*Doctor of Philosophy*



Henry Stephens—*Doctor of Philosophy*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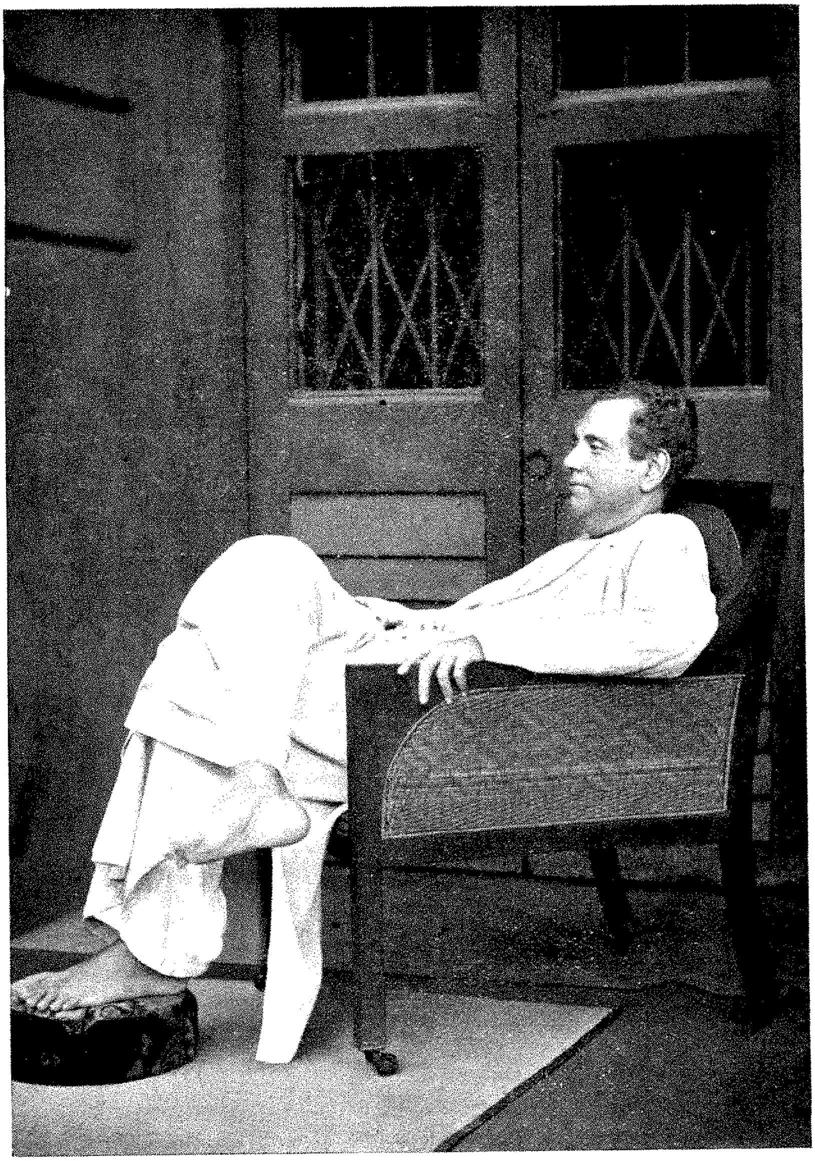
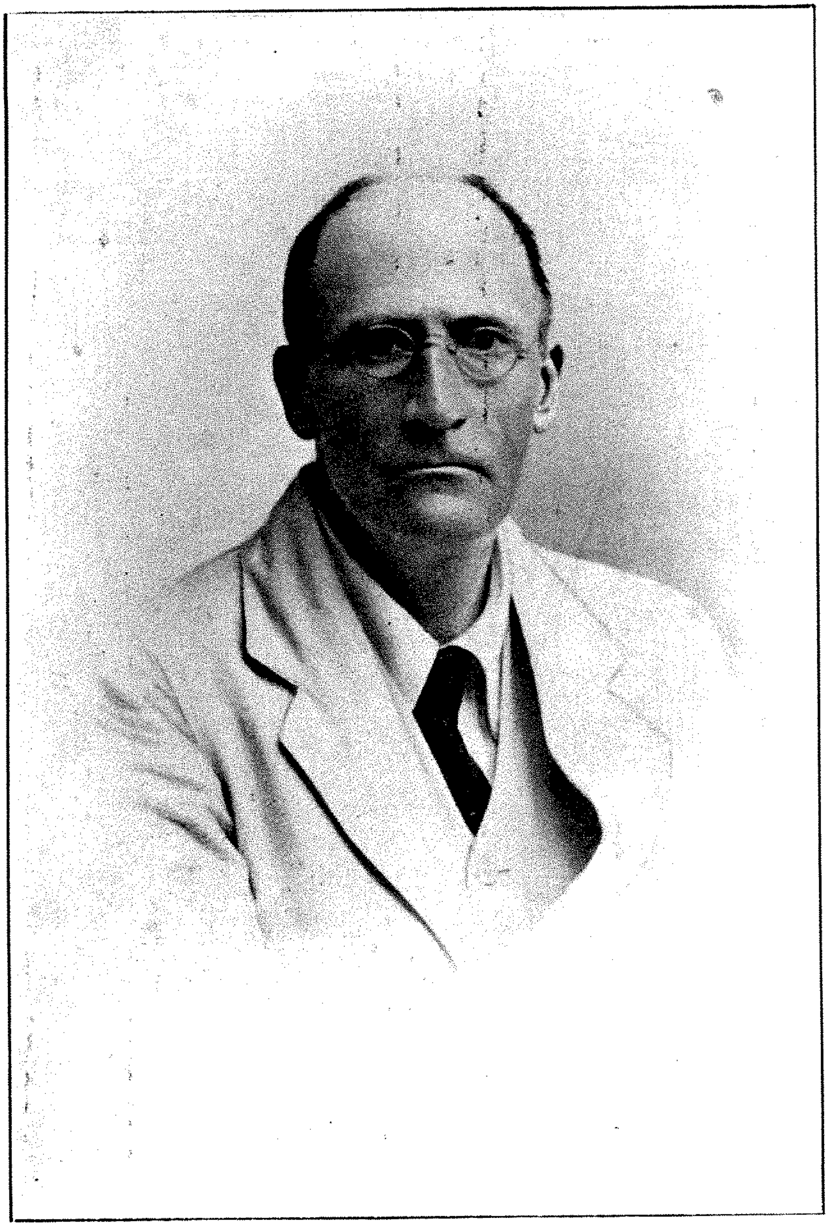
DINESHCHANDRA SEN—*Doctor of Literature*



Abanindranath Tagore—*Doctor of Literature*



CUTHBERT EDMUND CULLIS—*Doctor of Science* absolute property of the latter, and it was not only the privilege but the unquestioned duty of people of Public's station to contribute towards Sir Bureaucrat's cash requirements. So false and frivolous was the petition that the learned Magistrate had warned the complainant's pleader that he would be suspended should such a complaint be preferred through him again.

Proceeding, plaintiff's counsel stated that after negotiations extending over a period of several years a marriage had with great pomp been recently solemnised between Sir A. Bureaucrat and a certain Miss Dacca, a resident of Eastern Bengal. Since the date of the nuptials there had been a distinct falling-off in the amount of the allowance which Madame University of Calcutta had been accustomed to receive from her husband.

The lady was fortunately wealthy in her own right. In addition to being the owner of a fish market site adjoining her ancestral residence she derived a moderate income from periodical small payments made to her by her children of whom she had a large number. This source of revenue had, however, recently sustained a serious falling-off owing to bickerings between Sir A. Bureaucrat and the elder children. The latter feeling that their father had not adequately fulfilled a promise to give them a latch-key, had ceased to co-operate with him in the management of the family estates and had become somewhat estranged from both parents. It was at this sad juncture that Sir A. Bureaucrat had entered upon his second alliance. Madame University had become seriously embarrassed and had been compelled to cut down her scale of expenses and to curtail the salaries of her servants and agents. Many of these finding themselves unable to live on their reduced means had accepted service in the household of the second wife which was being conducted on a scale more lavish than any which had ever prevailed in the establishment at Calcutta. Counsel then proceeded to call evidence. The first witness to be examined was the representative of a well-known firm of house decorators.

Counsel. "Do you know the plaintiff?"

Witness. "Yes."

Counsel. "Did she ever buy anything from you?"

Witness. "A few brooms. From time to time she used to have a spring-cleaning for sweeping away the kind of waste called incompetence."

Counsel. "Do you know the defendant's second wife?"

Witness. "Yes; since she started buying things our Managing Director has purchased a yacht and our shareholders are paying super-tax."

Cross-examined by defendant's counsel.

Councel. "Can you suggest any reason for such lavish expenditure on things?"

Witness. "No, except that it justifies a proportionate expenditure on people."

At this point a disturbance arose in Court. A wild-looking man in patched clothing of many colours was observed to be standing on a chair waving his arms and trying to make a speech. It was the misguided person known as T. H. E. Public whose name had been mentioned earlier in the proceedings by plaintiff's counsel. He was obviously not in his right mind for he uttered many meaningless words such as "democracy," "liberty," "economy" and seemed to be under the impression that the proceedings before the Court had reference to property either belonging to him or which had at some time been transferred by him to the parties in the suit. He was subsequently removed by the police screaming violently.

When the Court resumed after lunch, counsel asked for an adjournment on the strength of a telegram which had just been received from Sir A. Bureaucrat. It appeared that a dispute had recently arisen between that gentleman and his second wife regarding the real estate to which under the marriage settlement she was presumably entitled. This placed a new complexion upon the claims of the first wife, but in what way precisely it affected her position counsel was not at the moment prepared to disclose. Counsel prayed for time, and the hearing was accordingly adjourned *sine die.*

A Bachelor Bureaucrat

THOU AND I

[*From an old German Song*]

I am of thine own self a part;
And thou hast a place, too, in my heart:—
Within my heart art thou safely locked,
Of this thou shouldst not doubt,
The little key that locked thee safe
Is lost;—there's no way out.

Post-Graduate

AUGUST STRINDBERG

II

THEME AND TREATMENT

Here we must note that in the play of "The Dance of Death," which belongs to a later date and is distinguished from his plays of the purely naturalistic type, Strindberg's treatment of the old theme of sex-duel is not only more elaborate but of quite a different character.

Though like his earlier plays on the subject it is full of fencing dialogues between husband and wife of a horribly realistic nature, Strindberg does not propose to make sex-duel end in the orthodox marriage separation.[1]

A new phase of sex-battle is presented here and the parties to the strife are kept at close quarters to carry on a perpetual tug of war in a vigorous trial of mental strength and inventive resourcefulness. Captain Edgar and his wife Alice have "stuck together for 25 years and have borne with it" without seeking relief in a speedy dissolution of marriage and sex-duel is made to take the form of a triangular contest by the introduction of a third party—Alice's cousin, Curt, to whom she was engaged in childhood and who joins his old companion Edgar after his separation from his wife and children. With shrewd self-possession Alice plays the deep game of an injured wife and Curt very rightly observes—"it is not easy to steer clear of everything, for no matter how little you care to get mixed up in other people's intrigues, you are drawn into them just the same." Moreover, the wife complains that "as an enemy" her husband "is simply horrible," for, as she alleges, even their own daughter Judith has been cruelly trained by her father to "raise her hand against" the mother. Thus in "the Dance of Death" the problem of sex-duel becomes a very complex affair.

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[1] *Cf.* p. 168, First Series.

A casual utterance of Curt significantly furnishes us with a keynote to the situation. He calls the Captain's hatred for Alice a "love-hatred which hails from the pit" and we detect an undercurrent of jealousy in Alice's suspicion that her husband, who in her opinion is an old man and 10 years her senior, indulges in a flirtation with the servant girls. She is eternally spying on him and subjecting him to a searching analysis. The Captain in a confidential talk tells Curt about his wife that she is "in spite of everything pretty decent—has been a faithful mate, splendid mother,—excellent,—but she has a devilish temper." Curt too speaks of her "tyrannical and cruel temperament." She in her turn gives her husband the character of a "vampire" with whom she has been compelled to spend "a life-time, locked up and guarded as in a tower by a man whom she has hated beyond all bounds." "Nothing but death," she adds, "can part us and for that reason we are waiting for him as for a liberator." She is sorely tried and grumbles at everything—her husband's imperious temper, his despotism, stinginess, drunkenness, old age and his unfriendliness to his neighbours with none of whom he cares to associate. She is constantly lecturing him on decency, good manners, propriety and liberty, and rues her choice in having preferred to be yoked in marriage to the certainty of becoming like her comrades in the profession, a "star" on the stage.

The Captain sums up his married life as something "queer anyhow"—as monotonous, artificial, cheerless, full of petty bickerings and ill-tempered snapping retorts—though for his wife's sake he has spent heaps of money in five trips to Copenhagen and for the sake of his family honour and dignity he has always tried to make his married life look peaceable by hiding his real feelings and assuming a quiet attitude of resignation to the inevitable. He does not "let things rankle" and counsels, like the agnostic that he is, the prudent course of "availing oneself of what little time there is, for afterwards it is all over." He coolly observes—"that's what happens when you institute a marriage, my dear Curt. And it is perfectly clear that it was not instituted in heaven."

The superior intellect and tact and commanding position of the Captain, bring about a temporary discomfiture of both his antagonists—his wife Alice and her new ally, Curt, who injudiciously takes the wife's side and is checkmated by a clever move of the Captain, not too slow to utilise Curt's own son, Allan, as his tool. Like a boa-constrictor the Captain gradually tightens his merciless grip on poor Alice till she is non-plussed. The victor sarcastically refers to her defeat by adding that "the fortress has surrendered. The enemy will be permitted to depart in safety on 10 minutes' notice!"

The biological superiority of the male sex is once more demonstrated, as in "the Link," Sc. X, by means of a sharp character contrast—the contrast between the husband's cool self-possession and the wife's nervous anxiety at the imminent prospect of "ruin overtaking them both."[1]

Evidently here again Strindberg's anti-feminism makes sex-duel disadvantageous to the "weaker vessel." Curt rightly holds that Alice specially deserves compassion though other women seem to deserve their fate.

After her temporary defeat Alice returns to the game "to try once more her hand at the art of war" with better hope of success now that she has "mastered the trade." She will at last "slay the dragon."

However unjustly treated by a sort of Blue-beard, Alice appears to be obsessed by the idea of revenge and with a fiendish intensity of passion rejoices with sickening gusto over the immediate prospect of her husband's death which more than once she prematurely anticipates in her vengeful over-eagerness. Is it the old rankling sense of injustice so strong in Strindberg in his early life that reappears here in a new light? For, we come across a very significant hint in the following piece of dialogue—

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[1] *Cf.*, The Reconciliation Scene (Part I, Sc. 4), p. 213, First Series.

> *Alice.* I love revenge as a form of justice and I am yearning to see evil get its punishment.
>
> *Curt.* You still remain *at that point*?
>
> *Alice.* There I shall always remain, and the day I forgave or loved an enemy I should be a hypocrite.
>
> (Italics are our own.)

Still, male superiority does not necessarily imply higher moral worth. We have to recognise that anti-feminism does not make Strindberg partial towards male delinquents. He makes as high a demand regarding moral purity from his men as from his women—only his conviction is that, socially, greater evil results from woman's derelictions than man's. Alice, for instance, proposes to complete her husband's humiliation by bringing shame on him by running away with Curt and showing themselves together that very night at the Theatre. Curt at once exclaims—"A strange world! You commit a shameful act and the shame falls on him" realising distincly in a moment how social convention is strong in marital relations and how the woman, when she chooses, can profit by it and place her husband decidedly at a disadvantage by means of a scandal. He stoutly refuses at once to be a party to such a base trick, as later on once more he opposes her in her plan of checkmating the Captain by a charge of defalcation averring that he has "discovered that justice is done anyhow."

Here we note a new growing conviction in the author against his old grievance that there is no justice in human society (*cf.* "The Link").

Yet Curt is bewitched by Alice—the very woman whom he calls "the devil" when he realises the appalling fascination of sex-attraction on him. She declares, suiting action to word, that at bottom she is "an actress whose manners are free, though an excellent lady otherwise"—that "there are gross women who like modest men." Curt is indeed modest and bashful. The animal nature of man and woman is for once set free and it comes into bold relief in the stage directions that follow. Curt confesses that Alice has aroused the wild beast in him—"that beast which I have tried for years to kill by privations and self-inflicted tortures." Addressing him as her lover, Alice puts her arms around Curt's neck in the face of her husband to spite him and feels a weird and diabolical exultation at the thought of freedom from his power secured at last by ruin thus brought on her husband.

In a manner Alice is Stindberg's unwomanly woman—a stock character in Shaw's plays—and exercises her sway as a man-tamer on poor Curt who goes down on his knees to kiss her foot and cries out in utter bewilderment—"where have I landed? where am I?"

In her triumph over her defeated husband she utters the indignant reproach "you wretch, whom I have never loved—you never saw how I was leading you by the nose." In reality, however, it is Curt whom she has been thus leading.

Though passionately coaxed, caressed and fondled Curt's eyes are at last opened; he sees his mistake, calls her a detestable creature, goes over to the side of the husband dismissing Alice with the stern rebuke—"Go back to the hell whence you came! Good bye for ever!"

This produces in her a revulsion of feeling in which she too reproaches him as a contemptible wretch, a rascal and hypocrite compared with whom even her husband, the Captain, is "a man after all!"

She next repents for her plot against her husband (referring to the expected prosecution for defalcations) and in frantic helplessness exclaims—"Are we then cast out? * * *

I have sprung a mine under myself, under us.........We are lost! your magnanimity might have helped everything, forgiven everything."

She even proposes to care for him, nurse him, nay, to love him.

The Captain charitably explains Curt's past conduct as due to his weak nature and the evil influence of the atmosphere of his own household. He even expresses admiration for Curt's resignation and proposes with philosophical calmness to *eliminate* the past however humiliating it might be —"to wipe out and pass on"—pleads for forbearance and forgiveness. Curt would place neither the husband nor the wife in the right if called upon to judge between them but to both of them he should give *endless compassion.*

Here we detect a distinctly new note sounded by Strindberg suggesting the birth of a new faith on which presently we shall have to dwell at some length.

After all the tables are turned against Alice in this tremendous sex-battle—it is the woman who comes to grief. Alice appeals on bended knees to God for help with lifted hands—"God in heaven! moving her lips as if in silent prayer for relief and succour" and she "breaks out into violent weeping" when a telegram reassures her that her plot has miscarried and that all danger from the prosecution is over. Husband and wife are temporarily reconciled hoping "for something better" and believing that "things upset can be put to rights," though not in a day.

It is true, eventually, the Captain suddenly succumbs to death in a fit of apoplexy brought on by the failure of a fresh scheme of strengthening himself against both Alice and Curt by an alliance with the Colonel through the marriage of his young daughter Judith with that old man. This creates for Alice an occasion for ferocious joy that at last, that tongue is checked! Can brag no more, lie no more, wound no more! * * * O, Judith, glorious girl, you have set us free!

* * * Oh, there is justice! * * * you, Curt, who believe in God, give Him thanks on my behalf. Thank Him for my liberation from the tower, from the wolf, from the vampire!"

But we have to bear in mind that this final defeat is not Alice's work nor has it much to do with the sex-duel that we are studying. On the contrary, the new outlook on life represented by Strindberg's plays of the post-naturalistic period is conspicuous by reason of the pointed manner in which he brings to a solemn close the dramatic presentation of sex-duel in married life in "The Dance of Death" when all is over with the Captain, who makes his exit with the words "forgive them, for they know not what they do!" on his dying lips. The Lieutenant bears testimony to his character by the remark "Miss Judith's father was a good and noble man." Judith herself admits that "papa is never mean." Even Alice feels "a strange inclination to speak well of him" and also that now her own life is now ended and she is "starting on the road to dissolution." Her parting words are—"My husband, my youth's beloved"—"he was a good and noble man—nevertheless!"* * "I must have loved that man * * * and hated him—Peace be with him!" We have just noted a distinct change in Strindberg's treatment of sex-duel. Similarly we note a significant difference suggestive of a development towards a higher ideal in the treatment of married life as we pass from "The Dance of Death" (1901) to "The Dream Play" (1902).

In "The Dream Play" (especially Sc. 2) we come across elements that go to make married life tolerable, if not quite happy, and which find no place in the previous piece, clearly indicating Strindberg's rapid advance from his earlier attitude towards the marriage problem. Sex-duel is replaced by mutual co-operation based on the virtues of endurance, tolerance, forbearance, forgiveness and mutual understanding. The Lawyer and the Daughter of Indra would enlighten the benighted children of the earth by an exemplar. They

" unite their destinies " with a firm resolve " to adjust likes and dislikes, avoid rocks and stumbling stones," though tastes may differ, pecuniary difficulties may arise, temper tried, and bickerings have to be dodged by studied efforts. They realise completely that in family life *sacrifices must be mutual*, discover that the worst danger to a happy home is from sudden anger and short, sharp accents of impatient complaint.

The Daughter has to put up with good grace with a lot of troubles—ugliness, dirt, want of ventilation in the house, baby cries, endless hours of sleeplessness, and worst of all, the whinings, bickerings and incriminations of the Lawyer's clients. She pines for " some beauty in her home "—some flowers—but is reminded by her husband that " orderliness is a kind of beauty that costs nothing but its want is worse than any other torture to a man with a sense for the beautiful."

Even Indra's Daughter has, however, to admit that " it is more difficult to be married than anything else. One has to be an angel " to make such a life happy and sweet. As decent and intelligent persons, the pair make a fresh resolve to forbear and forgive in " a life of common suffering " and to forestall hatred by smiling at trifles. Still the Daughter feels that " men are to be pitied " and the Lawyer desperately suggests at last—" this is simply impossible ! "—we had " better quit now. " Yet they endure— " not for the sake of our promises but for the sake of the child ! "—this " second and greater hell " (to the Lawyer who has left the first hell of his profession), for " the sweeter the hell, the greater."

Post-marital relation is dealt with also in " Thunderstorm " (1907) rightly considered as a drama of old age[1]—of retrospect—presenting autobiographically man's slow decline to the final end. In "The Dance of Death," we have an indirect dramatic recapitulation of the personal experiences of Strindberg's first marriage (1875-1891) and here we have more definite references to his later marriages—particularly to his second marriage with "a young woman writer of Austrian birth" which proved rather unhappy.[1]

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[1] *Cf.* The Thunderstorm : Third Series, pp. 187, 189, 190, 200, 202, 212, 213, 217 and 227.

Gerda was charming to all but her husband to whom she "seemed coarse, vulgar, ugly, stupid." She always sympathised with all his enemies who hated him for his independence. Yet the Master (her husband) cherished for ten long years the memory of this divorced wife (now 29 years old) and of their daughter Anne Charlotte with a sacred sentiment which to Gerda appears to be very strange. Gerda is now another man's wife and Anne Charlotte is with the mother who has "wiped out all the beauty that he cherished" by her ignoble connection with a scoundrel like her second husband Fisher who runs away with a girl of eighteen—the confectioner Starck's daughter Agnes; and even Anne is unfortunately gone with them. The father dreams every night of his little daughter and in sleep hears her little steps and once even he heard in sleep her very voice

The husband is the injured party here and Gerda offers to make amends—to "rehabilitate" him; but he refuses all such help without in the least bearing a grudge against the woman. He will rather leave "things to straighten out" themselves without any foolish and meddling interference from him. They do finally straighten out. Gerda at last retires with Anne, after Fisher's departure, in the country to live with her mother—and "all memories lie down and sleep in peace! The peace of old age!"

(To be continued)

JAYGOPAL BANERJEE

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[1] *Cf.* Bjorkman's Introduction, p. 13, First Series.

PROSE POEMS

Love Offerings

IV

To-day is the last day of the year, Love, the very last of the dear, departing year. Another page off life's book; another step nearer unto death. Wild hopes and fears, that once rent the soul, are now for ever laid to rest. Their brief day is done. Oh! the flight of time, the end of things.

*

To-morrow thy waking eyes will greet the New Year. Be it fair and bright—a pious wish, a fervent hope on every lip, in every heart. But, oh, the joy of Heaven or the Hell of deep despair!—What, what will it bring? Who can see? who can tell? Whatever else it bringeth—these it will surely bring—gifts priceless, gifts supreme—less clouded truth, wider charity, larger outlook, mellower views.

*

Can ev'n Olympus ever give us back aught of the plunder torn from us by Time? The unclouded joy of childhood's transient day; the golden haze wherein, for raptured youth, basketh the beckoning future; manhood's hopes, boundless and surging. These can the Gods restore? No! Onward, ever onward, rolls Time's flood—shattering our dreams, o'erwhelming all our hopes, till fails the light, and, for a time at least, darkness engulfs both us and all around! Yet strikes some other hour, as some maintain, when, borne on Lethe's Tide, we gain a strand where Life, Love, Joy, are all once more renewed!

*

Thy mercy, we are taught, is infinite and ever-lasting, yet misgivings haunt this Heart of mine when, hourly, endlessly, Realities—the common facts of life—flit grimly past, before my tortured eyes. The doting mother, of her babe bereft; the damsel mourning for the swain she loved; the blushing bride, robbed of her joy-wreathed dream. 'God! Where is thy mercy? Where—O tell us where—that Love divine, so oft, so sweetly hymned?

*

Faith, Fortitude, Firmness, will they falter and fail and fade at the hour of trial, in the moment of despair, asked the Sāqi, in a mournful strain. Or, tried and tested, will they emerge from the fire of life, radiant, strengthened, ennobled, purified? Never will I forsake them, answered the youth, not even were the heavens to fall. Thine, then, said the Sāqi, is the path of glory; thine, a nation's gratitude; thine, the fadeless crown. Would that courage unfailing, courage unbent, courage such as thine, be the proud possession of all! For naught but courage winneth life's battle; naught but courage secureth the soul's freedom—man's noblest, highest prize. Let courage, then, be thy gift, O God, to this wondrous land of Love and Light.

*

Let not failure daunt thee—Soldier and Martyr in this heaven-deserted world. Thou, whom neither Death nor Chain affrights; thou, whom neither Gift nor Glory tempts; thou, strong with the strength of Truth and Righteousness—why should failure quench thy ardour, crush thy hope?

Despair—tread it to dust and death and hearken to the message history whispers unto thee.

Despond not: for is not failure often but a prelude to success? What thou needest is the will—the unconquerable will—to seek, to strive, to find, to conquer and not to yield. Let self-reliance, persistence, undeviating purpose, singleness of aim—let these be thy weapon and God thy guide.

S. KHUDA BUKHSH

SCIENCE IN ENGLISH SCHOOLS

In view of the recent discussion on vocational education in secondary schools, the following note on Science in English schools, which I wrote some years ago, after visiting a considerable number of schools in Great Britain may be of interest.

In practically all the secondary (Grammar) schools I visited, Elementary Science and manual training (including Elementary Drawing) are compulsory, for the last four years of the school course. This is comparatively a modern departure but all the Head Masters spoke highly of its success. The essential point about school science, as taught in England is that it is meant to be strictly elementary and is more practical than theoretical, while in the workshop, the object sought is not formal carpentry but a training of the hand and the eye.

I have been very much impressed with the need for the introduction of these as a compulsory part of our school course for I feel certain that our present system is so defective mainly because it is based almost entirely on book knowledge and requires our students to learn most things mechanically and unintelligently. They are hardly at all made to think and not at all to use the hand or the eye. When we proceed to consider the methods that are in actual use in English schools, the importance of the matter will be more clearly seen. In the meantime it is necessary to insist on our people that, if real good is to result, it is absolutely necessary that, these subjects should be made a compulsory part of the regular school course as is done in England. It is not at all necessary, it is not in fact desirable, that the University should make them subjects of the matriculation examination. For the work both of the teacher and the student will become mechanical and lose much of its freshness, if elementary science is made the subject of a University Examination. While this may be said to be true of all subjects in general, in the case of elementary science it is especially and emphatically the case. But the Department of Public Instruction can insist on them in its own schools at any rate, as the Board of Education in England as well as the London County Council have done. Thus the regulations of the Board of Education require that "the curriculum (in a secondary school recognised by the Board) must provide instruction in the English language and literature, at least one other language, Geography, History, Mathematics, Science and Drawing. The instruction in science must include practical work by the scholars. Provision should be made for manual instruction and for singing in some portion of the school-curriculum.

The objections that may be urged against such a scheme will, I believe, be found to be almost entirely based on a misunderstanding; even in England a disbelief is freely expressed in school science, and it will be urged that (*a*) science as a subject of school education is too difficult and expensive for this country, (*b*) that boys here have already too much to do, (*c*) that manual training has nothing to do with general education and will not appeal to any but those who have a special aptitude for it.

With regard to the objection that science (elementary physics and chemistry) is too difficult a subject to be suitably taught in schools, it is important to note that by science in this connection is not meant formal science—not so much scientific knowledge as scientific method. Boys are to be taught to observe, to state the results of observation, to draw, under guidance, conclusions from them, so far as possible, and are not to be required to get up mechanically so many scientific facts and conclusions. It is clear that a course of this kind, by stimulating a spirit of enquiry and teaching skill in manipulating simple scientific apparatus, will serve as a potent factor in education, and in view of the extreme bookishness that our present system encourages it will, I believe, serve as a most admirable corrective. This, in fact, I have been assured has been the result wherever it has been tried. In some schools that I visited, a little too much is attempted—some part of the work that a boy should do at college (after leaving school), and the result is a certain overlapping and a certain waste of energy. It will of course be necessary to avoid this. What I would propose would be that every boy who goes through a school course should have a training in scientific method by being made to go through a course of elementary science as a part of general education, rather than as a preliminary to a specialised training.

This will not entail much additional work on the part of students. In most English schools, the rule is to assign two and half hours to five hours a week in the first four classes to science-teaching. I would propose two half hours a week in the first three classes only. I have been assured on all hands that, as a rule, boys regard work in the science classes and in the workshop as recreation, and I fully believe that under proper guidance it can be made so even in this country. For this the one essential factor is a good teacher—the question of equipment as will presently be seen will not be a difficult one to deal with at all. He need not necessarily be a graduate, but he must have had scientific training. In other words, he should have received some training in scientific method and should take an interest in his work. I would propose that a training class in science be attached to each of the training colleges and that a candidate for the post of a science teacher should, if possible, have gone through a course there. It would also be desirable that he should have done some work in a workshop that should form an indispensable part of the equipment of every laboratory, either in a college or a training school.

It will be seen that for the science classes that I suggest, one whole-time teacher will, as a rule, be sufficient. He may also take charge of the object-lesson classes in the lower department of the school. It should be understood, however, that a science class should never contain more than fifteen pupils—the fewer the better.

In one of the schools I visited, the heuristic method is said to be followed with great success. The boys are required, as far as possible, to discover for themselves physical and chemical facts and laws, the teachers supplying them the necessary guidance. In several schools, especially in the larger schools, on the other hand, the teachers deliver regular lectures followed by laboratory works at which the student is required to carry out experiments mainly illustrative of lectures, while in some schools, an attempt is made to combine the two methods. This obviously is the right course. For in the school—science such as I advocate, there should be as little as possible of formal lectures, there should be no attempt made to make the student learn facts and theory of which he has not had first-hand experience. As illustrating the method and extent of teaching actually pursued in many of the schools visited, the following statement kindly supplied by the science master of the Exeter Grammar School will be found to be of interest.

The regular course of science teaching here is divided into four years. The work is divided up as follows:—

1st year (age 13-14). Simple experiments on Mensuration:—Density, Pressure, Barometer, etc., and a little heat. This work is almost entirely practical and the boys do all the experiments themselves.

2nd year. Heat and Light and a few experiments introductory to Chemistry such as determination of solubility, etc.—A few lecture experiments are shown, but the boys do most of the work themselves. The theoretical work is all based on the results of experiments done beforehand, and very little is done which the boys cannot investigate experimentally for themselves.

3rd-year. Chemistry—Chemical and physical action, compounds and mixtures, solubilities, air, water, oxygen, hydrogen, carbon dioxide, nitrogen and its compounds, sulphur and its compounds, chlorine and hydrochloric acid. Here again the teaching is based entirely on the boys' practical work. The above outlines merely indicate the general scope of the work, but of course the compounds are not considered apart, but always in relation to what has been done before.

4th-year. Chemistry up to the London Matriculation and also simple volumetric analysis. Sometimes, time is found for some simple qualitative analysis. The method used is slightly different to that in the third year as there is not sufficient time for the boys to cover the whole ground practically. In the sixth form, the work depends entirely on the examinations the boys wish to take up. Some boys are prepared for scholarships at Oxford and Cambridge, others for the Army and Medical Examinations. In addition to continuing the work of the other 4 years, Organic Chemistry, Electricity and Magnetism and Sound are all taken up.

The most suitable procedure would probably be that the student be made to perform experiments for himself and make his own observations and deductions, the teacher directing, explaining and supplementing, these observations and deductions. For this purpose a period of 1¼ hours, twice a week, ½ an hour for explanatory lectures and ¾ hours (roughly) for experimental work will probably suffice.

No hard and fast rules need, however, be given as every trained teacher ought to have his own way of setting about the conduct of such a class.

Whatever be the actual procedure adopted in the matter of a combination of lectures and experimental work, in every school very great care is taken for the recording of the experiments by the students. Each boy is provided with a note book in which he enters a full description of the experiment he performs, a sketch of the apparatus he uses, the results he obtains and the conclusions he deduces. When he is sufficiently advanced he is required also to draw under guidance the graphs embodying the results, whenever this is possible. This is looked over by the teacher and returned after correction, as a rule marked. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of this. The training thus supplied in methods of neatness and thoroughness is in itself of the greatest educational value. In the case of our students, it will also provide a most valuable exercise in English composition, which may under good management lead to most excellent results. This, of course, supposes that the boys will have acquired a working knowledge of English before they proceed to laboratory work. There is a difficulty of using note books (not in the way of the introduction of science-teaching in schools) but with a proper system of teaching English in schools which I trust, will be introduced before long, the difficulty will by no means prove to be insuperable.

The following syllabus is a sample of the work that is attempted in many of the secondary schools. The Boards of Educations require generally that the curriculum and the time-table of the whole school must be approved by the Board and must provide for continuity of instruction in each of the subjects taken, and leaves each school to formulate a scheme and submit it to the Board for approval.

St. Dunstan College.

Age 12. (*i*) Measurements of lengths, area and volume, simple experiments on weighing, Physical object lessons.

(*ii*) Densities of solids and liquids by various methods, use of tubes and construction of Barometers.

(*iii*) Heat, Thermometry, elementary ideas of calorimetry and changes of state. Mechanics. Centre of gravity. Moments.

Age 13. (*i*) The composition of air and water. The nature of rusting and burning.

(*ii*) The composition of chalk and other carbonates, carbon monoxides, the hardness of water.

(*iii*) Heat, Calorimetry, Boyle's Law, etc. Mechanics. Triangle and Polygon of forces, moments.

Age 14. (*i*) The composition of salt leading to the study of chlorine, bromine, iodine. Determination of simple equivalent by silver nitrate solution.

(*ii*) Sulphur and sulphuric acid, sulphur dioxide, sulphides. Simple work on acids and alkali.

(*iii*) Heat expansion of liquids, solids and gases, Vapour density and Hygrometry.

Age 15. (*i*) Ammonia, the oxides of nitrogen; probably at this stage the theoretical considerations involving Dalton's and Avogadro's theories would be introduced.

(*ii*) A course on light or a first course on metals.

(*iii*) A course on electricity or a second course on metals and organic chemistry.

It is obvious that this syllabus is much too extensive for the purposes of *our* secondary schools. It is, in fact, complained that in attempting it the English secondary schools, really attempt too much. As far as we are concerned, in view of our limited resources and the low standard in our colleges, the following syllabus will be as much as we need attempt for sometime to come. As I have stated already, the really important thing is not the amount of science that is done but the thoroughness and method of doing it.

I. Physical object lessons.

II. Units of lengths, use of foot rule, meter scale, linear vernier, comparison of the various scales, measurements of lengths, practical arithmetic.

III. Measurement of areas of squares, rectangles, triangles, measurement of volumes of cubes and spheres. Practical Geometry.

IV. Graduation of a measuring glass, use of the burette and of the balance.

V. Hydrostatics. The surface of a liquid in an open vessel, horizontal water level. Spirit level. Water works. Pressure exerted by a liquid in all directions.

Second year. Archimedes' principle. Specific gravity. Pressure of air; pumps. Motion of bodies under gravity. Oscillation of the pendulum. Boiling, conduction, convection and radiation of heat.

Experimental hygrometry. Temperature. The thermometer. Graphical representation of variable physical quantities.

Simple phenomena of statical electricity, dynamic electricity, magnetism.

Chemistry. Effects of heat on water and on various substances: Salt, sand, sulphur, charcoal, alcohol, magnesium, lead.

Rusting of iron, increase in weight, change of air, necessity of air.

Heating of metals.

Burning of sulphur in air.

II. Oxygen. Hydrogen. Water.

III. Carbon dioxide. Nitrogen. Acids, bases, salts.

It will be seen that the equipments necessary for working through the above course are extremely simple. In order that one teacher should be able to attend to a whole class, the class should not have more than 10 to 15 students and it would be necessary to have as many sets of the very simple apparatus required. It is essential, however, that a room should be set apart for the class (one room will be enough) with working benches running round along the walls or in the middle (according to the space available) provided with cupboards below for the reception of the apparatus to be used by the class.

In many of the schools, a shed provided with carpenter's benches and the necessary tools form the only equipment, the boys being required to work (only once a week) from drawings as well as from models in manual training. I believe ordinary carpenters suitably trained in artisan classes will be able to take charge of classes of this kind, if drawing is made compulsory, as it ought to be in all recognised schools. Of the educational value of a course of manual training and drawing it is not necessary to speak at length. At a recent conference of secondary school teachers held in London, there was no difference of opinion on the subject, and the majority of the teachers present were even in favour of introducing it into *elementary* schools.

D. N. MALLIK

DEVELOPMENT OF CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES AND ITS NECESSITY

The country has been asked to concentrate its whole energy on the spinning and weaving question as *swadeshi* and *swaraj* are identical. But there is another aspect of *swadeshi* yet which, although recognised by Mahatma Gandhi, has been lost sight of by the general public. India cannot attain full *swaraj* by the revival of spinning and weaving only. The attention of the general public must be drawn towards the development of the chemical resources of the country, since every industry imaginable has got to depend upon raw materials in which chemical science plays some role in some form or other. Chemical science, in fact, is closely interwoven with almost all the industries of a country more than almost any other science. The public must bear it in mind that national pre-eminence in chemical industry ultimately means a national world supremacy. The country that produces best chemists must, in the long run, be the most powerful and wealthy—because it will have the fewest wastes and unutilised forms of matter, all the best products of commerce manufactured at the lowest cost; its food products will be the most nourishing and the cheapest; its inhabitants the most healthy and the best developed, thrifty, resourceful, intelligent, utilising their country's resources in the best possible way. Such a country is the least dependent upon other countries, the most prosperous in peace and the most formidable in war.

Germany has taught the world an object lesson in this respect. She turned out pharmaceutical and chemical products annually valued at 1,125 crores of rupees. What is the secret of this vast wealth that she has been drawing from all over the world? It is the mobilisation of her practical chemists who harnessed all the resources of Nature available in the country and converted them into national wealth during the time of peace. It is her chemists again that enabled her to keep up the terrible fight against practically the whole world, during the recent war.

Both Germany and America recognised the fact long ago that education of a nation in advanced chemistry and higher physical science is the most paying investment that any country can make and that competition between civilised nations is merely a competition in science and applications of the same. The results are too well-known to-day to enumerate.

The German and the American University regulations made research work profitable for the students who were readily absorbed into various chemical industries afterwards, the majority shining in their respective work and incidentally drawing enormous wealth for the benefit of themselves and their respective countries. Meanwhile our Universities, following in the footsteps of the Universities of conservative England are merely multiplying examinations and academic distinctions of all kinds together with expenses, putting all sorts of obstacles in the way of turning out practical men, who would have the ability and grit to venture into the field of industrial development of the country. Chemical research in our Universities, like that of England, is yet greatly discouraged by making it most unprofitable for an average student. As a result, our Universities are turning out a number of theoretical men crammed with book work, mere teachers and assistants with no self-confidence to take up any responsible work in the industrial field. The majority are contented with the time-honoured clerical and subordinate service.

Our professors and teachers, who are generally the pick of intellect, are offered such small salaries that any skilled artisan would refuse to accept. *Poverty* is the excuse put forward by our University authorities for their utter neglect of scientific and vocational education. How can a nation having such poor educational facilities as regards industrial science expect industrial prosperity ?

What about the handful of our technical chemists most of whom have had their technical education abroad ? Inspite of the long and expensive training they had to undergo in order to attain their qualifications, most of them have been struggling for their very existence either for want of sufficient number of industrial enterprises owned by our countrymen to employ them or for want of financial support from our capitalists who fight shy of enterprises concerning chemical industry. The salary offered to our technical chemists in Bengal are miserable—very often not much more than clerks or other skilled labourers.

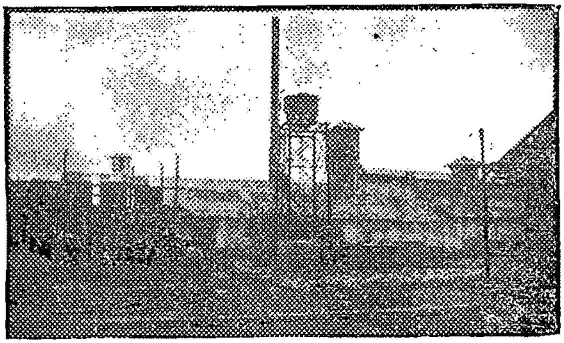
How can our chemical industries thrive in the face of all these drawbacks ?

Our capitalists must be made to realise the situation and loose their purse-string for the establishment of technical institutions all over the country where our youths may obtain proper sort of training. They should come forward also for the establishment of several industries the country is badly in need of at the present moment.

The example of a large-hearted merchant prince carrying on silent but solid work in Burma for the development of her vast resources may well serve as an object lesson to many capitalists having their wealth locked up either in Government papers or in jewellery or in landed property.

This merchant prince is no other than Sir A.K.A.S. Jamal of Rangoon. Many people in Bengal must have heard about his enormous wealth but very few outside Burma know about his various industrial activities as they know about those of the well-known Tata of Bombay.

Sir Jamal, better known as the Rice King of Burma today, originally came from Kathiawar and started his career as an ordinary man. By perseverance and thrift, sound



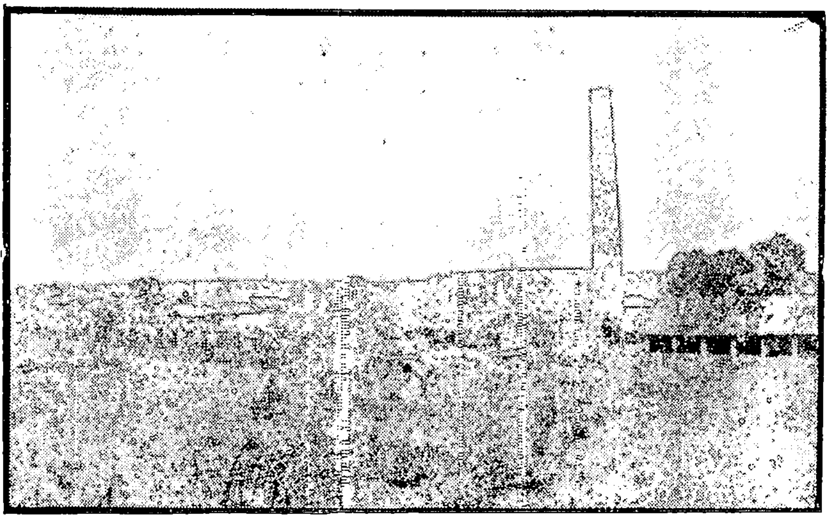
Jamal's Oil Extraction Plant

judgment and enterprise he gradually rose, step by step, to his present position. He was the founder and owner of the Indo-Burma Petroleum Co., for the development of which he had to toil day and night in mud and dust during his early career. Now his annual income from this Company alone is larger than those of many native chiefs.

Burma owes her cotton industry to him. He was probably the first man in the whole of India to venture into the field of cottonseed oil industry. Besides, he owned a few rice mills turning out several thousand maunds of Burma rice.

In 1915, I had the good fortune of coming in direct touch with this great man and was engaged by him to formulate some schemes of chemical industries in the Province.

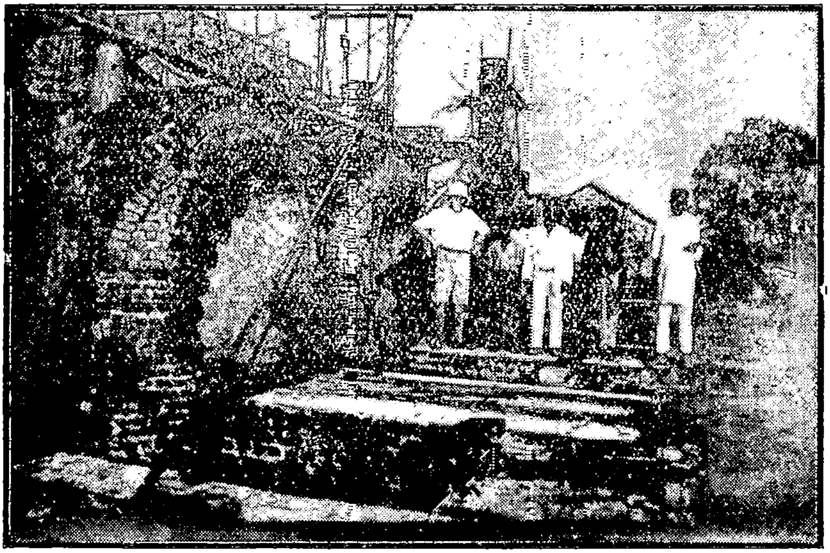
He had seen some reports about the possibilities of making paper from bamboo and he immediately decided to plunge into this enterprise. The difficulty of obtaining caustic soda at a reasonable price at that time which must be obtained in fairly large quantity for making the paper pulp from bamboo, did not damp his enthusiasm. I was directed to solve the problem. A solution was at last found and caustic soda was manufactured from a kind of



Jamal's Wood Distillation Plant

efflorescence obtainable in Upper Burma known as "Sapia." More than 40 lacs of rupees have been spent for building up a large paper mill, including the Caustic Soda Plant attached to it.

I had, however, to leave Burma suddenly under Government orders as I was told that they did not like (Bengali-



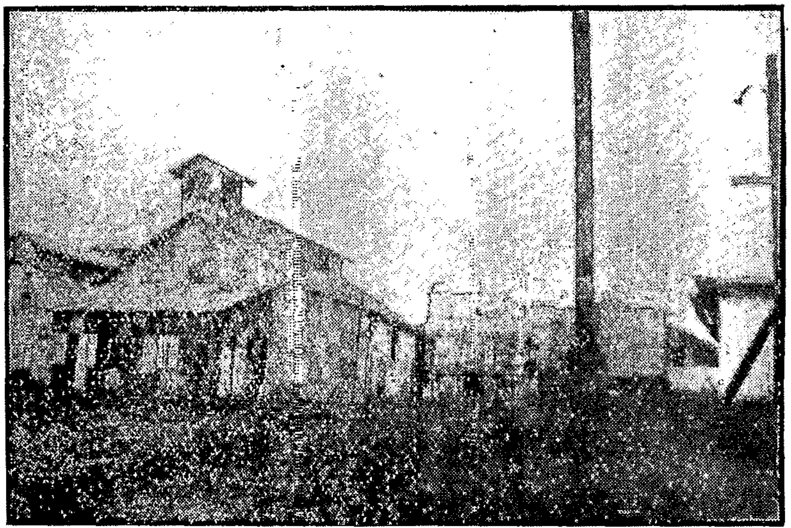
Jamal's Wood Distillation Plant

chemists, especially those trained in America and the post of chief chemists must be reserved for Europeans.

The good quality of sugar-cane growing abundantly in upper Burma also drew his attention and experiments in manufacturing sugar were started at this time. To-day Sir Jamal owns nearly a lac of acres of land for cultivating sugar canes, 40 lacs of palm trees for tapping and making sugar out of their juice and two modern plants for manufacturing refined sugar, each costing him over 36 lacs of rupees. A large distillery is being installed for the manufacturing of spirits from the by-products of the sugar mills. The large demand for charcoal in Burma as a substitute for coal led him to launch another big enterprise in the way of erecting a Wood Distillation Plant, which is also nearing completion. The enormous quantity of rice bran obtained by milling rice in Burma which contains a good percentage of an edible oil led him to lay out a large sum for the erection of an oil extraction plant by the modern solvent process.

Besides the above industries, he started a bone-mill and a soap factory the raw materials for which are abundant in

Jamal's Soap Factory



Jamal's Bone mill

Burma. Sir Jamal's confidence in the abilities of a few Bengali Chemists who were the main factors in planning and erecting these factories, among whom Dr. H. Sen was the foremost, has, however, resulted in his handing over the entire technical management and control of five of the above factories to a Bengal concern I am connected with. The starting of a few other subsidiary industries utilising the by-products of his different factories are at present under contemplation under the new management, and I daresay if he lives a few more years Burma will enjoy the benefit of a few pioneer industries engineered by the enterprises and wealth of a single Indian merchant.

Besides his activities in the industrial line, Sir Jamal is equally interested in the educational development of his community. His large grant in various schools and other charitable institutions should also be an object lesson for our rich men here.

It is indeed a pity that a vast country like ours full of natural resources and wealth cannot produce more bold-hearted captains of industries like Tata or Jamal. It is time that rich men of Bengal should shake off their time-honoured lethargy and show to the rest of the world that Bengal, which can boast of more chemists than any other Province, is also going ahead in industrial development and becoming the centre of large chemical industries that will furnish the key to all other industries.

P. DAS

A RIDDLE

[*From the German of Rudolf von Gottschall*]

You ask of me, dearest, with kisses that burn,
Why might a lover be said best to live?
Why do bright tresses to grey so soon turn?—
Thy heart awaits trembling the answer I give:—
A riddle insoluble life need not prove,
When we have discovered the magic of—LOVE.

P. G.

CURRENCY DIFFICULTY IN BENGAL UNDER EARLY BRITISH RULE

(1757—1772)

Soon after the battle of Plassey, Bengal was faced with a great scarcity of silver currency. Its immediate cause was the reduced import and the increased export of silver from the province under early British rule. From the very beginning of the English East India Company's trade, bullion, especially silver, formed its chief import to Bengal. During the years 1708 to 1756 the amount[1] of bullion and merchandise sent to Bengal by the English Company was £6,406,023 and £2,283,843 respectively. But during the period 1757 to 1797, the Company did not import from England a single ounce of gold or silver to Bengal. This stoppage of the import of bullion was due to many causes. After the battle of Plassey, the East India Company received considerable amounts of money from native rulers as tribute and compensation. Englishmen, who now began to make enormous fortunes in Bengal, transmitted their wealth by bills drawn on the Court of Directors of the Company in England. But the chief cause was the large surplus of territorial revenue, especially since the grant of the Dewani[2] to it in 1765. The other European Companies which also had to import bullion for financing their export trade, discontinued their import of it, for they were provided with ample funds by selling bills to the English Company's servants, anxious to remit their fortunes to Europe. Bengal was thus deprived of the usual import of about £780,000 of bullion per annum. The declining trade of Bengal with Persia and the Red Sea reduced also the import of bullion[1] from that source from about £250,000 to £5,000 per annum.

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[1] Macgregor :—*Commercial Tariffs*, pp. 119-121.

[2] By the grant of the Dewani of Bengal in 1765, the East India Company received the entire revenues of the province, on payment of an annual tribute to the Mughal Emperor and a yearly allowance to the puppet Nawab of Bengal.

In addition to this decline of import, large quantities of bullion were exported out of Bengal to other British Settlements in India and to China. Nawab Mir Kasim, after his defeat at the hands of the English in 1763, fled from Bengal with an immense treasure. The specie alone which he carried away, has been estimated at 1¼ million pounds sterling. Even omitting this sum, Bengal had lost during the period 1757 to 1766, "by deficiency in the usual imports of bullion and by exportation of silver, more than eight million sterling." Mandeville, writing in 1750, observes that after the annual tribute has been sent to Delhi, "there is hardly currency enough left in Bengal to carry on any trade, or even to go to market for provisions and necessaries of life till the next shipping arrives to bring a fresh supply of silver.[2]" The imperial tribute to Delhi in pre-British days never exceeded 1¼ million sterling. The hardship caused by the loss of eight million pounds within ten years of the battle of Plassey, may therefore be easily imagined.

To remove the economic distress caused by the shortage of currency, Lord Clive tried to establish bimetallism in 1766, by introducing gold coinage. The following regulation was accordingly passed "that the new gold mohur should weigh ......179½ grains of the fineness of 20 carats (and) that this gold mohur should pass current and be received in all payments, whether of a public or private nature, in exchange for 14 sicca rupees." But to guard against the export of gold which was more convenient for such purposes than silver and to encourage the public to bring gold to the mint for coinage, the legal rate for gold mohurs was fixed at 17½ per cent. above their market value in silver. These mohurs, having been in circulation for 18 months, depreciated so much in terms of the rupee that even in Calcutta, mohurs exchanged for rupees at a loss of about 38 per cent.

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[1] Verelst—*A View of the Rise, Progress and Present State of the English Government in Bengal* (1772), p. 86, footnote. The rupees quoted in this foot note have been converted into sterling at the rate of 2*s*. 6*d*. per rupee. Verelst was the English Governor in Bengal from 1767 to 1769.

[2] Mandeville's letter of the 27th November, 1750. This letter is quoted in Steuart's *Principles of Money applied to the Present State of the Coin of Bengal* (1772), pp. 62-63. After the grant of the Dewani in 1765, the tribute of £ 325,000 (=26 lacs of rupees) to the Mughal Emperor caused a further drain of bullion out of Bengal.

This depreciation of gold in terms of silver was, according to Governor Verelst, due to the growing scarcity of silver, caused partly by its reduced import and partly by its export to other parts of India and to China. He attributed this scarcity of silver also to the intrigues of the shroffs (money-changers) and to the preference of silver by foreign companies for the purchase of native products. Mr. Verelst and the Council at Calcutta, in their letter of the 3rd February, 1768, to the Court of Directors, referred to "the fatal consequences which must unavoidably attend the vast exportation of silver out of this country" and observed that it was then "difficult to procure silver at the Presidency, in exchange even for a hundred gold mohurs." In another letter to the Court of Directors, they remarked that they had been greatly disappointed in their attempt to establish a gold currency, as with all their influence it would not circulate, "so wedded were the natives to the particular specie they had been accustomed to." But neither the Governor nor his Council realised that behind these outward causes, there was a deeper economic cause at work, *viz.*, the operation of Gresham's law which led to the driving out of undervalued silver by over-valued gold.

In fact, the gold currency of 1766 had intensified the currency troubles so much that during the next two years "internal traffic ceased." The leading European merchants of Calcutta petitioned Mr. Verelst in 1769 to devise some remedy. The petitioners observed that "at present the distress is so great that every merchant in Calcutta is in danger of becoming bankrupt, or running a risk of ruin by attachment on his goods which would not sell for half their value, it being impossible to raise a large sum at any premium or bond." In the opinion of the petitioners, gold might still be made a convenient currency for Calcutta, though not for the trade of Bengal in general, if the shroffs were prevented from "taking advantage of the necessities of those who carry trade to the *Aurungs* (places of manufacture)." They accordingly proposed the coining of mohurs, half-mohurs and quarter mohurs, "equally in value and standard to those commonly called Delhy, forbidding by (government) authority, any shroff, under pain of severe fine and imprisonment, to exact more than one per cent. for exchanging them into silver, for the purposes of merchants trading out of Calcutta." The Armenian merchants of Calcutta took a wider view and suggested in their petition to the Governor "the immediate coinage of mohurs, with all their divisions and subdivisions to one anna, sixteen sicca value of pure gold," as universal legal tender throughout the province. They also observed that a large quantity of gold had lately been imported to Calcutta and if silver was not to be had, let the Government coin mohur with all its subdivisions, because "any coin whatever is better, than no coin at all.[1]"

The English Government in Bengal, in its reply to these petitions, observed that the distress, caused by the scarcity of silver, was not confined to Calcutta alone but was spread all over the province. It accordingly proposed in an advertisement of the 17th June, 1769, to issue a gold currency throughout the province on the following plan :—

"That a gold mohur be struck of the fineness of the Ancient Delhi mohur coined in the first ten years of the reign of

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[1] Verelst—*View*, Appendix No. 136B, p. 243.

Muhammad Shah[1]...............which shall be issued and received in all public and private disbursements and receipts whatever at 16 sicca rupees each mohur." But as the mohur was too large a monetary unit for ordinary purposes of currency in a poor country like Bengal, 'halves, quarters, eighths and sixteenths" of mohurs were proposed to be issued to supply the place of silver in smaller monetary transactions. To encourage the merchants who had gold for coinage, all duties for gold coinage except one per cent. to defray the actual cost of coinage were proposed to be abolished. The legal ratio fixed between gold and silver in this new gold coinage was more nearly equal to the market ratio between the two metals than was the case in 1766. But even in this new legal ratio, which was described by the Government as "the most just and equitable proportional value between gold and silver," the value of gold mohurs had been artificially increased by 5¾ per cent. The events of 1766, therefore, repeated themselves. The last remnant of silver went out of circulation and the bimetallism attempted in 1769 broke down.

William Bolts[2] remarks that "among the variety of iniquitous abuses practised in Bengal and adjacent provinces, to the injury of individuals and great hurt of trade in general, we may properly rank those of the spurious coinages which have been made of late years both in the gold and silver species expressly contrary to law and apparently for fraudulent purposes." But it may be said in reply to this charge that the hardship caused by the unsatisfactory currency system of Bengal under early British rule, proceeded from two sets of causes, one of which had been at work before the English had taken any part in the Government of Bengal. The other resulted not from any deliberate attempt of the Company to defraud the people, but from the changed character of the foreign trade of Bengal from 1757 A.D. and from the well-meaning, though injudicious attempts of the Company at currency reform.

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[1] Muhammad Shah reigned in Delhi from 1719 to 1748.

"Of the known standards of gold in Hinduism, that of Muhammad Shah approached nearest to the proportional value of gold and silver at the time. It was therefore adopted as possessing a two-fold advantage: it was best suited for the purpose of exchange and a general currency in commerce; the traditions of long use had given it a value at once real and sentimental in the minds of the people."—*Calendar of Persian Correspondence*, Vol. 3, Introduction, p. xxi, footnote.

[2] Bolts—*Considerations on Indian Affairs*, p. 203.

William Bolts, a junior servant of the English East India Company arrived in Bengal in 1760 and resigned the Company's service in 1766. Within these six years, he, according to his account, amassed a fortune of £90,000. He was later on deported to England by English authorities in Bengal and he joined the Imperial Company of Trieste in 1775. He published his *Considerations* in 1772.

The silver rupee had been the chief measure of value and the legal tender of payments in Bengal as well as in other parts of Northern India,[1] under the Mughal administration, notwithstanding the fact that the revenue was reckoned in copper *dams*. Gold was then coined to a small extent as a supplementary currency. It was generally used in making presents and in paying tributes. The mohurs were usually struck for the convenience of individuals, who wanted to have their gold converted into coins. But the Government did not try to maintain any fixed legal ratio between the two metals and gold was allowed to find its market ratio in terms of silver. For small transactions in Bengal, people used *cowries* (shells), of which a large amount was regularly imported from the Maldive Islands.[2] But *cowries* were in some cases used for large monetary transactions also. As late as 1767, the revenue of Sylhet was paid in *cowries.* Even the annual tributes from some feudatory princes were paid in *cowries.*[1] But inspite of the occasional use of *cowries* for quite large transactions, Bengal practically had silver monometallism up to the year 1766.

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[1] But the gold *hun*, weighing about 52 grains, was the standard coin in Southern India.

[2] Thus Manucci (*Storia Do Mogor*—Irvine's edition, Vol. II, p. 45) writing in the middle of the seventeenth century, observes that *cowries*, "come from the Maldives and are current money in the kingdom of Bengal." Even Ibn Batutah writing in the middle of the fourteenth century, gives an account of the collection of the *cowrie* shells in the Maldive islands whence they were exported to Bengal in exchange for rice. Stavorinus, visiting Bengal during the years 1768-1771 also remarks "Copper coins are not seen in Bengal. For change they make use of..... *cowries*, eighty of which make a *poni* and sixty or sixty-five *ponies*, according as there are few or many *cowries* in the country, make a rupee. They come from the Maldive islands." It is interesting to note here that the lowest medium of exchange at Surat during the 17th and 18th centuries was almond and not *cowrie*, though the Maldives were much nearer to Surat than to Bengal.

Though the Rupee remained practically unchanged in weight and purity in Northern India throughout the Moghul period from Akbar to Muhammad Shah (1556-1748), there was no complete uniformity of currency even under the strongly centralised administration of Akbar and his three immediate successors, because the rupees struck by the Emperor in different years were treated as different species of coin. As Tavernier[2] writes "the longer time that a rupee of silver has been coined, the less is it worth than those coined at the time or which have been coined a short time, because the old ones having often passed by hand, it wears them and they are in consequence lighter." This practice of charging a discount or *batta* on the coin, according to the period for which it had been in circulation was thus adopted originally to prevent worn-out old coins from replacing the newly coined ones in circulation. But this practice, even when the discount charged was not arbitrary, must have caused considerable hardship to the common people who could not read the year of the Emperor's reign which such coins carried upon them and accordingly could not ascertain their actual value.

But with the disintegration of the Mughal Empire after the death of Emperor Aurangzib in 1707 A.D., the different Indian powers set up their own independent mints and struck their own coins. Under such circumstances, uniformity of

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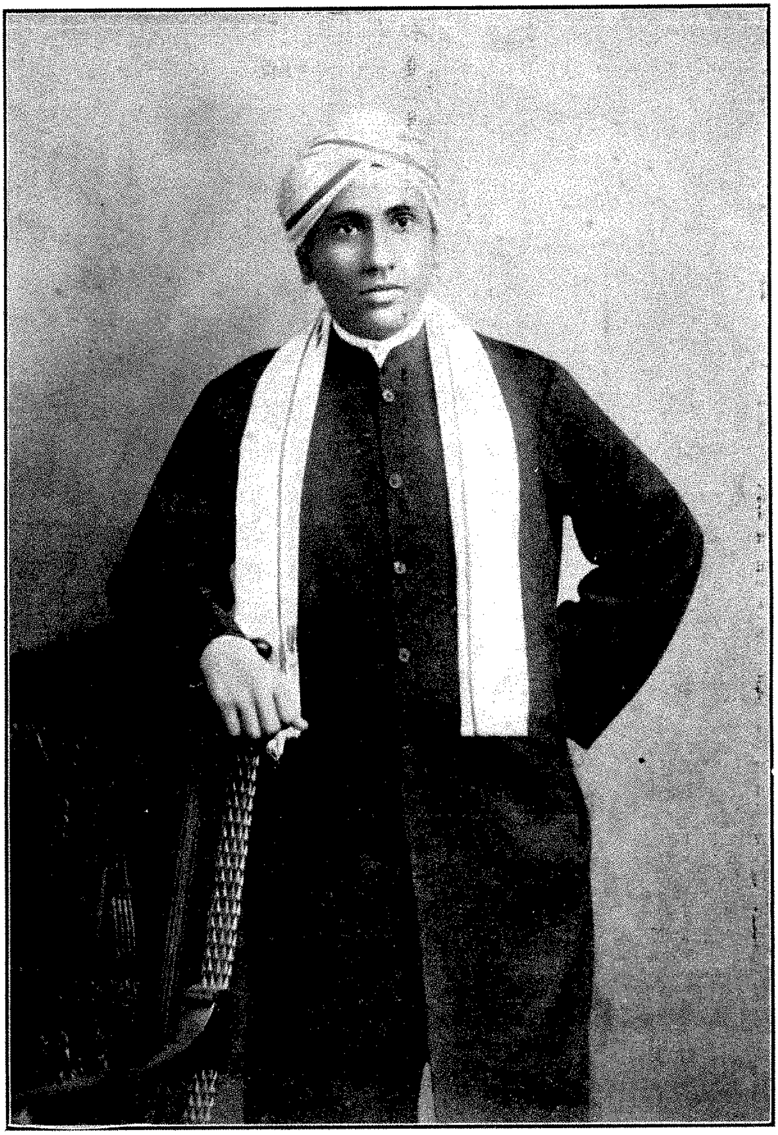
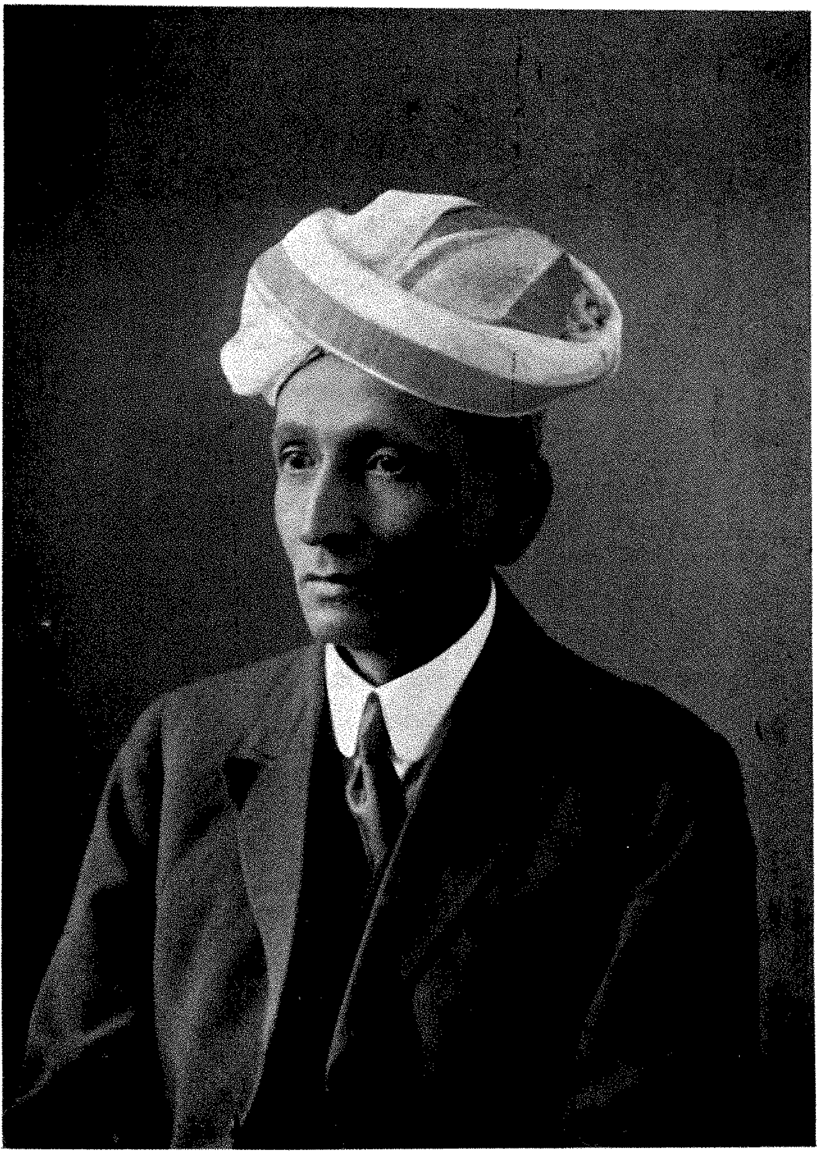
[1] Thurston, in his *History of the Coinage of the Territories of the East India Company,* quotes the treaty engagement, of the 16th December, 1803, by a tributary prince of Orissa who agreed to pay 12,000 *Kahuns* of *cowries* to the East India Company, as his annual tribute.

[2] Tavernier—*Travels in India* (Ball's edition), Vol. I, p. 29.



Chandrasekhara Venkata Raman—*Doctor of Science*



Mokshagundum Visvesvaraya—*Doctor of Science (Engineering)*

Sylvain Levi—*Doctor of Literature*

standard could hardly be expected. It must, however, be said to the credit of the quasi-independent Nawabs of Bengal like Murshid Quli and his successors, that they did not tamper with the weight and fineness of the sicca rupee, struck by them, with the year of the Mughal Emperor's reign stamped upon it. This sicca rupee on account of its triennial recoinage,[1] seldom lost its original purity. But the sicca rupee was not the only circulating medium in Bengal. The balance of trade, being generally in favour of the province, the rupees issued by numerous mints in different parts of India, poured into that province and entered into circulation. The coins of these different mints were not of the same uniform weight and fineness. Some of these mints even deliberately debased their coins. Or, when the mint authorities issued good coins, persons were not wanting to subject these coins to every species of debasement. This debasement gave the shroffs an opportunity of charging such an arbitrary *batta* as they could settle with the owner of such coins. In this bargain, the shroffs, from their superior knowledge, had always the advantage. Thus, a multiplicity of coins, in various stages of debasement, existed in Bengal, even before the battle of Plassey. What the English did, was to make "confusion worse confounded" by their early, supposed currency reforms. But as economic science was, at this time, in a state of infancy, their blunders in currency matters may be easily pardoned.

J. C. SINHA

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[1] As Verelst writes, " at the expiration of three years, when the sicca rupees, then called sunats, pass at 111-116 parts of the original denominations they are carried to the mint chiefly by the shroffs, who receive them back recoined, and consequently raised in value to 116, the first and highest denomination, deducting the expenses of coinage, amounting to something more than 2 per cent. By this operation, the shroffs gain nearly $\frac{5}{116}$ parts upon the value of the coin every third year; an advantage confined wholly to the sicca rupee. A triennial re-coinage is the consequence of this regulation.

THE WAR AND THE SEX RATIO AT BIRTH IN BENGAL

The approximately even balance of the sexes in every country is a well known fact. That the recent Census in the United States of America shows two million men in excess and that the Census of the British States is likely to show almost as great an excess of females are facts that are to be largely explained by immigration There is always an excess of males to be found in an immigrant population and the excess in Bengal is in the main due to this cause. If a coin is spun a very large number of times the times it came down "heads" is almost exactly as many as the times it comes down "tails" because the chances are even. The rough equality in the number of males and females when large numbers are dealt with, follows similarly from the laws of probability for the chance of boy or girl at each birth is approximately, although not exactly, even. The death-rate among males is higher than among females at every period of life. Every doctor knows and every mother will tell you that boy babies are more difficult to rear than girl babies, and at later stages of life except about the time of first childbirth the man runs risks and undergoes hardship from which the woman is sheltered. In almost every country this is balanced to a greater or less extent by the fact that more boy babies than girl babies came into the world.

Explanations of such a phenomenon in the present condition of human knowledge must be hazardous in the extreme but the processes of evolution may afford one. Parents to-day are anxious for male children and in earlier stages of civilisation this has been more obviously true. The favoured wife was the wife who bore sons to her husband. The father of many sons established his race at the expense of others who had not. Thus families in which there was a tendency to breed male offspring survived at the expense of others. This process may have evolved the human race which now produces something like 1050 boys to every 1000 girls.

Apart from groping in the dark to find explanations there are incidental variations of "masculinity at birth," the term used by statisticians to express the ratio of male births to female births, which have been and are being investigated. A proposition which was advanced during the earlier part of last century was the "Hofacher Sadler Law." It laid that masculinity is slightly higher among the first born than among others, and held the field for many years but has been shown to have been based on insufficient data and to be unsupported by the figures for large number of instances.

The theory which probably excites most interest at the present moment is that war has an appreciable effect at the male ratio at birth. It was advanced and discussed on the basis of figures for belligerent countries in the case of war between Sweden and Russia, 1789-90, the Austro-Prussian war of 1866 and the Franco-German war of 1870, but the data on which both the supportes and the opponents of the theory worked were in every case ludicrously inadequate. The late war, when all the figures become available, will put the theory to the decisive test. Meanwhile in a paper read before the Royal Statistical Society in 1919, Mr. S de Jastrzebski showed that the number of male births to a thousand female births, which had been 1039 in England and Wales, 1043 in Scotland and 1054 in Ireland for the decade before the war rose to 1046, 1051 and 1063 in the three countries respectively for the period from the middle of 1915 to the middle of 1918. He showed a similar rise not only in Australia, New Zealand, Hungary and Finland but also in the Netherlands, Switzerland and Denmark which were not at war.

In India, where there is no compulsory registration of births as in European countries, figures of the same accuracy are not available. Births and deaths are, however, reported through the village *chaukidars* and figures for Bengal are published annually by the Sanitary Commissioner. There are a certain number of births which go unreported and more of them may be female births than male births, but with the system unchanged there is no reason why the proportion of unreported births should vary from year to year. Thus though the figures may be somewhat inaccurate they may be used with safety in comparing one year with another.

The figures for Bengal show that the number of male births per thousand female births returned in the Province for ten years before the war were as follows :—

1904 — 1059
1905 — 1059
1906 — 1069
1907 — 1062
1908 — 1068
1909 — 1066
1910 — 1068
1911 — 1063
1912 — 1068
1913 — 1068

The average was 1065.

The corresponding figures for 1914 and the following years were :—

1914 — 1075
1915 — 1076
1916 — 1075
1917 — 1072
1918 — 1073
1919 — 1079
1920 — 1069

The average for 1915 to 1919 inclusive is 1075 which is 10 above the average for 1904 to 1913. The figures show that even in Bengal, whose people suffered no casualties in the actual fighting, the proportion of males to females at birth rose very appreciably during the years of the war. As has been mentioned above, a similar rise has been noticed in the non-belligerent countries of Holland, Switzerland and Denmark. It seems therefore that if Nature has been mysteriously replenishing the wastage of male lives which the war has caused, it has been doing so not only by producing more males to the races which lost so many in casualties, but has been doing so also in the races which, though they suffered many of the hardships resulting from war conditions, were to a large extent, the spectators of the actual fighting.

It is unsafe to base a theory on the figures for a single year but those for 1920 seem to indicate that the ratio of male to female infants at the time of conception began to fall immediately the war was over. The figures for 1914 are curious. They seem to indicate that Nature had inside knowledge of European politics which most of us had not!

W. H. THOMPSON

THE AMEN OF THE STONES

(*From the German of Kosegarten*)

All blind with age went Beda forth,
To preach to men the Lord's command,
From town to town he roamed about,
A little boy led him by hand,
And everywhere the aged sire
Gave out the Word with youthful fire.

Once him did lead his boyish guide
From mischief more than base desire,
To a lone vale where many stones
Lay in disorder, saying, " Sire,
These men assembled here beseech,
That you to them the Gospel preach."

The blind old Sage then chose a text,
Explained it; and the righteous course
Of life he taught; implored, conjured
His fancied hearers with such force,
That his swelled heart did rain apace
Big tears adown his holy face.

And as he closed with usual prayer,
" Father in Heaven, we are Thine own,
This Kingdom wide and all the Power,
And Glory too is Thine alone ! "

Ten thousand voices rent the glen,
" Amen ! O Holy Sage, Amen ! "

The youth aghast fell on his knees,
  Confessed his fault in broken tones,
" Hast thou not read," old Beda quoth,
  When men are silent, speak the stones ?
Avoid, my son, the scoffer's way
Let not thy wit thy soul betray.

Jesting with holy things is vile,
  And sharper than the two-edged blade
Is the recoil with double force
  Upon the sinner's scornful head ;
When hearts of men to stones do turn,
In stones oft human hearts do burn."

POST-GRADUATE

LITERARY, LINGUISTIC AND OTHER SKETCHES

III

POLISH SKETCHES

II.—Grammatical and Phonetic

The Slavonic languages have not decayed to such an extent as most of the other Aryan languages. This statement is well illustrated by the language of Poland. In this respect it differs from Sanskrit only in having seven instead of eight cases, namely the nominative, genitive, dative, accusative, vocative, instrumental and locative, the ablative, which already in Sanskrit agrees often in form with either the genitive or dative, being absent. A few traces of the dual are yet discoverable; it was in actual general use up to the seventeenth century. At the present day it is used instead of the plural only in the case of "hand," "eye" and "ear," when the question is of the two hands, eyes, or ears of one and the same person. Like in Sanskrit there are three genders, masculine, feminine and neuter. Adjectives, participles, pronouns and numerals are subject to declension. The conjugation of Polish verbs is a rather formidable business; we have simple and compound conjugational forms; the seven simple forms are derived either from the Present or the Infinitive Stem. There are five conjugations, further a variety of irregular verbs and a host of grammatical niceties. And yet, Polish children do not seem to experience particular difficulties in learning their mother tongue, and the Pole is rightly proud of his language and has preserved it intact against all attempts of Russian and Prussian attempts to deprive him of it. At an ill-fated moment the Prussian Government, some years ago, resolved to germanise the province of Posen by buying out Polish landowners and settling German farmers in the country; but the chief result of the attempt was that the German farmers had to learn Polish and their children learned Polish from their parent's house-servants and farm-labourers, just as European children in this country learn to speak Hindustani before they learn English, with the difference that the second or third generation of Germans grew up often into intensely patriotic Poles.

A page of Polish literature has to the uninitiated a rather startling look, and yet it is much more easy for a foreigner to learn to read and pronouce Polish than it is to read English or French. Of course, if one is confronted with a sentence like 'chrzaszcz brzmi m trzcinie', which means 'the beetle hums among the reeds', one may be excused for being conscious of something akin to dismay; but even that sentence is not quite so formidable as it looks, if one only knows how to pronounce it. During the Great War many people puzzled over the name of the strong Galician fortress of Przemysl; it is nothing but what in plain English would be written Pshemysl.

If one wants to pronounce Polish words correctly, the following points should be noticed.

Consonants are either surds or sonants. Surds are not accompanied by a vibration of the vocal chords, but sonants are. *P*, *t*, *k* are surds, *b*, *d*, *g* are sonants. If one places a finger lightly on the throat in the region of the Adam's apple, then when pronouncing *p*, *t*, *k*, sharp *s* or *sh* one feels no vibration, whilst such vibration becomes quite evident when pronouncing *b*, *d*, *g*, *z* and various other consonants.

Further, in all Slavonic languages most consonants can be pronounced in two ways according to the position of the tongue and, to a certain extent, of the lips.

In the one group of consonants the tongue has the position which it assumes when the *ie* in field or the *y* in yes is pronounced; this group is aptly called by a term used in Sanskrit grammar: the palatals. In Polish there are fifteen palatal consonants; when pronouncing them the lips should be somewhat drawn out sideways, somewhat like when pronouncing the *ee* in the English word '*see*'. The result is that the consonant sounds something like an intimate combination of itself with a *y*. To indicate this consonantal modification Polish orthography uses either an oblique stroke placed over the consonant, such as Ś, or it affixes an *i* to the consonant, as in Sienkiewicz, or pies *the dog*, siano *the hay*, ziarno *the grain*; pies is therefore a monosyllable and siano and ziarno are disyllables; *l* and all consonants followed by *i*, as in zima *the winter* are palatals. The other group of consonants is pronounced either with the tongue in its rest position or in the position in which it is placed when pronouncing the Sanskrit cerebrals, or the English *p* and *t*. To this group belongs the Polish letter *l* with an oblique stroke through its middle, which is pronounced like the English *ll* in all or the Arabic *ll* in Allah. To represent all the consonantal sounds Polish orthography has taken refuge, in certain cases, to combinations of Roman letters. In this respect Polish is less perfect than Russian. Such combinations are *cz* to denote the English *ch* in church, *sz* the English *sh*, *c* is always equal to *ts* in hats or the German *z* in Zeit, *ch* is pronounced like *ch* in loch in the Scotch dialect or in the German words ach, Loch, acht, Spanish *j* or Greek or Russian , the jihvāmūliya of Sanskrit.

In addition to the letters referred to there is the *z* with a dot over it representing the *j* of the French word 'jour' or the Persian ; *z* by itself represents the sound of the English *z* in zone or the *s* in rose; the french *j* sound is sometimes, for etymological reasons, represented by *rz*.

The following few rules greatly facilitate the correct pronunciation of Polish words.

All consonants at the end of words, even if represented by sonants, are pronounced like the corresponding surds, thus reminding one of similar rules in Russian and German and a well-known rule in Sanskrit.

Further, all words with few, usually only apparent, exceptions have the stress or accent on the last but one syllable.

Finally all vowels are short. A is always pronounced like the *a* in father or the आ in Sanskrit, but of course short; *e* is usually pronounced like the *e* in end, *i* like *i* in hit, *o* like *o* in on, never like *o* in bone, *u* is like the English *oo* in good, never like *oo* in fool or *u* in unit ; *y* is a dull *i* sound like the German ü in Mütter. The Polish language possesses also two so-called nasals, an *a* and *e* with a subjoined kind of hook, the first a 'nasal' *o*, the other a 'nasal' *e*; they are of the type of vowel sounds indicated in Bengali by the *chandra bindu.* A characteristic feature of the Polish and other slavonic languages is the prevalence of sibilants and combinations of sibilants ; as a matter of fact, Polish has thirteen of them.

We conclude our disquisition with quoting the last sentence of Sienkiewicz 'Quo vadis'—Wedle zaś dawej bramy Kapenskiej wznosi sie dzisiaj malenka Kapliczka z zatartym nieco napisem : *Quo vadis, Domine* ? In English—Not far from the ancient Porta Capena there rises to-day a tiny chapel with the scarcely legible inscription : *Quo vadis, Domine* ?

P. Brühl

Reviews

The Fugitive :—By Rabindranath Tagore, Macmillan and Co., 1921, 7/6 net. Dr. Rabindranath is the greatest Indian writer living. His fame is world-wide. His latest book—*The Fugitive*—is of the same high level of poetic achievement as its predecessors. His seems to be an unfailing fount of poetry—perennial, inexhaustible, ever fresh, ever new. The entire life of man is his province—man endowed with lofty aims and high ideals. He depicts life as it is, with its baffling entanglement of Will and Fate; the mutual mockery of ideal and fact. Hence the unceasing charm of his books. There, in lovely finished pieces, he weaves sweet poetic chaplets—delicate, fragrant, sublime. Light and shadow play, fight, chase each other, as they do in actual life. A deep, serious meaning lurks in every one of these literary gems; a lofty lesson in all.

Do we not hear the echo of the Persian poets—Jami, Jalaluddin Rumi, and Sanai in them? And what wonder? Were they not concerned with the very same problems; vexed with the very same mysteries of life and death as our Indian poet? Hence the same line of thought; hence the same spirit animating, guiding, cheering them all. Was not the pursuit of Truth and the exaltation of Beauty their aim and effort too? What mission, greater and nobler, can a poet undertake to preach and proclaim? In language rich and resonant Dr. Rabindranath has uttered the longings of his heart, and given expression to the thoughts that lie uppermost in his mind. These longings and these thoughts are as old as the hills, but each age has its own exponent and interpreter. Rabindranath is the exponent and interpreter of our age. History will, perhaps, call this age the age of Rabindranath. In him the vague aspirations of India and the inarticulate thoughts of the Indian people have received a bold, vigorous, stirring expression.

Truth and Beauty—it is their triumph that the poet celebrates. Through their portals man attains sovereign power and spiritual pre-eminence. These then are the goal which humanity is striving to attain, and the poet's task is to point, to lead the way. The poet and the prophet are but one. Never will time sever the tie between them. Both teach and train and guide the groping steps of man.

Rabindranath has reached the highest summit of literary fame. Another brilliant gem added to the intellectual crown of India.

"Our life sails on the uncrossed sea whose waves chase each other in an eternal hide-and-seek. It is the restless sea of change, feeding its foaming flocks to lose them over and over again, beating its hand against the calm of the sky. Love, in the centre of this circling war-dance of light and dark, yours in that green island, where the sun kisses the shy forest shade and silence is wooed by birds, singing" (p. 73).

Yes! Our life sails on the uncrossed sea. Verily, it is the restless sea of change.

Is it not the restless sea of change that we are sailing on in these days of storm and strife? Old landmarks are being swept away; old traditions are fast fading out of sight, out of mind; new lights are gleaming; new hopes are shining—though shining afar—through the mist and haze of tears and toil and travail. In every direction—wheresoever we turn—there is restless, unceasing change and activity! in literature, in art, in science, even in the perilous sphere of politics. Within the last two decades marvellous has been India's progress. Progress, such as she has made, could never have been conceived, anticipated, foreseen, twenty years ago, by the most invincible of her optimists.

The laurel and the palm and the Pæan to those heralds and pioneers; to those high-souled seekers after truth; to those uncompromising worshippers of Love and Beauty and Righteousness; to those fearless and unflinching workers who wooed wisdom and poverty and pain to uplift their countrymen and to forward the cause of their country.

The East is stationary! The East is uncritical—pledged, heart and soul, to a retrogressive social and religious code! The East is incapable of united, concerted political action! Such once was the taunt, the gibe mockingly flung at us! Recent achievements in Science and Letters—are they not the best refutation? Recent events in the domain of politics—are they not the best answer?

The tide of progress has set in. Who can stop or stem the tide? But those who love India, and love her dearly, would fain see her prosper, thrive, advance on the road of ordered progress and chastened self-control. The path of progress is the path of glory, but we fervently pray that the journey along that path may be a journey marked by peace, concord, and love.

Let poets, artists, authors, civilians and soldiers—let them all contribute their share to this noble, cherished end.

S. KHUDA BUKHSH

The Indian Problem.—C. F. Andrews, 1921. Pp. 191. Price Re. 1. Published by Messrs. Nelson & Co., Madras.

This is a collection in a handy form of Mr. Andrews' essays and discourses on the many questions now engaging the attention of the country. This includes his writings on political, economic, educational and social topics. It opens with his famous essay on "Indian Independence" which is followed by his articles on "India and the Empire," Letters on Non-co-operation, and other papers on "The Swadeshi Movement," "National Education," "The Drink Evil" and "The Opium Trade of India."

If in these days of deluge of political writings on India, one needed a bit of plain talk from one who has taken to the non-co-operation creed from a humanitarian and idealistic standpoint one should turn to Mr. Andrews. I would discuss in detail the opening article which contains in a nutshell his whole creed. The second and the third follow as corollaries. The standpoint is one diametrically opposed to the other group of political thinkers—the Imperialists, *e.g.*, B. C. Pal in *Nationality and Empire* or Wedgewood in *Indo-British Commonwealth*. Mr. Andrews believes that the facts of history are against the 'Empire' theory of human advance and that Indians can have no honourable place consistent with self-respect in the British Empire. So in the opening article on "Indian Independence" he tries 'to face realities and not to acquiesce in that which destroys manhood and self-respect' while Mr. Andrews makes no secret of his essentially human standpoint he summons to his aid political doctrines. From Sir John Seeley's famous book "The expansion of England" he draws a gloomy picture of the future of British India "'To withdraw,' Seeley says, 'the British Government from India would be the most inexcusable of all conceivable crimes.' Why? Because—these are his words—'we (the British) have made India incapable of depending on anything else.' And again 'It is to be feared that the British rule may have diminished whatever little power of this sort India might have originally possessed.' I have quoted these blunt harsh and unpalatable sentences again and again because I want to drive home to the mind the degradation which India has reached by tamely submitting to a foreign rule all these years, without making any united effort to throw off this yoke of subjection." (p. 11) This is the destructive side of current British-Indian political thought. The means he suggests are brought out clearly thus:—"One thing, I believe, will come out, namely that the attainment of Indian Independence must essentially be based not on any appeal to arms, nor on any violence, but on a complete realisation by the people as a whole of Indian natio nality (pp. 5-6). This again has been brought about by British Rule which would be at an end as Sir John Seeley says "if India does begin to breathe as a single national whole—and our rule is perhaps doing more than ever was done by former governments to make this possible." By another quotation from Seeley he tries to rally to the non-co-operationists' standpoint 'If the feeling of a common nationality,' says Seeley, 'began to exist in India only feebly; if without any active desire to drive out the foreigner it only created a notion that it was shameful to assist the foreigner in maintaining his domination, from that day almost our Empire would cease to exist.' According to Rev. Mr. Andrews Mahatma Gandhi by bringing about this psychological revolt in the minds of the diseased Indian people is the great surgeon who by incisions is leading to the recovery of self-respect and manhood and independence in the patient. We are here reminded of a quite different surgeon, in the pages of a nice book on *Indian Nationalism* written in 1913. There the British Government is held up as the surgeon undertaking an operation on India for India's good. He holds his patient in a steel-frame and the extremist movement is held as the result of a dreadful suspicion that 'the surgeon means never to let the frame be taken off, not though all the inner lesions be healed (pp. 117-118). Bevan believes 'that the extremist suspicions of the surgeon's intentions will not be justified: I believe he will act honourably by his patient and take off the steel-frame when he is satisfied that the work of healing is complete.' The present real danger for the patient is lest between the two surgeons the heart suddenly gives way.

POST-GRADUATE

The Psychology of Progress or the Thirty-seven Principles of Bodhi by the Anaganika Dharmapala (Pp. 31. The Mahabodhi Society, Calcutta).

This little booklet gives in a short summary form the essential qualifications which are needed in a disciple to tread the Great Path to Nirvāṇa. The exposition is fairly clear and compactly given. Of course the size of the booklet precludes any detailed explanation, for it is essentially a summary. A little more uniformity in the transliteration of Pali and Sanskrit words as well as a greater care in putting the diametrical marks might have distinctly added to the usefulness of the otherwise very well printed and attractive little booklet. The work is appropriately issued "in commemoration of the visit of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales to the Holy Land of the Buddhists."

Post-Graduate

The Secrets of the Self (Asra'r-i khudi') :—A Philosophical Poem by Sheikh Mahammad Iqbal of Lahore, translated with an introduction and notes by Reynold A. Nicholson (Pp. xxxi and 147. Macmillan & Co). Both the poet and his translator are well known to students of Persian especially those who love to ramble in the quaint bye-paths of Persian Mystic Poetry. The introduction by Dr. Nicholson is learned and sympathetic and his translation achieves the task of preserving to a great extent the spirit of the original, without sacrificing the rhythm and beauty of the English language. The poet, as he himself has put, it appeals to posterity

"I have no need of the ear of to-day
I am the voice of the poet of to-morrow."

His message has been inspired by the needs and the stress of the modern world. Though mainly addressed to Islam, we might as well understand it to apply to the whole of humanity at present with proper modifications needed by each community and race. The message is of self-affirmation, self-development and self-expression,—that only by exerting to the fullest the powers one is endowed with one achieves true salvation. To many in our land the present-day turmoil and strife seems bewildering and they long to go back to the good old days of dreaming speculation and the tranquility of a meditative life. Such good souls find themselves very comfortable and Iqbal seems to have no sympathy for them. He wants men of action, men full of energy and vigour who are not afraid of the turmoil, who are willing to throw themselves into the very midst of the battle and to take the lead. This is a most important need of India at present if she is to take her place in the world. Our people have to learn the doctrine of Religion through Action—the real Karma Yoga. Iqbal preaches it with all the passion of his soul. In places it sounds very egoistic, very selfish, but the envy of the age all the world over (and chiefly in India) is for men, who are above the dreams of heaven and salvation, for men who would work and try to achieve the highest in themselves not that they might be free but that they might lead the world to higher progress.

> ' 'To become earth is the creed of a moth;
> Be a conqueror of earth; that alone is worthy of a man.
> Thou art soft as a rose. Become hard as a stone,
> That thou mayst be the foundation of the wall of the garden!''

Over and over again one hears in this poem the call to action. It is the clarion call to a leader of a mankind. The expressions are many and varied :

"Be to all else as a blazing fire,"
or "A man still, not a piece of clay,"
or else "The pith of life is contained in action;"

but the message is the same :

> "Build thy clay into a Man,
> Build thy Man into a World!"

Though garbed in the language of Islam the Hindu also will find the message of life in this stirring poem. After all, Islam need not be taken to mean merely a particular religion but might be taken in its widest sense "that which brings about peace or salvation."

POST-GRADUATE

Village Education in India—Oxford University Press, 1920. Pp. 210. Price

This is the report of a commission of Enquiry in India by the Christian Mission and it has clear and definite ideas about the future of missionary education in India. No one is oblivious at least in Bengal, what the missions have done for higher education. In the face of the impending changes, *e.g.*, mass movements, transfer of education to Indian ministers, the growth of the Indian church and the keen desire for more and better education, a need was rightly felt of more co-ordinated and systematic effort. The problems dealt with are of the greatest moment to Indian public life and no Indian can afford to do without a careful reading of the beautiful chapters on the problem of literacy, the village-schools the maintenance of literacy, the vocational middle school, the education of girls, physical welfare, and specially the school as a community centre. The last Chapter (VIII) dealing with social organisation of the school can be read and re-read with profit by every Indian educationist. In India, if its innate spirit is to be maintained, the raising of the moral tone of education can no larger be deferred. "Moral relations are as wide as our contact with others. Education should not, therefore, be a mere means to such a moral life; it should be the life itself. The truest education, therefore, is that whose administration, curriculum and method of teaching are most permeated with the social spirit. . . . If in education one is seeking an adjustment between the child and the environment, this will not be attained by divorcing the school environment from all that the child has known and experienced." The methods proposed are sound and practicable. "One of the most marked characteristics of schools in certain needy areas of America is the variety of social functions they perform. In some defective communities the school is temporarily attending to most of the duties of the home, the church and other social institutions. . . . In India, where the villages have such enormous needs along every sanitary, economic, social and religious line, the mission school should be equipped to respond to the need for social leadership and community service. A teacher, especially in a mass movement area, should take for his school the whole community in which he is living, not merely the little children who irregularly frequent a certain building. For a large part of the education needed in the impoverished villages of India is adult education, leading hesitant personalities to throw themselves... ....into the social regeneration of the little world. . . . . The idea of social service on the part of students is wide-spread in India. But where teachers have seen that at this stage the significance is to be found mainly in the socializing of the pupil and that such socializing is an essential element in education, opportunities for service are seen to abound such as cleaning or improving of bad cart-tracks; uniting or reading letters for the illiterate; taking medicines from the hospital to the sick; herding cattle for sick neighbours and reporting cruelty to animals. (In many country schools in the West) evening gatherings for adults are encouraged for entertainment and for community instruction and inspiration. The Indian village has needs. . . . A centre is needed for the circulating library. The teacher may become the initial secretary of the co-operative society. School inspectors, missionaries and villagers revisiting their homes could be occasionally secured to give lectures. A greater public opinion for education may be developed by getting old boys back to the school so that the people can see and hear the results of education; by organized lantern lectures and story-telling in the main school and surrounding villages. The village women may come for an hour a week to learn sewing, and incidentally to receive instruction in hygiene. . . . . Such a school—Christian, educationally sound in administration, supervision and teaching and intelligently grasping the temporary obligation of social leadership—is one of India's most urgent needs. Missions will......be...endeavouring to help India at this point so vital for her highest realization."

I have quoted this at length as the great value of this work in a small compass seems with instructions worth their weight in gold. There is such a need for village improvement and education now-a-days that there can be no better analysis of vital points than in this manual. The standpoint is obviously religious and that has been India's safe anchor from a bygone age, when the various Hindu, Jain, Buddhist, Parsee and Mohammedan religious endowments were meant for poor relief as also for educating the less fortunate follow-beings.

P. M.

National Education and Modern Progress, Pramatha Nath Bose, B.Sc. (London). Published by Messrs. Kar, Majumdar and Co., Calcutta. Pp. 88. Price Re. 1-8.

The author considers education on western lines an unmitigated evil and would hasten back to the *ashramas* of old. He is against western culture and is of opinion that modern civilisation has done more harm than good. He thinks that Research in Arts subjects is a luxury and an expensive luxury which India can ill afford to pay for. "As regards scientific research, a *certain amount* (italics ours) of it is a necessity, but for that no very large expenditure is needed, if we only keep the requirements of our community and the best interests of humanity in view." We are really curious to learn what easy and inexpensive method of scientific research has been discovered by this old Science Graduate of the University of London to serve the "best interests of humanity."

However hostile to the present University system, the author does not like a policy of wanton destruction not associated by a comprehensive scheme of construction. He says—"Much as I would like to see the monumental sham to be demolished I would not like it to be so pulled down as to ruin them. As there are, I believe, over a million male scholars in colleges and secondary schools in British India, even if the Non-Co-operation movement did not meet with any better success than what had been achieved in our town, some ten thousand youngmen would have to be provided for. This is a serious responsibility which, it is to be hoped, has been carefully considered by the Non-Co-operation leaders. It is also to be hoped, that the youngmen would be kept off from the political path until they have attained an age when their actions instead of proceeding direct from the heart would take the circuitous route through the head." All this is very sound and wise, no doubt, but it is one thing to decry an institution and rouse the ire of inexperienced young men and it is another thing to restrain their misdirected ardour.

The book will commend itself to those, who, more fortunate than Archimedies, have found a standing space outside the globe and adjusted their lines to retard the progress of human society and put it back where it had been some fifteen hundred years ago.

RUDRA SEN

The Young Enchanted :—Hugh Walpole, Macmillan's Empire Library.

A charming story of after-war England. Its theme is the romance of an untidy youngman, "with pince-nez, that never properly fitted his nose," his sister, a young girl, beautiful and full of life and a friend who was morose, silent but uncommonly ardent in his own way: The picture that it reveals of after-war-life and society is not always very attractive. "Yes, of course I'm a Pirate" says Bennett "This is the day for Pirates. There never was such a time for them. All sorts of people going about with money that they don't know what to do with. All sorts of other people without any money ready to do any thing to get it. No morality any more. Damned good thing for England." But some observations are equally applicable to India and England of to-day perhaps because human nature is the same all over the world. There are many Light Johnsons in India who are always complaining against every thing and who suspects an assassin in a labourer who goes on a strike. "You will at any rate not deny, says he, that this coming winter is going to be an appalling one—what with strikes, unemployment, and the price of food for ever going up—all this with the most incompetent Government that any country has ever had in the world's history." The real defect of the age has rightly been hitted upon." Arrogance, Arrogance, Arrogance—that's the matter with all of you—and the matter with Literature and Art to-day, and politics too you all think that you've got the only recipe and you've nothing to learn. You're every thing to learn."

This story of a romantic 20th century young man and his adventures with a forlorn girl is extremely readable. It will appeal equally to mere lovers of fiction and those who possess a more serious turn of mind and are always in search of some food for thought.

"HOMO"

Songs of War and Patriotism—with a Foreword from Lord Ronaldshay, and an Introduction by Mr. J.A. Sandbrook (Longmans, Green and Co.) contains some excellent war poems full of the spirit of fervid patriotism. The poetry is both vigorous and striking. The *Ode to England* and *Colbrooks Feat* will appeal to all readers.

H. C. M.

British Administration in India: G. Anderson, M. A., Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged, Macmillan & Co., London, 1920, pp. 1-184.

Mr. Anderson is well known to the academic world as the author of a number of books, as a teacher of History, and as Secretary to the Calcutta University Commission. This well-written small hand-book is intended for the use of students, and not for the general public, as the author himself says in his Preface.

A student of Prof. Marriott the author thinks that students on Constitutional History should start with the present and should travel back to the past—should begin with the *Hansard* and the *Times* rather than with Stubbs and Tacitus—should go first to the Montford Report rather than Forrest's States Papers or the classic Fifth Report. He has accordingly made his book thoroughly up-to-date and has incorporated the recent changes in the constitution introduced by the new Reforms. We have no doubt that the book will benefit the under-graduates of the Indian Universities for whom it is primarily intended. The author has attempted to cover the whole ground in this book—(1) Historical Introduction, (2) The India Office, (3) The Government of India, (4) Provincial Governments, (5) District Administration, (6) Municipalities and Local Boards, (7) Legislature, (8) Judicature, (9) Police and Jails, (10) Finance, (11) Land Revenue, (12) Education, (13) Sanitation, (14) Public works, and (15) Famine Relief.

One other distinctive feature of the book is that the author starts with no set purpose to make England's work in India the text of a sermon on loyalty for Indian students. In clear and simple English he has described the working of the various branches of the Indian administration without taking up any particular side either as an apologist or as a publicity officer. We are sure the book will meet a long-felt want which unfortunately still exists in spite of the many text-books on the subject now in the market.

N. C. C.

Reconstructing India.—Sir M. Visvesvaraya, K.C.I.E., M. Inst. C.E. (P. S. King & Son, Ltd., London).

The supreme need of the hour all over the world is reconstruction. The one point of agreement between a bureaucrat and a bolshevist is that the world in its present shattered condition cannot be left as it is. But when we come to the question as to how the shattered world is to be rebuilt that the greatest divergences of opinion appear. There are as many schemes of reconstruction as there are people who think over the problem. But the problem of reconstruction in India is in a way simpler. Apart from the political aspect of the problem, most Indians are agreed about the details regarding the economic, social and educational reconstruction. As Sir Visvesvaraya says "India's fundamental problem consists in relieving the soil of over-pressure of population by the development of industry, and thereby attacking at its foundation the appalling poverty which is crushing her people." It is specially from its economic standpoint that the author tackles the problem of reconstruction. He dismisses shortly the problem of the central government and provincial administration, but he rightly insists on the importance of local self-government.

Nobody disputes the supreme need of reconstruction in India. So far the administration had aimed at preserving order earlier than ensuring progress. "The maintenance of order was hitherto the chief concern of government, henceforward progress must be the watchword ". So the whole economic and social structure of India has been dilapidated owing to the neglect of ordinary repairs. To add to this difficulty, all over the world determined efforts are made to repair the ravages made by war, while India has been standing still. While foreign trade per head has increased between the years 1914 and 1919, by 33% in England, while it has more than doubled in Canada and the United States of America, in India it has remained between these five years at the same wretched figure of 16 shillings per capita. India has so far drifted and consequently has become weaker and poorer yearly. As all Indians desire that their country should become a nation, economically strong, socially accomplished and politically a self-governing unit of the British Commonwealth; this policy of drift should be given up, and a definite programme and plan should be drawn up in the political, social and economic sphere. It is the aim of the author to supply this urgent need. He points out to us "avenues towards reconstruction now open" in trade, commerce, industries, agriculture and development of resources and communication. It is with the hand of a master who knows by practical experience how these things are done that all these topics are dealt. What Sir Visvesvaraya has so successfully accomplished in the Mysore state, he hopes to see it realised in British India.

At first sight the prospect seems too gloomy. We may quote only a few of the figures given in the book to show how backward educationally, industrially and agriculturally we are: (1) expenditure per head on education in India, 7 annas; in the United Kingdom, 38 Rs; in Canada, 104 Rs; in Japan 13 Rs; in the U. S. A., 114 Rs.: (2) foreign trade per head—in India, 16 shillings; in England, £40; in Canada, £7; in the U. S. A. £18·4: (3) import trade per capita—in India, 18 shillings; in the United Kingdom £40; in Canada, £62; in Japan, £6·4. The average agricultural produce per acre in India was not more than 25 Rs; in Japan it was not less than 150 Rs. No Indian can escape a feeling of humiliation at the low international standing of his country. No wonder the author in despair writes once (p. 191), "the people, cut off as they are from responsibility and self-help, are, to all intents and purposes, dead."

But the aim of Sir Visvesvaraya in giving these figures is to make the people think and work; to rouse in them a spirit of development and progress; moreover the statistics prevailing in the advanced countries present the ideal to which our leaders should aspire. Japan was in better position a generation or so ago. Even Canada had to fight against influences radiating from London which aimed at checking the growth of the nationalist sentiment in that dominion. "If Indians do what the other nations have done successfully, they cannot possibly go wrong." The willing and plaining of the work must be done by the people themselves, from whom alone can come the contest and direction, the government can only help.

The supreme need is to create an atmosphere of confidence and cooperation. Co-operative effort should be the watchword of the future. As the author rightly points out "capacity for co-operative effort is power." Co-operation implies people coming together, thinking together and working together. It is not possible without organisation by which the nation's resources can be rapidly mobilised and concentrated on the points where they are most needed. The examples of Japan and Canada can help us very considerably; and our author repeatedly advises our students, traders and capitalists to go to Japan; and learn and popularise the methods adopted there. The teeming agricultural and mineral resources of all kinds have been little utilised and the greatest resource and the least utilised is the energy and intelligence of the people. So the problem is not quite so hopeless as it seems at first sight.

We cannot go into the various interesting and intensely practical suggestions regarding reconstruction made by Sir Vesvesvaraya. We should strongly recommend all those who are interested in this important problem of reconstruction to go carefully through this little book; and we can assure them they will find many helpful and suggestive ideas in it. All the varied aspects of the subject have been touched; and the results of a long administrative experience have been embodied in this work. Let us hope that the author may become one of the constructors of the new India that is to be, and may he see the ideas that he has put forth carried out into practice.

Y. J. T.

Zorvastrian Ethics.—By Maganlal A. Buch, M.A. (The Gaekawad Studies in Religion and Philosophy : IV ; Baroda).

When one well-versed in Sanskrit and Indian Philosophy takes up the study of Zorvastrian Literature and Culture he might be expected to throw a good deal of light on many of the difficulties in the latter. A true study of the Avesta must be based on a sound study of Sanskrit, if for no other reason but for the fact that Avesta Literature has survived to us only in a few fragments. But these fragments may throw a considerable light on the problems of Sanskrit Language and Indian Philosophy as well. It is a pity that our Parsi scholars do not pay sufficient attention to Sanskrit and it has been noted that when a well-trained Hindu Sanskritist takes up the study of Avesta he can enter into the *spirit* of it much easier and much more quickly than one thus uninitiated can hope to do. The experience of the work done by the Bengali Hindu Students of Avesta in the Calcutta University and of the valuable work done by Pandit Vidhusekhara Bhattacharyya at Śantiniketan amply bears out the validity of this statement and the book under review is but another proof of its truth.

This little work has been written very ably and is meant more for a general reader especially for one who needs a good introduction. Even to an advanced scholar the book is valuable both on account of the clearness of arrangement and the copious references to the texts and to various well-known authorities. The Index at the end is a distinctly valuable feature in this book. Of course within the compass of this book all topics and all controversies could not be discussed. Only the broader aspects are touched upon but they are put in a way which encourages the reader to study more for himself. A little more care and uniformity in the quotations from the text were desirable, the almost entire absence of diacritical marks is very noticeable. However, this is but a minor point—a beginner or a general reader would barely stop to consider the texts quoted and our advanced student would be competent enough to read the texts correctly.

The book should deserve all encouragement at the hands of all scholars of Avestan literature and Zorvas-trian Philosophy. Perhaps the first important writing by an *Indian* non-Zorvastrian it is to be welcomed as a sign of the future unity of our peoples. The attempt certainly leaves us with a high opinion of the scholarship and the critical acumen of the author.

I. J. S. T.

Schools with a message in India.—By Daniel Johnson Fleming, Ph. D. (Oxford University Press).

This extremely interesting little book is the outcome of a commission sent out to India by the foreign mission boards of Great Britain and North America under the leadership of Principal A. G. Fraser. The author was a member of this commission and hence whatever he says is a result of personal investigation. Of course, the chief point of outlook is definitely that of the Christian missionary. But, in the last three chapters he deals with Santiniketan, the Gurukul at Haradwar and the National High School, Teynampet, Madras, and the educational experiments in Baroda.

One very notable feature of the schools described in this book is that the needs of the pupils have been kept in view. This is a very refreshing feature of these institutions, for we are mostly accustomed to the cut and dried routine of the educational codes which has no reference to the needs of the masses. In the introduction the author lays down what he thinks a cultivator's son needs—"a working ability to read and write, a knowledge of arithmetic according to native methods, so that he can follow his accounts with the village shop-keeper and landlord, some familiarity with his rights and responsibilities, a general development of his intelligence through the right sort of readers, educational hand-work and nature study."

The missions have always been to the forefront of educational enterprise in India—for which every Indian ought to be deeply grateful to them. A sign of the changing attitude is that at present more emphasis is laid upon education than upon converting the people: they have come to recognise that a good and upright man or woman of self-reliant and industrious habits would make a better citizen and hence a better Christian. The one ideal which seems to run through all the schools described here is self-help. The masses in India have always had "a tendency to dependence" which needs to be strenuously combated if we are to become a strenuous, vigorous nation. It would be invidious to mention any special schools, for each has its "message" but the reviewer was particularly impressed with the message of the schools at Salamatpur, at Kalimpong, at Srinagar.

Every Indian interested in educational work should study this book over and over again. It would be better if these schools were visited personally and their working observed. The educational work opening out before us is enormous and both the non-co-operators and their opponents would do well to learn the greatest message of this book—the message of self-help. Work done along these lines is nation-building in the truest sense of the term and when the history of India's national uplift comes to be written the share of the missionary educational institutions will be found to be as important as that of our "national" institutions.

I. J. S.

The History and Chemistry of Paper Making and the History and Chemistry of Matches :—By Chunilal Bose, Rasayanacharya.

This brochure of 60 pages published by the Indian Association for the Cultivation of Science, is well written and gives a brief general idea to the layman, of the several processes involved in the modern manufacture of paper and matches. The chemistry of the processes and the substances used, is also briefly explained. The author gives a good historical review of the art of paper manufacture from the earliest times and claims the credit to Indian for the first invention of paper and quotes in authority from Babu Nagendranath Basu's "Viswakosha" that when Alexander the Great invaded India in 327 B. C. his general Nearchus found a kind of thin, fine, glazed sheets (which were made by felting cotton wool) used for writing in the Punjab; and this fact was recorded in his writings. In the beginning of the 19th century, the trade in hand-made paper was in a flourishing condition in Bengal. It was exported to various places outside Bengal and, it is said, outside India also.

But this industry like the famous textile and sugar industries of India was killed by the protectionist policy of the East India Company. During Sir Charles Wood's tenure of office as Secretary of State for India an order was passed that all the supplies of paper required for the Government of India should be purchased in Britain only. But India possesses inexhaustible supplies of raw material for paper manufacture in bambooo grasses and soft woods and with sufficient enterprise on the part of Indian capitalists and some encouragement on the part of the State India may yet become one of the largest manufacturers and exporters of paper and paper pulp. The same may be said with regard to the manufacture of matches too, in India. It is high time that enterprising Indian capitalists should turn their attention to the development of two important industries which supply the daily needs of the vast millions of India, before they are captured and monopolised by *foreigners.*

V. V. N.

Ourselves

THE SPECIAL CONVOCATIONS IN DECEMBER 1921

The First Special Convocation of the Calcutta University was held at the Senate House on the 17th December last. Although passions were running very high and a severe boycott of the Convocation was proclaimed, the ceremony was a great success. The hall was almost full, only some of the chairs reserved for our boys were left empty as the Teaching Department of our University as well as many of the Colleges had to be closed owing to reasons which are so green in all their freshness in our minds.

The occasion was indeed unique as Honorary Degrees were conferred on eminent men of letters and science irrespective of any distinction of race, caste, colour and creed. The striking speech of our Vice-Chancellor will be read with interest and delight by all those pilgrim travellers to the shrine of truth, where the lamps of learning eternally burns resplendent.

"MEMBERS OF THE CONVOCATION:

Amongst the many privileges enjoyed by an Indian University, one of the most highly prized is the power to confer honorary degrees on persons distinguished for eminent position and attainments. This function serves to enlarge the primary scope of the University as an institution for the encouragement of our fellow-subjects in the pursuit of a liberal course of education, by the promotion of study and research, by the provision for instruction of students, by the ascertainment of merit through examinations, and by the bestowal of rewards and marks of honour. The authority to confer an honorary degree implies that a University is in essence an academy of learned men banded together for the discovery of Truth and is consequently entitled to draw within its sphere of recognition individuals engaged in the advancement of learning, regardless of the limitations of race, colour, creed, or of dogmas social, religious or political.

It is needless for me to emphasise, in this connection, that during a dozen years it has been our constant endeavour to realise this high ideal, by the creation of new intellectual agencies and new organisations for the advance of knowledge, learning and research. Our University has, indeed, been the pioneer and the leader in what has now become an all-India movement; and judged by the extent and variety of the subjects comprehended in the scope of our activities and the worth and excellence of the work accomplished by many of our teachers, we are still the foremost Teaching and Research University in this vast continent. The Senate of this University, conscious of its obligations, has accordingly decided to exercise the valuable right to confer honorary degrees on the memorable occasion of the visit of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and the duty is now cast upon me, in accordance with established usage, to remind you briefly of the services rendered to the cause of advancement of learning by the personages whom we have resolved to honour in an appropriate manner.

Amongst our guests stands pre-eminent the Right Hon'ble Sir Rufus Daniel Isaacs, Earl of Reading. The romantic history of his early life, the splendour of his success at the bar, the brilliance of his achievements as an ambassador and the glamour of the exalted office he now holds under the Crown, cannot but stir the imagination of the lay man. But, let me urge, that another feature of his career appeals powerfully to us, the members of an academic body which has sedulously endeavoured to foster the study of the science of law and is proud to count among its alumni leaders of the highest eminence in the legal profession. His name occupies a distinguished position in the long line of illustrious men, who have adorned the most ancient judicial office in the land of his birth, and we are met to-day to express our high appreciation of the signal success which marked his efforts to expound and administer those immutable principles of jurisprudence that constitute the priceless heritage of mankind, alike in the East and the West.

The Right Hon'ble Syed Ameer Ali, who stands in the foremost rank of our graduates, has spent a life-time in the noble task of administration of justice in the name of his Sovereign in one of the highest Courts in India as also in the supreme tribunal of appeal for the British Empire beyond the seas. His scholarly contributions to the exposition and development of legal principles have long outstripped the boundaries of Moslem Jurisprudence. Equally striking has been the success achieved by him in another and a distinct sphere; his presentation of the life and teachings of the Prophet of Islam, the spirit and ethics of his religion, and the history of the remarkable civilisation and manifold activities of the Saracens, is characterised by purity of style, sobriety of judgment and critical acumen, which have secured for him an honoured place in the front rank of historians of the Muhammadan faith. To our deep disappointment, his advancing years and his judicial engagements have rendered it impossible for him to revisit the scene of his early labours and to receive the enthusiastic welcome which would assuredly have awaited him.

Professor Arthur Anthony Macdonell who has ably maintained the high reputation of the Boden Chair of Sanskrit in the University of Oxford, has assiduously laboured for the promotion of oriental studies, and his services are held in high regard wherever Sanskritic studies are honoured. His works on Vedic Grammar, Vedic Reader, Vedic Mythology, his critical editions of the Sarvanukramani of Katyayana and the Brihaddevata, his Sanskrit Grammar and his Sanskrit-English lexicon have served to illumine many a dark labyrinth of Sanskrit learning, to the benefit of two generations of grateful students. The utility of his numerous contributions has secured for him unquestioned recognition by orientalists in the eastern as well as the western hemisphere. As might have been anticipated, considerable interest was roused amongst the students of our University by the announcement that a scholar of such maturity of judgment and breadth of vision would discourse to them on Comparative Religion, on the foundation recently established by our worthy benefactor, Mr. G. C. Ghosh, in memory of his late lamented son, Stephanos Nirmalendu Ghosh. It is not a matter for surprise that they should have been keenly disappointed to find that his visit to these shores has been temporarily postponed by reason of sudden illness.

Far different has been the field of intellectual activities of Professor Sir William Jackson Pope, who has shed lustre on the Chair of Chemistry in the University of Cambridge and holds a distinguished place in the foremost rank of investigators and teachers of Chemistry of the present generation. The scientific world is indebted to him for highly important discoveries which have thrown much light upon the impenetrable mystery surrounding the problem of the ultimate nature of matter. In collaboration with Professors Perkin and Wallach, he has published the results of numerous experiments dealing with the optical activity due to asymmetry of nitrogen, tin, selenium and sulphur atoms; and in conjunction with Professor Barlow he has propounded an attractive theory, remarkably supported by experimental evidence, dealing with the connection between crystalline structure and chemical constitution. The practical value of his brilliant researches in aerial photography has received well merited recognition ; and he has placed the students of this University under special obligation by the striking lecture on the Reality of the Atomic

Theory which he delivered recently in connection with the lectureship established by Professor Adharchandra Mookerjee.

Professor William Alexander Craigie, who so deservedly occupies the Chair of Anglo-Saxon in the University of Oxford designated after Rawlinson and Bosworth, has oft roamed in the realms of gold and many goodly states and kingdoms seen. The results of his explorations in the region of Gaelic, Scottish and Scandinavian Culture, Religion and Civilisation have made his name a household word amongst scholars of high repute. At the same time, his appreciations of the Icelandic sagas on the one hand, and of Robert Burns on the other, have found response amongst a wider circle of readers. His name and fame are, again, closely linked up in the popular mind with his labours as Joint-Editor of the great Oxford English Dictionary, which has been rightly regarded as a lasting monument of the richness of the English Language and of the vitality of British scholarship. Our students deem themselves fortunate to have an opportunity to profit by the lectures of so ardent a scholar in whom are combined the best traditions alike of St. Andrews and Oxford.

In Dr. Brajendra Nath Seal, we welcome one of our eminent graduates, whose services have been enlisted by a highly progressive Indian State in the momentous formative period of the history of its University. His intellectual attainments are truly encyclopædic in scope and character, and the most powerful microscope would be needed to detect the cultural germ which has successfully escaped his omnivorous instinct. His name is held in veneration by the students of Bengal, who, whether at Berhampore, at Coochbehar, or in Calcutta, have come under the influence of his intellectual dominance in the departments of Philosophy, Religion, Literature, Mathematics and the Physical and Natural Sciences; and scholars in Western countries have been equally ready to recognise in him a compeer, fully their equal in many a region of human thought.

The Hon'ble Mr. Raghunath Purushottam Paranjpye, after his brilliant academic record in the Universities of Bombay and Cambridge, nobly decided to adopt a career of honourable poverty, and to dedicate his life to the promotion of education amongst his countrymen. The Fergusson College, which owes its origin to the far-sighted educational policy of intellectual leaders like Bal Gangadhar Tilak, Vishnu Krishna Chiplunker, Mahadeo Balkrishna Namjoshi, Vamana Shivaram Apte and Gopal Ganesh Agharkar has been sanctified by the unselfish labours of a long line of illustrious Mahrattas, including amongst others, Gopal Krishna Gokhale, and I felt myself on hallowed ground when I was privileged to visit that memorable institution in the historic city of Poona. The spirit of sacrifice and service imbibed by him at the feet of his great masters, in whose steps he has treaded, has become so inseparable an element of his nature that it will never disappear, however exalted be the station in public life that he may be called upon to occupy.

Sir John Marshall, who has so wisely directed the activities of the Archæological Department for the last twenty years, came out to this country with the reputation associated with a distinguished academic record in the University of Cambridge. His mind had been saturated with what might be fittingly described as the Hellenic spirit, and his intensive study of the masterpieces of the Greek intellect had been followed by journeys of exploration in those classic lands where Greek genius had flourished in all its glory. It is easy to be wise after the event, but I venture to think that one might have predicted, even without the gift of prophecy, that a scholar who had drunk deep at the Piraean spring would not be slow to appreciate the manifestations of the Indian genius in the field of sculpture and architecture. He has earned the deepest gratitude of the Indian people by his devotion to the systematic conservation and preservation of ancient Indian monuments at Delhi, Agra, Lahore and Mandu and to the scientific exploration and excavation of many a site of ancient Indian civilisation such as Saranath, Bhita, Sanchi and Taxila. His contributions to the advancement of our knowledge of Indian Antiquities are of abiding value, while the constant encouragement he has afforded to fellow-workers and students in this fascinating field has led to the rapid growth of an indigenous school of Indian Archæology.

Mr. Rudrapatna Shama Shastri, who has been the guiding spirit of the Chamarajendra Sanskrit College at Bangalore and the Government Oriental Library at Mysore, is a profound scholar whose unquestionable merit has been overshadowed by the innate modesty of his character. His brilliant performance in the difficult task of decipherment of the unique manuscript of the Artha Shastra of Kautilya will bear comparison with the restoration of the text of the Institutes of Gaius by Goeschen and Hollweg and of the text of the Panchasiddhantika of Varaha-Mihir by George Thibaut and Sudhakar Dvivedi. His labours in the preparation of the editio princeps and of the first English version of this great monument of Indian genius in the domain of Political Philosophy deserve the highest commendation; but while scholars have not been slow to utilise the results of his life-long toil, generous acknowledgment of obligation has by no means been profuse. His other contributions to Indian History and Antiquities have been thrown into comparative shade by the well-merited success which has attended his efforts to lay a solid foundation for the study of the science of Indian Polity during the Vedic and Post-Vedic periods.

Professor Sakkottai Krishnaswami Aiyangar, who has filled with distinction the Chair of Indian History and Archæology in the University of Madras, has successfully pursued his investigations in an obscure and neglected branch of Indian studies. He has endeavoured to estimate the value of the contributions of Southern India to culture and civilisation in ancient and mediæval times, and his successive works on Ancient India, the Beginnings of South Indian History, South India and Her Moslem Invaders, and the History of the Hindu Empire of Vijaynagar have notably helped to dispel the illusion that Northern India and Northern India alone has been the most potent factor in the growth and expansion of Indian culture in all its varied manifestations.

Professor Devadatta Ramkrishna Bhandarkar, who so fittingly occupies the Carmichael Chair of Ancient Indian History and Culture, is the inheritor of an illustrious name held in high reverence in every centre of Sanskrit learning. His bold and brilliant excursions into many an unknown tract of ancient Indian History have furnished fresh evidence of the law of heredity, and his colleagues rejoice to find in him, not a chip of the old block, but the old block itself. I shall not undertake to appraise here the value of his many original papers on Indian History and Antiquities, which are found scattered through the volumes of the Indian Antiquary, the Journal of the Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, the Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, the Epigraphia Indica, the Archæological Annual, the Hyderabad Archæological Series and other like learned publications. He may rightly be regarded as the path-finder in trackless regions of the boundless field of Indian antiquarian research, and this has enabled him to take unquestioned rank as an inspiring teacher. To him it must be a deep gratification to be admitted to the degree which was conferred a dozen years ago in this very hall upon his venerable father, who has fortunately been spared to witness the triumph of his son, whom he so sedulously brought up to follow in his footsteps.

Professor Henry Stephen holds a unique position among the teachers of our youths, whose affection and reverence he has enjoyed for forty years. Whether within the walls of the College consecrated by the religious fervour of Alexander Duff, or within the wider sphere of a Teaching and Research

University, he has helped to ennoble their lives by bringing them into contact with the minds of the greatest seers of the world, the acknowledged masters of Literature and Philosophy. To the surprise and delight of thousands of pupils, he has elucidated, with equal ease and enthusiasm, the problems of life as expounded by Aristophanes and Shakespeare, by Plato and Kant, by Aristotle and Emerson, by Virgil and Coleridge, by Schiller and Swinburne, by Wordsworth and Bergson, who symbolise the wisdom of diverse ages and races.

Rai Sahib Dines Chandra Sen, who has worthily held the Fellowship which commemorates the services of that pious educationist of a bygone generation, Ramtanu Lahiri, has established for himself an unassailable position as historian of our mother tongue in its manifold aspects. It was in recognition of the value of his original researches in the history of the language and literature of Bengal that the Secretary of State for India, now more than twenty years ago, awarded him the first literary pension in British India. His numerous contributions on the life and times of Sri Chaitanya, the great apostle of religious revival in the fifteenth century, have served to elucidate many a dark corner in the social and literary history of Bengal; on the other hand, his labours in the examination of the earliest manuscripts of the Bengali language have smoothed the path of all his followers in that captivating field of scholarship. The value of his life-long work in these and other departments has spread the fame of this University in far distant lands and has been appreciated by scholars of all shades of opinion.

Professor Abanindra Nath Tagore, who has accepted our invitation to occupy the Bagishwari Chair of Indian Fine Arts—a subject whose claims have unfortunately not hitherto been recognised by Indian Universities—is the undisputed leader of the movement for revival of the School of Indian Art. He is himself a gifted artist, whose numerous paintings exhibited in Delhi, Simla, Bombay, Calcutta, London, Paris, Tokyo, Boston and New York have arrested the attention and secured the admiration of connoisseurs. His presence in what has hitherto been regarded as orthodox academic circles will help us to realise that true national education is impossible without a genuine appreciation of national art. Nowhere does it require to be more insistently emphasised than here that if it be the purpose of a University to train men for the public services and for professional careers, it is equally its duty to widen the intellectual and spiritual horizon of the students. This will be most effectively achieved when our people learn to appreciate the patent truth that the soul of India manifested itself in a special manner through her wonderful art which furnishes a powerful instrument for self-discipline and self-refinement.

Professor Cuthbert Edmund Cullis, who has for more than a generation revealed to our ablest students the abstruse truths of the highest branches of Mathematics, now adorns the Chair named after our late Chancellor, Lord Hardinge. He has been for many years past engaged in recondite researches on the mysteries of mathematical forms which would bewilder the ordinary mortal. Yet his discoveries, though wellnigh incomprehensible to all but the trained mathematician, have proved to be capable of fruitful and far-reaching applications in the realms of Higher Algebra, Geometry of Hyper-spaces, Vectors and Invariants, with possibility of extensive use in the solution of difficult problems in Applied Mathematics and Physical Science.

Dr. Gilbert Thomas Walker, one of the acutest intellects sharpened by the remarkable discipline which has made Cambridge famous as a seat of mathematical learning, has not only worthily maintained but has substantially enhanced the high reputation of the work of the Indian Observatories, initiated by his predecessor, another prominent son of Cambridge, the late Sir John Eliot. But five years before he chose India as the field of his activities, he had established a lasting reputation as a mathematician and physicist of the highest rank by the penetrative insight displayed in his Essay on Aberration and problems connected with the Electro-magnetic Field; the value of this work may be appreciated from the fact that it was adjudged worthy of the Adams Prize in the University of Cambridge, jointly with the thesis on Æther and Matter submitted by Sir Joseph Larmor. He has further laid our students under obligation by his lectures on the Theory of Electro-magnetism in which he expounded a subject, inherently difficult of comprehension, with singular skill and clearness in presentation.

Professor Chandrasekhar Venkata Raman, fascinated by the charms of scientific research, abandoned a lucrative and tempting official career and accepted the Chair of Physics founded by our great benefactor Sir Taraknath Palit. His striking investigations in various departments of Physics, particularly in the ever-widening field of the Theory of Vibrations, have attracted respectful attention in the highest scientific circles in Europe and America. But what is still more worthy of congratulation is that a vigorous School of Physics has sprung up for the first time in the history of our University, and students have flocked from all parts of India to his laboratories in the College of Science and in the Indian Association for the Cultivation of Science, to imbibe his enthusiasm and to profit by his teaching and guidance.

Sir Mokshagundam Visvesvaraya occupies a prominent place in the front rank of Indian administrators, and is conspicuous for his sagacity of judgment, independence of character and boldness of conception. But here I lay more emphatic stress on his triumphs as one of the foremost of Indian engineers. He has planned and executed, with unsurpassed skill, stupendous works of public utility to control and utilise the agencies of Nature for purposes of irrigation and improvement of agriculture. No one who has witnessed the practical result following the erection of the dams across the rivers Musi at Hyderabad and Kaveri at Mysore will venture to dispute his solid claim to the gratitude of his fellow-subjects.

We rejoice further to extend a cordial welcome to that renowned savant, Professor Sylvain Levi, who stands in the forefront of the present generation of French orientalists. It is now nearly eight years ago that we decided to give expression to our high appreciation of his eminence as a scholar: but, by reason of the outbreak of the Great War he found it impossible to be in our midst and to lecture to our advanced students on the captivating subject of India and her neighbours in ancient times. It is superfluous for me to reiterate his many-sided activities which have influenced the course of thought and speculation in almost every conceivable corner of the ever-extending domain of oriental studies. His wonderful mastery of Asiatic languages of the most diverse types, such as Sanskrit, Chinese, Tibetan, Annamese, Mongolian and Central Asian has enabled him to take a comprehensive comparative view of many an abstruse topic, literary, philosophical and religious; his learning is indeed so varied that the value of his contributions to the elucidation of the past history of Asiatic nations can be fully appraised only by a syndicate of specialists. It is truly a matter for congratulation that he should have found it possible to accept the invitation of our national poet as also of this University to expound the mysteries of oriental culture to students at Bolpur and Calcutta.

I have reserved till the last all reference to one who is so intimately connected with us, I mean our Chancellor. I am not called upon here to anticipate the verdict of history upon the administration of the Right Hon'ble the Earl of Ronaldshay as Governor of this Presidency during one of the most critical periods in the history of its development. But this I maintain with confidence that in him are united, in a very special manner, the attributes of a gifted scholar and statesman.

He had imbibed the best ideals of true education at Harrow and Cambridge, and his intellectual vision was widened by travel all over the East, from Turkey to Japan, from Siberia to Ceylon. It is no wonder that a cultured nobleman like him should be able, with hereditary aptitude, to temper his individuality with sympathy for the aspirations of the people whom Providence has placed under his rule. Remarkable for his inborn courtesy and sincerity, courageous yet felicitous in the expression of his convictions, he has secured the respect and admiration of all who had the privilege to come into contact with him, even though they might not assent to his views. He has been an observant student of human nature in the East, whether in the innermost recesses of the villages of Bengal or on journeys of exploration to unknown corners of the Eastern Himalayas and the glaciers of Kanchinjangha. But more than all this, he has appreciated the unfathomable difficulties which surround the metaphysical problems propounded by the sages of Buddhism on the one hand and Vedantism on the other; and few, even amongst those of his countrymen who have felt attracted by eastern ideals, have gained an equally deep insight into the basic problems of Indian Philosophy and Religion, which are indissolubly associated as much with our spiritual life as with the true advancement of the Indian Nation.

Finally, you, gentlemen, who have so indulgently listened to this inadequate estimate of the varied achievements of so many distinguished individuals, with such diverse tastes and accomplishments, may well enquire if a characteristic, common to them all, may be discovered. Let me, therefore, venture upon a bold synthesis. To my mind, they are all pilgrims on the endless road which leads to that sacred shrine where the lamp of Truth burns eternally resplendent, the ultimate goal of humanity. They have never deviated from this noble path, and their activities have been constructive rather than destructive,—all honour to those, who have so faithfully worked, each in his allotted sphere, for the progress of the race."

Our Second Special Convocation took place on the 27th December last in the Throne Room of the Government House. It is a matter of deep regret to all University men that the Convocation held for conferring an Honorary Degree on H. R. H the Prince of Wales should have taken place in the political atmosphere surrounding the Government House. The following letter addressed to the Vice-Chancellor by Mr. W. R. Gourlay, the Private Secretary to His Excellency the Governor, will spare us the trouble of further comments.

"GOVERNMENT HOUSE,
CALCUTTA.
21st December, 1921.

MY DEAR SIR ASUTOSH,

The Chancellor has been greatly exercised in mind as to the advisability of holding the Convocation in the Senate House on the 27th. He has delayed coming to a decision as long as was possible, but out of respect for the Senate, delay is no longer possible, and this necessity for coming to an immediate decision when the political horizon may possibly be brighter a few days hence, has made the consideration of the matter still more difficult.

His Excellency is very reluctant to alter arrangements which may have already been made; but considering the present condition of excitement in the city and the turn matters may take on the 24th, he has been reluctantly brought to the conclusion that it would not be wise for him at the present juncture to ask the Prince to go to the Senate House to receive the Degree the University desire to confer upon him, a ceremony to which His Royal Highness had been looking forward.

His Excellency knows that this decision will be the cause of deep disappointment to yourself, to the Senate and to the large number of graduates who, he understands, have already applied for permission to be present at the Convocation. To meet this disappointment to some extent, His Excellency would be prepared to arrange for the Convocation to take place at Government House at which the University might confer the Degree.

Yours sincerely,
W. R. GOURLAY."

The brilliant success of the function, the enthusiastic ovation which His Royal Highness received, leave no room for doubt that after all His Excellency was indeed "reluctantly brought to the conclusion that it would not be wise for him at the present juncture to ask the Prince to go to the Senate House to receive the Degree. Mr. Gourlay's geniality of manners and his decision to leave the arrangements in the hands of the University authorities contributed in no small measure to the triumph which His Royal Highness obtained in the academic world in Bengal. The speech of the Vice-Chancellor Sir Asutosh Mookerjee was so different from the speeches which were delivered on two such auspicious occasions in the past,—it was pregnant with nationalistic fervour and it appealed very strongly to two great obvious truths which have a tendency to become blurred in the extraordinarily exciting days through which we have been moving. The first is that we must recognise freely and openly the part that Britain has played in the romantic story of our national resurrection. The second is that it is absolutely essential for the safety and the continued prosperity of the Commonwealth of Nations included within the British Empire to recognise the great truth, which is frequently lost sight of amidst arrogant claims of racial superiority, that "Indians like

Englishmen are high-spirited and fearless; both alike will do justice, will have justice, and will put up with nothing but justice from each other and from the nations at large." Thus said the Vice-Chancellor:

"YOUR EXCELLENCY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

On occasions when Honorary Degrees are conferred in this University, the Vice-Chancellor is expected to dwell at some length on the eminent position and attainments of the distinguished recipients; but whatever may verily be pleaded in defence of this time-honoured custom, a departure may well be sanctioned when we are assembled to show our regard for the Heir-Apparent to the Throne. The event may rightly be interpreted as possessing a significance rather national and imperial than scholastic and academic. We rejoice to think that now forty-six years ago, when the Senate of this University desired to honour His Royal Highness Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, whom Queen Victoria of loved and revered memory, had sent out in our midst in token of her deep affection for the millions of her subjects in her Indian Empire, we were authorised to give expression to our feelings in a manner befitting an academic body and to open our roll of Honorary graduates with his illustrious name. We remember, again, with pride and pleasure that thirty years later His Royal Highness George Frederic Ernest Albert, Prince of Wales, graciously consented, like his august father, to join the rank of our Honorary Doctors of Law. We recall, further, with gratitude and exultation the memorable day when six years later, our great Sovereign and his consort vouchsafed to us the high privilege of approaching Their Gracious Majesties on this very spot, with a dutiful address expressive of our deepest feelings of loyalty and devotion. It is thus appropriate in the highest degree that on the present auspicious occasion we should be anxious to extend to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales such enthusiastic welcome as lies in our power and thereby to renew a connection between the Royal House and our University which, to our joy, already possesses a hereditary character.

But let me emphasise that there are additional weighty reasons of a personal nature, why we are gratified by this opportunity to give outward expression to our feelings of esteem and admiration. Though still in the threshold of what is bound to prove a career of signal beneficence, His Royal Highness has given abundant proof of true nobility of soul. Whether amidst the peaceful life of an ancient seat of learning and culture, or amidst the storm and stress of a battle-field in the greatest of wars recorded in modern history, his high sense of duty and good comradeship secured for him the affectionate regard of all who were brought into contact with him. To their surprise and delight, he united inexhaustible courtesy with chivalrous courage, and untiring energy with unfailing serenity of temper. It is no wonder that a Prince of the Royal House, so richly endowed by Nature, gifted with an ever-radiant smile, warmly interested in the welfare of the rising generation, anxious to meet and mingle with youth and to understand their hopes and aspirations, ever ready to open out his mind to them and to give them an insight into the ideas he holds in reverence as true and honourable—it is surely no wonder that such a Prince should, by universal testimony, conquer all hearts wherever he might go, in the Dominions of Canada, in the Australasian Colonies, in the United States of America, and, let me couple without hesitation the name of my motherland, India.

What then can be more eminently befitting than that he should prove to be one of the greatest of ambassadors that have ever served the British People,—the founders of commonwealths, the pioneers of progress, the stubborn defenders of liberty? What, again, can be more natural than that we should, with pride and pleasure, invite him, who symbolises in his person all that is best in the traditions of that race, to enter the portals of our Academy, which has been charged by our Gracious Sovereign to conserve our ancient learning and simultaneously to push forward Western science? It is, indeed, by a wise dispensation of Providence that the destinies of India have been united to those of a western nation so progressive and enlightened as Great Britain; this has rendered it possible for us to maintain and develop our highly cherished national culture, intellectual and spiritual, and, at the same time, to take full advantage of the immense opportunities of advancement afforded by all the knowledge, all the science, all the skill of the West. But while we realise the truth that the destiny of men is in their own hands, that their future is for themselves to shape, we look for comradeship to the nation which has been a lesson to oppressors, an example to the oppressed and a sanctuary for the rights of mankind,—that comradeship which is the key to all well-being and happiness in the democratic life of the British Empire to-day, comradeship between nation and nation, between race and race, between people of all ranks in all walks of life. We have been taught to believe that every man and woman under the law should have an equal chance and equal hope, and that individuals and society will have their highest development and the largest allotment of human happiness where this is secured by the spread of education along with liberty under law—liberty, not license, civilisation, not barbarism, liberty clad in the celestial robe of law, that law which alone is the authoritative expression of the will of the people. The dynamic effect of the fusion of ideals, eastern and western, is already visible over this vast continent, the repository of an ancient and glorious civilisation. If I may be permitted to recall the language of our Gracious Sovereign, when ten years ago he gave us the watchword of Hope, "on every side I trace the sign and stirrings of new life"; I see, indeed, the majestic vision which unfolded itself to that great

Puritan Poet, the mighty-mouthed inventor of harmonies, the God-gifted organ-voice of England: "Methinks, I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing itself like a strong man after his sleep and shaking her invincible locks." To have thus roused India from the slumber of ages and now to help her to reconquer for herself her position as a leading nation of the civilised world by assigning to her an honourable place of equality amongst the members of the commonwealth of Britain, will be not only the final realisation of the beneficent purpose of Providence, but also the crowning glory, the noblest achievement of the British race—the race that has secured from unwilling kings the charters of its political rights, the race that has afforded incontestable proof of its humanity by the abolition of slavery within its world-wide territories. The truest course, the surest course, for every member of that great commonwealth to follow is, I doubt not, to recognise that Indians, like Englishmen, are high-spirited and fearless; both alike will do justice, will have justice, and will put up with nothing but justice from each other and from the nations at large. Weld them together, more and evermore, in a comradeship for defence of liberty under law. Their union of heart and purpose will record the triumph of justice and humanity, and will leave its indelible mark upon the pages of the history of Freedom in every sphere of activity of civilised man. We fervently hope that no sullen clouds of coldness or estrangement may ever obscure our fair relations and that the action or inaction of men who meditate disunion may not succeed to mar the benevolent purpose of Providence; and we venture respectfully to charge the future King of the British People with a cordial message of good-will from us, assuring them of our desire to strengthen the golden link which connects India with Great Britain and the Royal House.

My Lord, I trust I shall be forgiven if I bring my address to a close on a personal note. On the occasion when forty-six years ago, an Honorary Degree was first conferred on a Prince of Wales, the distinguished graduates of this University were invited to witness the ceremony. One of the earliest graduates was permitted as an act of special favour to bring his little boy into the Senate House to have a glimpse of the Prince. The tumultuous acclamation which greeted His Royal Highness as he entered the hall made an ever-lasting impression on the mind of the boy. Thirty years later, the boy had developed into a Syndic and recorded his concurrence in a proposal to confer an Honorary Degree on the second Prince of Wales. Six years later, this very Syndic as Vice-Chancellor of this University and as the spokesman of the Senate had the high privilege to present a loyal and dutiful address to His Most Gracious Sovereign. By a singular turn of events, he now stands before you and has the supreme satisfaction to invite Your Excellency, as Chancellor of this University, to confer an Honorary Degree on the third Prince of Wales."

There was a pleasant departure from tradition and convention when the Vice-Chancellor introduced the members of the Syndicate to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales as soon as he entered the hall. Pleasanter still was the short and sweet reply which fell from the young lips of the illustrious recipient of the Degree, the Darling of the Nations and the Heir-Apparent to the Throne. So said His Royal Highness:

"YOUR EXCELLENCY, MR. VICE-CHANCELLOR, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

I thank you for the very high honour which you have conferred on me by granting me an honorary degree of your University.

My father, His Imperial Majesty the King-Emperor, received this honour at your hands in 1906, and six years later recalled the pleasure which the ceremony had afforded to him, in his reply to a loyal address presented to him by the representatives of your University.

On the latter occasion His Majesty dwelt on the high ideals which should animate Universities in India, and in his confidence that the labours of your governing body would be inspired by those noble standards and that you would shoulder your high responsibilities with a courage which would command success. At the same time His Majesty's deep interest in the cause of education was shown by his special commands to his Governor General regarding the expansion and improvement of education generally in India.

I am gratified to hear that his wishes in the latter respect have borne fruit. It will be of interest to His Majesty to learn from me that his confidence in you was not misplaced; and that in the rapid expansion of educational facilities, which has occurred, one of the important features has been the co-operation of bodies such as your University, in measures calculated to extend and improve the system of higher education in India in proportion to the expansion and progress which is taking place in other departments of education in this country. That this co-operation is cheerfully given in the face of financial and other difficulties redounds to your credit.

Gentlemen, I will not detain you longer. I trust that the honorary degree with which you have presented me to-day, will form a real bond of union between me and the University of Calcutta."

We have great pleasure in publishing the photographs of the savants who have been honoured by our University.

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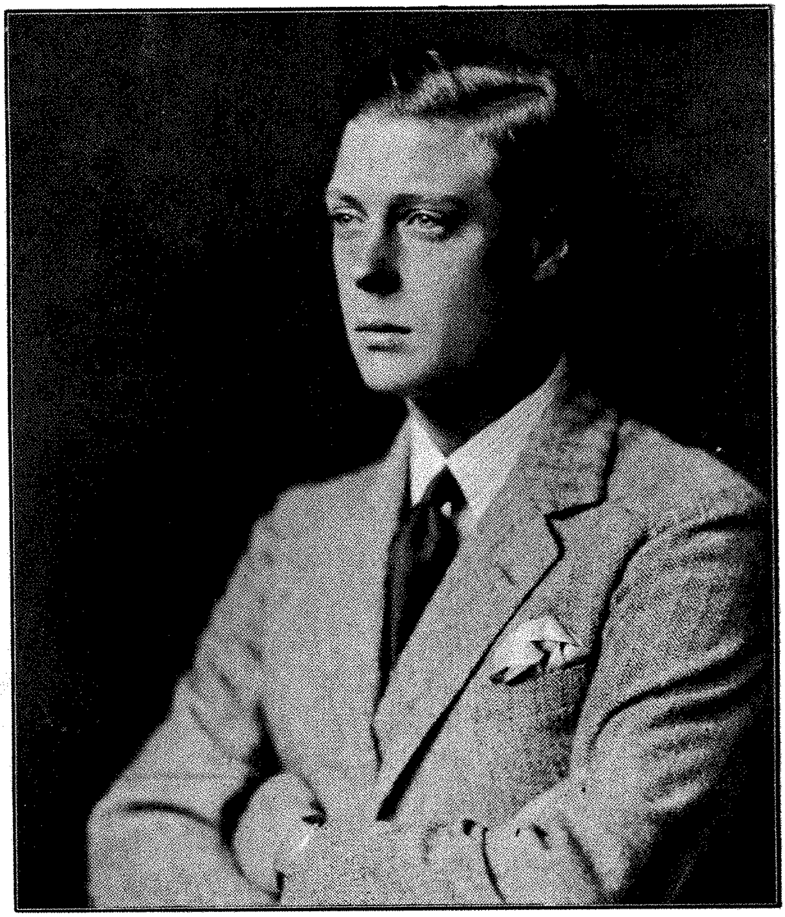
THE HOSTS AND THE GUESTS AT THE ORIENTAL CONFERENCE, 1922.



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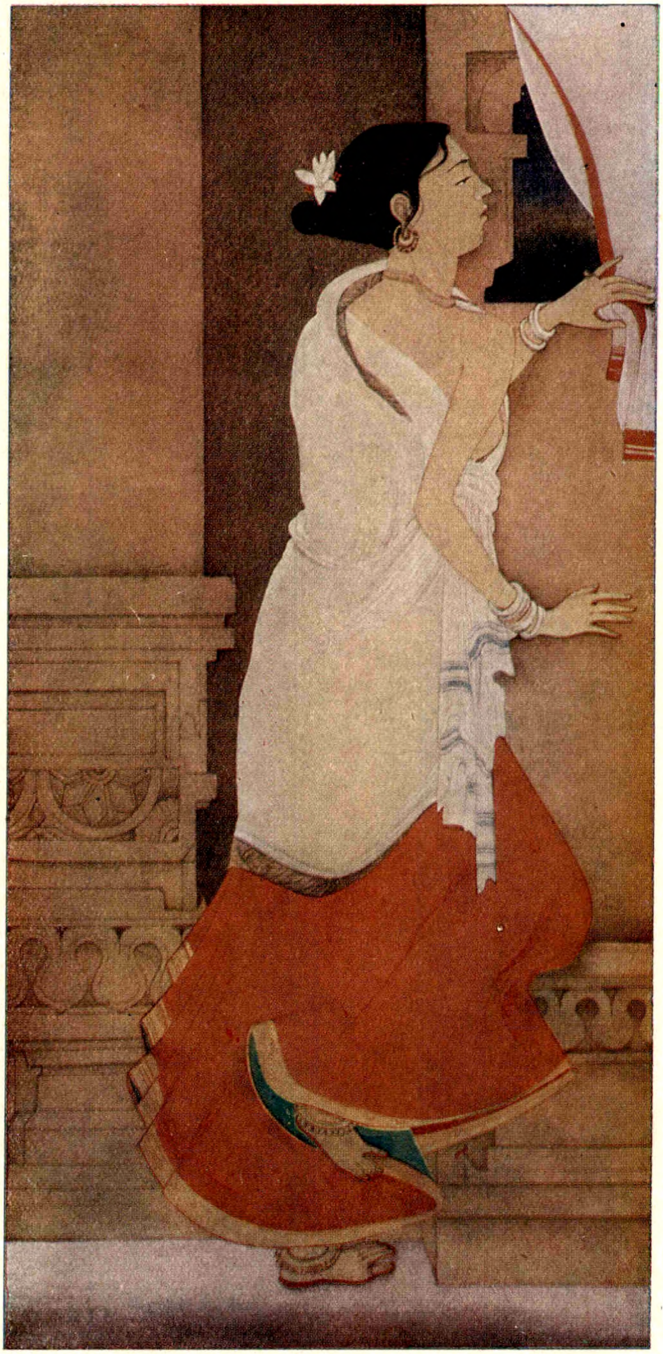

The World Outside.

(By courtesy of the Bharati)

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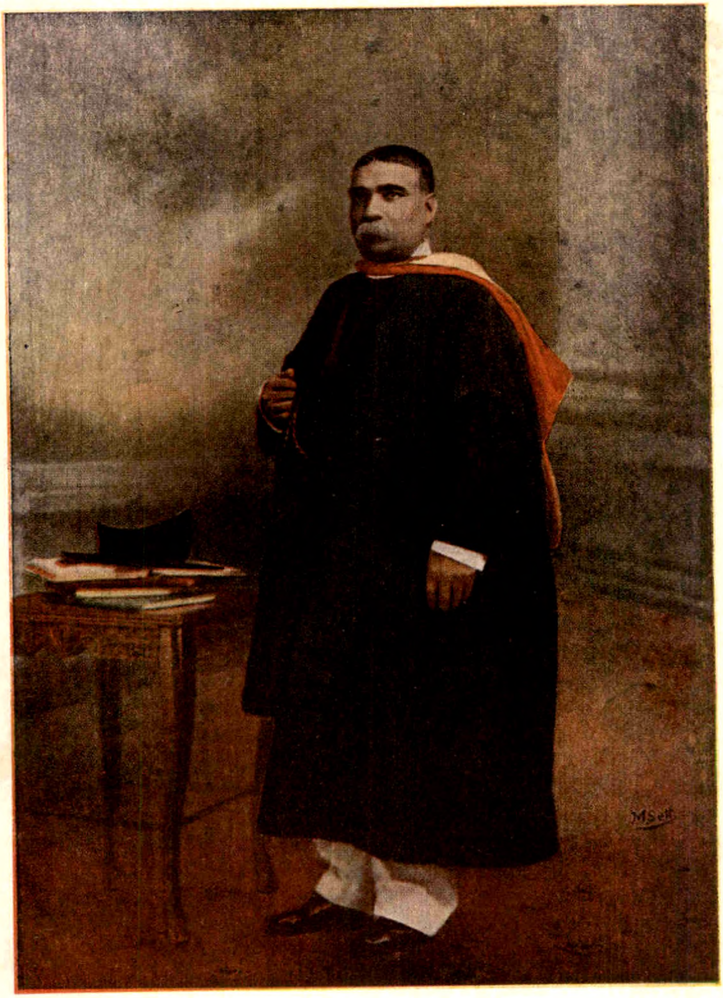

SIR ASUTOSH MOOKERJEE
Our Vice-chancellor.

Bengal Art Studio & Printing, Ltd., Calcutta

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THE CALCUTTA REVIEW

FEBRUARY, 1922

ENGLISH FEBRUARY[1]

I wash the dun world free from stain
And make it fit for flowers again;
I whisper to the buried seed
That to the light
It may its folded poppies lead.

To the bare twigs I prophesy
Leaves that shall flood them by and by;
To the sealed hives of thrift and thyme
Last year's delight
And yellow blossoms of the lime.

[1] This unpublished poem by the talented authoress Nora Hopper who died on 14th April, 1906, has been very kindly placed at the disposal of the Calcutta University by her husband Mr. W. H. Chesson.

For proof of flower—full days to come,
I set the blossoms on the plum ;
For proof of lilies yet to be
I write my gospel fair and white
In Snowdrops—maids of February.

NORA HOPPER

OFFERING

(*From Sanskrit*)

Lord of Lakshmi ! by whose grace
Mankind the Sea of Life dare cross.
What gift could a poor mortal,
King of Worlds ! at Thy Feet lay ?
Rādhā Milkmaid stole away
Thy heart,—it is a grievous loss ;—
This I'd fain replace for Thee,
Accept, O Lord, *my* heart I pray.

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PROSE POEMS

LOVE OFFERINGS

V

Dusky but fair; athrill with Life and Love;
Ablush with mingled pride and modesty;
In simple garb, yet Queen-like all, and crowned
With the sweet Mystery of her Womanhood;
Moving with subtlest tact and infinite grace;
The dust of Ages on her dainty feet—
Slowly but surely she hath found her way
Down the long crowded clamorous aisles of Time.
Lo, now she stands before a wondering world,
Backed by the radiance of her nebulous past!
No longer downcast are her glorious eyes;
True, in their depths still lurks the trace of tears
For countless sorrows meekly borne of yore;
But, there, now dwells and flashes forth a light,
Blent of a myriad secrets of the Soul—
That wondrous newly-wakened Soul of hers!—
Knowledge of Life in all its varied planes;
Courage for aught her *Karma* hath in store;
The will to win and hold against the world
A place (her rightful heritage) in the sun;
A clear sense of her duties and her dues;
Hope in her heart; upon her lips a song;
And, above all, a vivid consciousness
Not only of her own, her new-found, worth,

But also of that charm ineffable—
That personality, in part divine,
Yet enough mortal for our mortal gaze—
Which, more than aught else in her armoury,
Renders her Victrix wheresoe'er her glance
Chooses to fall, and, falling, brings Mankind
In silken fetters, willing captives all,
Before her footstool—there, on bended knee,
To lay their homage, aye, their very hearts!
Ind! I salute thee—Mother of noble sons!
Let them but realize the best within them—
That mystical "Divinity" once said to hedge
The Throne, but which as surely also dwells
In the innermost recesses of the Self,
Whate'er the Race, Rank, Creed, of him or her
Whom it ensouls; nay, whatsoe'er its place
Upon the scale, beginningless or no,
Of what is called "Existence." Do but this,
And who shall dare to doubt what lies ahead
For them and for their Motherland? What force,
Human or otherwise, shall stay their march?
Get knowledge of your own True-Selves; *au reste,*
Possess your souls in patience. In due time
The *Ātman*—the "Divine" within us all—
Will cause that what may now be only seed
Shall some day most assuredly be changed,
As though by magic, into the Flower and Fruit!

*

With adorable frankness the tavern veteran said to the tavern boy: In this laughing, mocking world ever keep thy counsel; never voice thy woe.

*

The nightingale sobbed and said: neither the Spring's soft virginal caress; nor Autumn's sombre, weeping gloom—ah! neither this stirreth Joy, nor that now exciteth grief—for alas! all-conquering Time soon slayeth the one and killeth the other.

*

To his tearful comrades the dying warrior said: Now that my dreams are over, my days are done, and to unknown shores I sail—never more to return—bury my sword with me—that life-long friend who has ever stood firm by me in the darkest hour of peril and of gloom. Lay it by me; for with it I have fought for Light, for Truth, for the Rights of man. No stain dishonours it. Unsullied and ready in its sheath—it has ever been what a soldier's sword should be. In defence of Honour; in support of Truth; in Freedom's cause; for my Country's sake—ever for these, from the scabbard it has leapt, flashed, fought.

Comrades of the past and of many woes! Light and Truth and the Spirit of Freedom—let these be your unresting endeavour; your one, unfailing quest.

May on you dawn the day—long awaited with aching hearts and yearning eyes—the day "when war on earth shall cease; harsh times shall mellow into peace."

S. KHUDA BUKHSH

THE CARLYLE LEGEND

There is growing up a Carlyle legend, as there grew up a Cromwell legend, and one day someone will have to do for Carlyle what he did for Cromwell—remove the mask. This shall be no attempt to do that. If the time to do it were come, which is doubtful, and if we could do it, which is much more doubtful, we have not at present the hundredth part of the leisure which the task would demand. Something may however be said on the subject.

The legend, we say, is growing, which is to say that it has not yet taken final shape. What it will be is still perhaps doubtful. Some have maintained that Carlyle was a great literary artist, and, in his own time, a great teacher. The proof of the last is that he influenced, even inspired, hundreds of those whose generation followed after his. To our generation, they maintain, he is no teacher, and will never again be accepted by the world as one. Others have maintained that the Carlyle of the earlier books was a great teacher, and will ever remain one; but that the Carlyle of the later books, especially the Carlyle of Frederick, was a man seduced into a blind, or perverse, advocacy of force, and is not profitable to the correction of anyone.

The deepest concern of man is his relation to God. That is so even to those who articulately deny it, and shape their conduct according to some code of "good form"; whose conscious ideal is merely to be gentlemen. It is a concern compared with which all other concerns of man are insignificant, and it forms an essentially practical part of every other one. To be the best bricklayer or carpenter that it is possible for you to be, you must have the sense of that relation; you must feel the divinity of man. You must believe it truly, without any priggishness, or hypocrisy, or other base admixture. To put it very summarily, it was in that belief, very sincerely held, that Carlyle began. He had also, we may be sure, a sense that he had been given powers that were not ordinary, which it would be his duty to use.

Carlyle was a stone-mason's son. He began life without money and without friends. The callings open to a man of his means, or lack of them, were the ministry, school-mastering or college-tutoring, and journalism—"salaried occupations" would be a more correct phrase to use than "callings." These, then, were all that were open to Carlyle. They were open, that is, to Carlyle as a man who had taken a university degree, but was without the means of purchasing an opening in life, or friends, such as Macaulay had, to make one for him. In effect, however, they were all closed. It is probably as true to-day as it was then, that for a man to succeed in journalism, he must not have too strong a sense of the sacredness of truth; of each man's duty to decide, alone with his God, what his daily duty is. These are things that follow, however, from the fact that a man does stand in a relation to God, and that the divinity of mankind is not a mere phrase. The remembrance of them makes journalism impossible for a man.

School-mastering and college-tutoring are to-day, in the general estimation, more honourable callings than journalism, as not appearing to require any sacrifice of a man's principles, whatever they may be. They were honourable callings in Carlyle's day too—to any man to whom the traditional beliefs still appeared to be the Word of God. To a man to whom they did not appear so, they were not honourable callings. They were not so to Clough for instance. The ministry, then as now and ever, is closed to all men who find much to doubt in the traditional beliefs.

There was, then, public life being closed to him, only one career open to Carlyle—the career of a man of letters, and that one he chose. That he was not intended for it he has said himself, and marvellous as his literary gift appears to us, as to everyone, we do not hesitate to say that he was right. To one born to be a man of letters writing is always the greatest pleasure, and it may even be an intoxicating delight. To Carlyle it was always pain and grief; at times it seemed to him a thing impossible; at the best he could only manage it, not by *writing* his books, but by *talking* them. His style was his Father's conversational style, stretched, not without sounds of breaking, to meet that greater strain upon it. Even with the unimpeachable witness that there is to the fact that the writing of his books made Carlyle wretched, it is almost incredible that they should have done so. We cannot conceive of anything of the kind being ever better done than the best parts of the "French Revolution," and that they were written by a man, not intoxicated with the sense of the supreme goodness of the thing growing daily under his hands, but almost beside himself with misery at his task, is a thing really almost beyond belief.

Having chosen the career of a man of letters Carlyle had to perform, at least for a time, the common tasks that fall to such. He translated "Wilhelm Meister," a Life of Schiller; he wrote articles for the Magazines. Being, however, more than a man of letters, or being no common one, being in addition, a man imbued with the sense of man's divinity, and his individual responsibility to God, he had meanwhile to settle in his own mind what he should tell the world of higher matters. He found that even in the best of what was believed around him, at least in the form of it as clothed by men in words, there was a great deal that he could not believe, and in that which was not best—in the current opinions regarding constitutions and their workings, education, the relations between the rich and the poor, and many other matters—he found a great deal that he had flatly to disbelieve. Other men might pick up their opinions as they pleased, or as their interests dictated: he must form his own by rule, and that rule was rooted in the conviction of the divinity of man.

To tell the truth, if you could discover it, about Goethe and Schiller, and the worth of their writings; about Johnson, Burns and Scott; about Cagliostro and the diamond necklace—these were honourable tasks, and for each there would be a season; but if you had thought out the *everlasting no* and *everlasting yea*—these were certainly greater matters, and the conclusion of your thought was obviously not one to withhold. So "Sartor Resartus" was written, a book that is that man's "conclusion of the whole matter."

The writing of "Sartor Resartus" probably convinced Carlyle, if it is not still more probable that he knew it before he wrote it, that the powers which God had given him were the very highest; that his peers were such as Dante, Luther, Shakespeare. His calling, then, as a man of letters was henceforward not to be as that of other men of letters; his writings, except those whose purpose was admittedly to serve some need of the hour—"Past and Present," "Latter Day Pamphlets," "Chartism"—were to be such as might be accepted as part of a new Bible. His concern was to be with the highest—the government of human societies; the moulding of human belief.

The distinction between Carlyle's view of his calling as historian (the man of letters who is concerned with the highest, if he be not a poet, must be a historian) and such a one as Macaulay's is vital. Macaulay might choose any period of history that had not yet found a supreme historian. It must be an interesting one, to give the writer's gifts full scope, and if the book be well written, it will live, and be read ages later by those who take delight in reading, and seek practical instruction from history; but neither its author nor anyone will ever claim for it a place in a new Bible.

Let us break the thread now to speak of some particular opinions or beliefs that Carlyle had formed. One was that much as the wisdom of one age has differed from that of another, the seers of all the ages have thought fundamentally alike; that wide as the gulf might be between a Dante's view of any human institution and a Luther's of the same in a later age, about all permanent things their thought has been substantially the same. Another belief was that, granted that the wise man of any age must suffer as hemmed within the then known bounds of human knowledge, it was yet true that the gulf between *his* wisdom, *his* insight into the fact of anything, and that of other men was immeasurable. He was, then, a man to follow implicitly. In this or that age there might be no seer; there might be only a Mirabeau, a Frederick. Under their leadership men would not get near to heaven, but they would get immeasurably nearer than under any other man's, or under no leadership at all.

The third and last belief we propose to speak of is a corollary of the second. It is that there is an element of the accidental and the unimportant in the fact that the seer in one age is a Judge in Israel, in another, or in others, a poet, in a third a priest, in a fourth, a king. The poet-seer of one age, if born in another in which the time demanded that of him, would have been a priest-seer, or a king-seer. It is not that there is a gift for supreme poetry, a gift for supreme priesthood, a gift for supreme kingship, these three differing in kind. They are one gift—a radiant insight into the truth of things. The victories of the poet, the priest, the king are essentially the same. The man cannot see the thing, whatever thing it be, with *that* clearness without knowing what to do with it, what to do about it.

We have now to fare forth, with this man of letters who was not one, in search of subjects of Biblical interest. There is both no lack of such subjects, and, the difficulty lying in the handling of them, a great dearth of them. One, the French Revolution, was plainly to be seen. Perhaps it was the more plain to that peasant's son, because he had seen his neighbours reduced to eating grass; because he knew the Duke who was afterwards, at the time of the Disruption, to refuse to let any Free Kirk be built on his acres, a proceeding no doubt characteristic of His Grace. Of the French Revolution as a subject for Carlyle's pen, as of the other subjects that he chose, Froude has already explained what it is most important to understand; but as it would appear that his explanation is not now read, or, if read, is not accepted, it may be repeated. As it may be read, but not believed, and as Froude was Carlyle's friend, and may be thought not to have been unbiassed, there may be an advantage in some human being of a later generation letting it be known that *he* firmly believes it. It is as well to add that what Froude gave as the explanation he had had from Carlyle himself.

The French Revolution, in Carlyle's view, was a manifest judgment of God. It even lightened for him

> "the heavy and the weary weight
> Of all this unintelligible world;"

for had he lived before it, he would have had to have *faith* that such would be the end, in these days as of old, of every corrupt society. To live after, and to *see*, was much the easier.

In taking that view of the French Revolution, Carlyle was in substantial agreement with his own age, and our own is in agreement with them, so that in his general treatment of the subject there is nothing to offend us, as there was nothing to offend his contemporaries. Read in the light of his later books there will be found expressions, it is true, that show Carlyle to have been not precisely a believer in democracy, as we practise it, as well as some other things; but as the general sympathy is with him as to the whole matter, the sting is taken out of *that*. It is perhaps, too, not without its importance that the retribution we are summoned to be present at and witness is retribution visited upon other men's rapacity and cruelty, other men's spiritual cecity and ignobleness. In the later books they are our own. It may not be retribution visited, but retribution foretold, if we do not mend our ways.

The next subject was to be the struggle of the Puritans with Charles I, or a history of England's most heroic age. What made it a Biblical subject was manifestly not the fact that Charles levied Ship-money without the consent of Parliament; not that he governed England for years without Parliament; not that he set up a Star Chamber, which slit off men's ears; not that he tried to imprison members of Parliament. These might be the chief grounds for fighting Charles in this or that man's view: they were not England's, Carlyle thought; not Hampden's or Pym's; especially were they not Cromwell's. England was not moved, either, by any passionate desire for a republican form of government, nor was Cromwell, though some of his lieutenants were, who withdrew from him, in sorrow or in rage, when he showed that it had not been for republicanism that he had fought. Had he been fighting for that, had they all been, it would not have made it a Biblical subject. Or nothing like as much so as the continental wars of religion of the Sixteenth Century made such a subject, much as we may have to admit that many mixed motives entered into them too. What made the English Civil War a Biblical subject was that the issue was whether God was to be worshipped worthily in England or no; whether or no England was to be governed in the fear of God. Carlyle did not write his history. He tried it and failed. He could not make the thing live. Not as *the* book but as *a* book, and one which, if written, would perhaps clear the way for *the* book, he determined to edit and print Cromwell's Letters and Speeches. When he had done that, it seemed that no more need be done. The story of the Puritan struggle in all its chief lineaments had been told. If perhaps it had not been quite so fully as Carlyle persuaded himself (he was by that time in the state of physical exhaustion that made any long subject appear wearisome), he certainly had shown all his thought about it. First, that it was a religious war; secondly, that his sympathies were wholly with the Puritans; thirdly, that in Cromwell he recognized a king-seer. That is clearly to be seen by anyone who will read the book attentively, especially the first part. When Carlyle comes to the letters or the speeches, each of which was to be given with only so much elucidatory comment as was necessary, his subject is for the moment its subject, which makes it often the narrowest possible. A man who is fighting battles and reducing towns has letters to write; but he will not preface his instructions about more shot and shell, or bacon for the troops, or reinforcements, with the expression of his conviction of the righteousness of his fighting. Or, if he is a soldier, and has a speech to make to a Parliament that is splitting hairs over this or that, while the enemy is plotting the overthrow of the Commonwealth, he will stick to the point. Still, there was in Cromwell's mind such an ever-present sense that the battles were God's, that the Parliament's business was His, that the letters and speeches do not lack expression of it, and we are reminded much more often than might be supposed, that it was all an heroic issue.

Our interest in the book, apart from the main issue of seeing Charles, Rupert, Laud, Cromwell, Hampden, and the others live again, is in Carlyle's opinion about it all. What it was, has already been said. The view that he was on the side of Cromwell and his troopers, and not on that of Charles and Laud, because theirs was the winning side—but nobody ever thought so. Schoolboys so like to be on the winning side, even in history, that they make short work of swallowing opinions, but not Carlyle's. That from thenceforward he was on the side of the big or the little battalions, whichever won the battles, unlike the Almighty, who is always on the side of the big, is an epigram, and a good enough one. From an

Indian jungle is said to come this other: "God is great, but he is very far away." One may quote either, when epigrams are being quoted, but not put forward either as a serious opinion. Let us hope not!

Carlyle makes his opinion clear, that Cromwell, as the man who had the clearest sense of Puritanism of anyone of his generation, was a man implicitly to follow. He would have hoped, had he been a Seventeenth Century Englishman, to have followed Cromwell implicitly himself. Puritanism, this was his Nineteenth Century opinion, was the best that man then knew. Official Puritanism had died since, but it was alive then. It was then *the* thing to believe in (there is again to-day a thing that is *the* thing to believe in, and it is as difficult to discover, perhaps more so, than official Puritanism was two and a half centuries ago), and its leader was your best leader. Whatever good there might be to say of the Church of England in those days, and of Charles's and Laud's activities on its behalf, and the good that was in *them*, Puritanism, it appeared, had been a nobler thing. Whatever might be the value to England of preserving the institution of kingship, and the Church of England as an institution, Carlyle thought that, seeing that they were then bent on strangling the life out of a better thing, they had better be destroyed. The victory of official Puritanism would have been to found better institutions in their place.

Carlyle also showed that he had no very high opinion of Parliament; even that he had a very low one. He would think highly of any Parliament in which the right spirit appeared; but it was not to be expected, he perceived, that it ordinarily would, and if, as seemed probable, it was very seldom to, Parliament also had better be destroyed.

These are opinions even more unpalatable to us than they were to Carlyle's own generation. To it what was foremost was the spectacle of a brave, clear-sighted man doing justice to another brave man. Everyone had a part, too, in a supposedly ambitious hypocrite being shown to have been a brave and pious man. As a lover of the Church of England, this or that man gained nothing in the rehabilitation of Cromwell's character: as an Englishman he gained what every Englishman gains every time England produces a hero. All that means less to us. We are used to Cromwell's face without the mask: we are familiar with the true Cromwell, and have almost forgotten the legendary. There is little, then, to divert our attention from Carlyle in the guise of a would-be destroyer of kingship of that kind, of a Church of that kind, of a Parliament of that kind. Or, if there is something substantial, it is the spectacle of Carlyle doing his duty as a man of letters, namely, speaking the truth as he understood it. We may, it is true, readily take it for granted that he would do so. Well, that is a greater compliment to Carlyle.

Which, now, of these two is the more intelligent view—that the older Carlyle may be disregarded, as having suffered corruption through some physiological change, or what not, or that his opinion that kingship, Church and Parliament might in given circumstances be destroyed with advantage to England, is the more sympathetically to be considered as coming from a man who in his earlier opinions has appeared so as if guided by a light from heaven ? That of the physiological change, or whatever it be—what amount of sense is there in that ? If it were the common lot of man to suffer such corruption, and we could therefore feel certain that Carlyle had, and that no opinion of his formed after a certain age was of much value, we should be equally certain that we had suffered it ourselves, and the opinion we should wish to have regarding the question at issue—whether it was right of Cromwell and his Ironsides to endeavour to destroy that kingship, Church, and Parliament before they succeeded in strangling Puritanism—would be the opinion of our sons. Which, let it be said, is very much more likely to be that it was right, than that is likely to be our opinion. We do not, however, ask our sons their opinion, and should they give us it unasked, and we not agree with it, we should not be much impressed. We feel that, leaving our first crude opinions out of account, there has run a certain consistency, a certain integrity, through our judgment of things. Let us allow as much to Carlyle.

What should be our opinion of Carlyle's opinions will engage us later on. It is now time to pass to Frederick.

The upright man may suffer adversity, and there is either no connexion between his weaknesses of character and his misery, or such connexion as there is is too obscure to trace. It cannot be so with a nation, for so close is the connexion between the virtues of honesty, truthfulness, sobriety, industry, and the rest and worldly prosperity, and between vice and national misery, that only time is needed to produce either effect. That means that the life of any race, those excepted which resemble

"quel cattivo coro
Degli angeli che non furan rebelli
Nè fur fideli a Dio, ma per sè foro,"[1]

may be so told as to give the telling a Biblical value. How so to tell it is the question. When the nation itself has a deep sense of Biblical values, as the Jews had, when the writing is done by the people themselves in the course of great stretches of time—when, that is, what is ultimately preserved in writing is what the national memory has retained as most significant, joined to the few contemporary writings, the profound importance of which has ensured their preservation—history so told will always have the supremest value. It will rank above the history, similarly told, of any less heroic race, and below that of any more heroic. The value will be greatly heightened, if the contrast between the nation's original weakness and its later power be very striking, or, as "lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds," if the once heroic race has become contemptible; if what once had life as a forest tree has become withered and dry. A feature of history so told will be the contrast between the length at which the story of the heroic periods, the life-times of the different national heroes is told, and the condensation of the history of other periods into a few lines each. This is what may be called the race-method of writing history, when what is given is what the national memory has retained. If the same method be followed by a single historian, unless no individual instinct for Biblical value can ever equal that of a race, which is probable, his history may have an equal value. So also, if his subject be the history of a race that has grown from weakness to power, from childhood to manhood, while it cannot have the supreme value of a history that tells of the growth of a nation from childhood to manhood, and its subsequent decline to senility and decay, it may still have great-worth and significance for men.

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[1] That abject choir of angels, who were not rebellious, nor were faithful to God, but were for themselves. *John Carlyle's translation.*

Carlyle chose as his next, and as it proved, his last, great task to extract the Biblical value of the history of the German-speaking peoples in general, and the Prussians under their masters the Hohenzollerns in particular, from their beginnings to the end of the Seven Years' War. He might have stopped at an earlier date; say 1546, the date of Luther's death, and have made Luther his hero. Many regret that he did not. There were, however, reasons strong enough why he should not. His book was to be for the edification of the British race. If it did not edify it, Carlyle thought, he might as well leave it alone. It was not to be a book to give intellectual pleasure to the comparatively small class that reads history, a book for statesmen to draw lessons from. It was to be that too, or it is that; but it was to be more—a book to stir and quicken the spiritual life of the mass of his countrymen. If to Carlyle articulate worship and prayer had not become impossible; had he thought that it only needed, that all might be well again with England, that new life should be breathed into her Protestantism, he most probably would have brought his history of the Germans only to 1546, and have made Luther the culminating figure. He believed, however, that Protestantism, or old Protestantism at least, was dying; that Christianity itself, or old Christianity, was dying; that the world wanted a new religion, and possibly one unlike any there had ever been—one that would never become articulate in worship and prayer. He believed that in the meantime men should concentrate their thoughts on the better government of human societies; and he believed that in that domain the past had come much nearer the truth than in the domain of religion; that there was consequently much more to be learned from the study of it than from the study of the religious life of the past. To carry his history of the Germans down to 1763 gave him opportunities of pointing the moral which he would not otherwise have had; opportunities really priceless.

The people who fail to understand Carlyle's intention (almost everyone apparently), and read his "History of Frederick II of Prussia, called 'Frederick the Great'" as a history of Frederick the Great, complaining that the introductory part is much too long, and that the history of his last years (from the end of the Seven Years War to his death) has been disgracefully slurred over, which it would not have been, if in one of those years "Fritz" had won a thumping victory (quite true! it would not have been)—well, it is a book worth reading twice. What *is* the book really? It is more even than a history of the Germans to Frederick's day. It is a history, condensed in the Biblical manner, of Kaiser Barbarossa, the Teutonic Order, Brandenburg and the Hohenzollerns and their predecessors, Luther and the Reformation, the Thirty Years' War, the Great Elector, Frederick Wilhelm, Frederick the Great's father, Frederick the Great, Peter the Great, Leibnitz, George I of England, Voltaire, Louis XV and the Pompadour, Maria Theresa, George II, Chatham, Wolfe, Clive, the Partition of Poland, d'Alembert, Rousseau, and much beside. And of a literary value really extraordinarily high.

Frederick was to Carlyle first and foremost a *working* king as Chatham was also, if an uncrowned one; and the significance to Carlyle of the contrast between their works and ways and the idleness, play-acting, and vice of Louis, the Georges, the Augusts by whom they were surrounded was beyond words to tell. The Germans he thought a rude, coarse, pipe-clay people, very near the root, but obedient, once tamed, and sober, industrious, brave and pious. Frederick, in what was best in him, was what his forefathers had been, but that heightened and perfected. That brain, as an instrument for business, was the very best the Hohenzollerns had produced; and of any supremely effective instrument for business Carlyle would have his good opinion. It made the possessor, as far as that went, good company. There are so many brains, that are not effective instruments for business, in skulls belonging to Kings, Cabinet Ministers, Secretaries, and others, who are managing the business in which you yourself are intimately concerned; and if you feel, peradventure, that the brain in your own skull is one of the good ones, there may be the satisfaction of private revenge, though you must not say so, in giving men something with which to compare their Kings, Cabinet Ministers, etc. Theirs and yours also.

Carlyle had obviously some difficulty in making up his mind what to think of what was new in Frederick. That was stuff of a mixed quality, and of doubtful value; but it was what, or partly what, made the spirit-link between Frederick and Voltaire. In the latter's fight with *l'infâme,* in which Frederick must be held to have taken a part, however difficult it may be strictly to define it, there was much to displease, even something to disgust, Carlyle. When Churches are to be destroyed, he would have it done by pious, earnest men—by men with a deep sense of the imminent peril of the process to men, and so presumably not incapable, as one suspects the Voltaires and Fredericks to be, of building up new churches in their place. As Luthers and Cromwells are capable. When, however, the church has a rotten core that smells, when its destruction, therefore, is to be done speedily, those who help with scorn and contempt and ridicule, that being all they can do, must provoke some sympathy. Their way may at least be studied as a guide to a better way. That better way—the best way—is probably the way of silence.

If Carlyle's estimate of the Germans and the Hohenzollerns was wrong, it *was* wrong, and the world will ultimately be sure of it. Now is not a profitable time to attempt to judge, for the last few generations of Germans and Hohenzollerns, and especially the last, have so covered themselves with infamy unspeakable, that they have involved, whether permanently or temporarily time will show, all their forefathers in the condemnation. If, however, there never had been either Germans or Hohenzollerns, which we must all think would have been better, and a pity that Heaven did not think so too—if Carlyle's book had been all a fiction, and his Brandenburg a new kind of Utopia, it would have a value as expressing his last opinion upon the question of the governance of human societies; and that value, be it great or little, the book will always have. The opinion, to put it very briefly, is that Democracy, if not heroic, will mean a worse world than has yet been seen. To escape the worst we must have *working* kings at least to the extent, really very considerable, to which the men of olden time secured them. We must have our Moses, David, Barbarossa, Great Elector, Cromwell, Frederick, Chatham, Mirabeau. Further, while we must assume that they will make mistakes, it will yet be best on the whole—this is Carlyle's opinion—to obey them implicitly. But they must be *working* Kings: the other kind is anathema. The *other kinds*, it might be better to say, and how near we may be to a new kind, of Democracy's special creating, who can foretell?

This opinion of Carlyle's is one to accept and act on, or to reject, and to reject it is not really possible. We may ignore it and probably will, unless his teaching and that of the others like him has so sunk into us as now to be our second-nature. If it has, it is teaching we shall be following even while we suppose we are ignoring it. To reject it *deliberately* is not possible. In the olden time there was once, or it may have been oftener, in the life of each race a choosing of a king. He once chosen, kingship was made hereditary in his family. Thence ruin and woe to the race in almost every instance. That way, then, of choosing a succession of kings was manifestly wrong. We now choose them differently. At each general election, namely, and sometimes between elections. Everything will obviously depend in what spirit, and with how much sense, we choose them. To trust that the king originally chosen would have a son to succeed him, who would make a good king, and he a son to succeed him, who would make another, was to trust too much to luck. To think, however, that merely substituting frequent choosing for the old trusting to luck has something in its nature necessarily to lead to better results were a grievous mistake. There is, then, an opportunity for Carlyle's opinion, which we are of course to apply to each day's circumstances as they arise, to be of value to us. If we keep in view that the king we choose must be a *working* king, and true and heroic; that our only chance of discerning him is to be *working* kings, and true and heroic ourselves, we shall be practically applying part of the spirit of Carlyle's teaching. If we cultivate the habit of implicitly obeying the king once chosen, we shall be applying the other part. But both how difficult!

The plain truth is, of course, that, whatever be the value of Carlyle's opinions, his later have more value than his earlier. The earlier were coloured by the preference of youth for those parts of the picture of life that make the heart glow, and by Carlyle's inexperience of things as they are. He had not watched, as later in London he did at first-hand, the ignobleness and fatuity of men working in masses. Yet the hero of his "Sartor," his Mirabeau, his Abbot Samson are men surrounded by millions "mostly fools" almost as much as his Cromwell and Frederick are. It may be one's regret that he had not more "faith in humanity," and in the power of persuasion to make men do right; but whether that faith is really justified is very doubtful. Certainly those who have relied most upon persuasion, even St. Paul, even Christ, have also been prepared to use force at times, or to foretell that it would be used, and with right and justice. Only we are so ready to deny that to ourselves, and to regard a Carlyle as in conflict with St. Paul, instead of being essentially with him, only more ready to see force used against selfishness, incompetence, wickedness.

If, finally, something must be said more directly about the "Carlyle Legend" than in the preceding pages, let it be something brief. It is perhaps enough to have called it a "Legend," for all that one has to do in such a case is to put people, and especially younger people, on their guard. They will read his books. What is worth our effort to secure is that they shouldn't begin with a distorted impression of the man, or of any particular book of his. Let them read and judge for themselves. Their generation will probably be more clear-sighted in the matter than our own has been, which grew to manhood in the five and twenty years that followed Carlyle's death. The judgments of men that are formed in those years are seldom left unmodified by those that follow after, and even to appear to regard any of the judgments of Carlyle that have been expressed as classic would be altogether a mistake. They may be left to time. To time also may be left the writing of an account of the man and his work that shall be equally the writing of one man of genius about another as his own Burns and Johnson papers are that. It will be a great pleasure to read it, but it will not be written in our time.

J. A. Chapman

THE ROSE OF INDIA

A Romance of the Ancient East

DE S. THOMA APOSTOLO

Sancte Thoma, princeps mundi,
Fac me, quaeso, non confundi
Ob culparum gravitatem.
Fac me tuam dignitatem
Digne semper exaltare
Et devote invocare.

Es palatii fundator,
Fratris regis suscitator,
Ipsum regem sic repente
Acquiris cum sua gente.
Omnes aegros sic sanando
Transis unde praedicando,
Lanceis post perforaris
Et sic martyr coronaris.

(*From an ancient hymn probably of the ninth century.*

INTRODUCTION

THE LEGEND

The sources of the legend of St. Thomas are four, all of great antiquity. They are *Acta S. Thomae Apostoli* of which both the Greek and Syriac version exist; *Passio S. Thomae Apostoli* in Latin; and in the same language *Liber de Miraculis S. Thomae.* The fourth is *Carmen Thomae Rabban* written in the vernacular of the Malabar coast. The *Passio S.*

Thomae Apostoli is mentioned by St. Gregory of Tours in his work. *In Gloria Martyrum*, to whose authorship has been attributed the *Liber de miraculis S. Thomae* in the sixth century. The *Acta*, however, were written according to the antiquarians about the beginning of the third. The *Carmen Thomae Rabban* is said to be the work of one of the first Indian disciples of St. Thomas.

The traditions of the Apostle would still have been fresh at the time the *Acta* were written, since the Christian communities of Saint Thomas were then in a flourishing state and old people would have been alive whose grandparents had met the Apostle. An author at so early a date would hardly have dared to concoct a fictitious account and try to pass it as genuine. The Legend doubtless has an historical foundation. King Gondophares really existed, and ruled over the North-West of India, being a contemporary of St. Thomas. The tradition of the Apostle still maintains a strong hold in India, especially among the Malabar Christians, where the Feast of S. Thomas celebrated on the 3rd of July, is regarded as the principal Feast of the year, and where in every family there is a boy who bears the Apostle's name. As far back as history dates their record they were called Christians of S. Thomas.

Summing up the evidence (which we do not here set before our readers) Father Marcellin da Civezza, a famous Franciscan historian has written : 'In the face of such a mass of evidence supported by the constant tradition of the Church, it would be an act of temerity and of incredible audacity to raise even a shadow of doubt, on the fact of the Apostolate and Martyrdom of St. Thomas in India.'

The Legend, or that part of it on which our drama is founded, in very brief outline is as follows :

St. Thomas, some while after the Resurrection, began again to doubt, and went and told the Apostles and the holy women of his difficulties, who asked to be excused discussing them, as they were too busy about the Lord's work to listen to them. When the Apostles divided among themselves the countries of the world, in order that each might preach in the region which fell to him by lot, India fell to St. Thomas. He was at first unwilling to go, and preached to the Medes and Persians and others, but did not go to India. When he came back to Jerusalem he had a vision of Christ commanding him to proceed thither, and in obedience to this personal behest took leave of St. Peter and went to Caesarea, where in the company of Habban, a merchant sent by the Indian king Gondophares to trade in Syria, he set sail. Eventually the voyagers reached Narankoz a large, important town where the great king Gondophares resided. St. Thomas at the Maharajah's request undertook to plan and build a palace, for which purpose the king after examination of his design gave him a large sum of money, saying, "Thou art a great architect, worthy to work for kings."

The Apostle went through the towns and villages of the kingdom preaching the Gospel and healing the sick. He distributed the Maharajah's gold among the poor and during the absence of Gondophares established the Church in his kingdom on a sure foundation. After an absence of two years, the Maharajah returned, and was much enraged at finding no palace had been built, and but ill-content with the Saint's assurance, that a palace had been built which he would find in the next life. He cast St Thomas into prison, taking the resolution that he and Habban his companion should be flayed and burned alive.

While they were in prison, Gad the younger brother of the Maharajah fell into a trance, and under the general impression that he was dead, the usual funeral rites took place, in the midst of which Gad arises from his bier, and narrates to Gondophares how he had been carried by God's angels to Paradise and he had been shown a resplendent palace which they told him was the palace built by St. Thomas for the Maharajah, who had rendered himself unworthy of it. On this Gondophares relents and becomes a convert with large numbers of his people to Christianity. In the course of his missionary journeys, the Apostle receives a visit from a Rajah who professes to be one of the wise men who followed the Star to Bethlehem. St. Thomas baptises him under the name of Gaspard. On another occasion he is visited by Sitaraman, the commander of the troops of Mahadevan, Rajah of Mailepur; who implores him to come to Mailepuram to heal his wife and daughter, both of whom are possessed by the devil. In this request St. Thomas reads the will of God calling him elsewhere, and taking leave of his flock sets out on his long journey. Arrived with Sitaraman at Mailepur the Apostle heals the afflicted women, and resides at Sitaraman's house, whither great crowds of people resort for healing and instructions in the Gospel. He heals a rich lady of the town, Sinna-Acchi or Sinthice, of her blindness, and she with her niece Magudani in course of time are baptised. Magudani at her house suffers the persecutions of Krishna, a kinsman of the Maharajah but remains steadfast. Krishna enters the presence of the king in sordid garments in token of sadness and asks that the queen may be permitted to come and reason with Magudani, with the object of dissuading her from the new doctrine. Magudani induces the queen to accompany her to Sitaraman's house, where she sees a miracle wrought by St. Thomas, and is likewise converted.

Mahadevan accuses the Apostle of having bewitched his queen and orders both the Apostle and his own son Vizayan, who has become a disciple, to be cast into prison, whence St. Thomas is brought laden with heavy chains to give an account of himself. The saint is ordered to sacrifice to the Goddess Kali and is taken to the temple by the Brahmins, where he calls upon God, and the idol melts as wax before a fire. The Brahmins in revenge accuse St. Thomas of the murder of a child whom he raises to life again.

In prison, the Apostle still continues to teach the faithful where 'light as of day lit up the cell as they sang the glories of God.' Meanwhile the Maharajah has determined upon the death of the Apostle, although he fears the great multitude who believe his teaching. Finally he delivers St. Thomas to an officer saying, "Take thou four soldiers, bring the Magician to the top of the mountain and pierce him there with lances." For the closing scene of the tragedy I quote the actual words of the record before me:—

"And when the evening had come Thomas walked to the soldiers and said to them, 'Now do what you have been ordered to do.' He knelt down before a stone on which a cross had been carved and offered his life to God. The soldiers pierced him with their lances, and the stone with the cross on it was bathed with his blood.

The holy Apostle fell on the ground, but he was not yet dead. Bishop Paul Sitaraman gently drew out the iron of the lance, and a bleeding wound was opened in his side, at the same place as that of Jesus Christ, which the Apostle had touched with his hand.

And the people, having heard of what had happened, went in a great crowd to the mountain, and with a dying voice the Apostle of Jesus exhorted them to be faithful to God and to be constant in their faith. And the blood from his wound was running on the earth, when he gave up his holy soul to God."

The legend does not end here. The son of Mahadevan falls ill, and no remedies can cure him, till in a dying state the boy is healed with some of the earth soaked in the blood of the Martyr. The ensuing repentance of the tyrant, who submits to baptism at the hands of Sitaraman, seems a foreshadowing of the penance done by an English king of a later century at the tomb of a saint and archbishop who bore the name of the Apostle.

The drama before the reader does not claim to be an exact reproduction of the legend traced above. The legend rather provides the foundation on which it is built. Much in the play, especially the more romantic side of it, is the work of imagination, pure and simple.

While the eye of the Archæologist will doubtless detect anachronisms in these scenes from Ancient India and the Holy Land as they pass, depicted by a modern pen—and critics in their various inquisitions much else beside—the author trusts that his venture will not be thought out of tune with the spirit of the New Testament and the great theme which has inspired it.

FRANCIS A. JUDD

CHARACTERS

St. Thomas the Apostle	
St. Peter	
Gondophares ...	*A Maharajah*
Mahadevan ...	*A Maharajah*
Gad ...	*Brother of Gondophares*
Vizavan ...	*A boy Prince, son of Mahadevan*
Ramchandra ...	*A Brahmin and High Priest at Narankoz*
Gurprashad ...	*A Brahmin and High Priest at Mailepur*
Krishna ...	*A Prince*
Sitaraman ...	*Captain of Mahadevan's host*
Habban ...	*A merchant, servant to Gondophares*
Isaac ...	*A Jewish merchant*
Gaspard ...	*The Sheikh of Jaffna*
Xanthippus ...	*A convert*
Carpus ...	*A fisherman*
Tulsi ...	*A mute*
A Pundit	
St. Mary Magdalene	
Salome	

CHARACTERS—*contd.*

Treptia	... *Queen of Gondophares*
Manashtri	... *Queen of Mahadevan*
Draupadi	... *Daughter of Mahadevan*
Magudani	... *Daughter of Krishna*
Sinthice	... *Sister of Krishna*
Nari	... *Maid to Magudani*
An Angel	

Brahmins, Christians, Soldiers, Attendants, etc.

ACT I

SCENE I

[Jerusalem—An upper room.
Mary Magdalene and Salome discovered folding linen, extinguishing lamps, etc. St. Peter apart, engaged in prayer.]

Mary—

This is the Day, the Day the Lord hath made;
Each weekly dawning brings the joy renewed,
A joy ne'er dimmed, since erst within my heart
To birth it sprang at murmur of my name,
Thrilling my being, as through my tears I saw
The dear form of the Risen and at His feet
In sudden rush of rapture threw myself;
And now when in the Breaking of the Bread,
By faith discerning Him we find Him here,
With the same joy my thankful heart o'erflows.

Salome—

The Lord is risen indeed ; O news that never
Can be less glorious than when first it fell
From lips of one in snow-white raiment clad,
Who sat upon the stone rolled from the door,
And bade us run to bring the others word ;
And with what holy fear and trembling joy
We still must hasten, running through the world,
To bring that word to all who know it not.

Magdalene—

How swift this blessed early hour hath flown !
How hard so soon to tear ourselves away
From this dear room, for ever hallowed
By His sad eating of the Passover !
And His glad salutation when He came
From resurrection hither to our midst !
As still He comes, though not to sense revealed,
Howbeit discerned by faith, by love received,
Touched as but now we touched Him very ours.

Enter *St. Thomas*—

Peace be to all !

St. Peter—(comes forward—all three greet him)

The Lord is risen indeed !

St. Thomas—

Alas ! meseems the mysteries are o'er,
And I, the would-be sharer of your joy,
Am to the blest assembly come too late.

St. Peter—

Ah, Thomas, truly is it writ of thee,
"He was not with the rest when Jesus came."

St. Thomas—

O great Apostle, it were in thy right
Thus to retain my sin of negligence,
Had not the Risen One Himself forgiven,
Vouchsafing me the touch that shames me still.

St. Peter—

O Brother, privileged in this beyond
All else of us who saw the Risen Lord—
Should I of whom is writ far graver fault,
Whose name is branded with that coward crime,
The threefold, base denial of my Lord,
Should I, with ever thankful consciousness
Of thrice proclaimed forgiveness, forfeit all,
And, pointing finger at thy lesser fault,
With hardness thus belie His tenderness?
Ah! God forbid! Rather it me befits
To rise a penitent at dawn of day,
Each morn at cock-crow shedding tears for sin
Which, though He pardoned, I can ne'er forgive.

St. Thomas—

Nay, but thou spakest nought of my true fault.
Forsaking the assembly—that were slight
Beside my cursed sin of doubtfulness,
And most presumptuous word of disbelief.

Mary Magdalene (interposing)—

But who sinned deeper, was forgiven more
Than this poor Mary—me, who feel arise
The welling tears at mention of the theme
Of sin and His forgiveness measureless—
And yet (if such an one as I may speak,
On this glad day that I three years agone

Beheld Him risen in that garden fair),
Let the sweet peace He bade us enter into
Enfold us, and the sorrows of the night
Fly from the flaming footsteps of the morn.

Salome—

It is the Day, the Day the Lord hath made!

St. Thomas—

Ah, Mary—would that also I were glad!
Yet is there darkness settled on my soul,
A darkness like the gloom that wrapt me round
When from companionship I shrank away,
Brooding in solitude and heeding not
The joyous tidings from the Sepulchre,
Because it seemed too good a happening
For this poor world of sorrow, sin and death.

Mary—

But how again can such a darkness be
Since thou hast seen and touched the Risen Lord,
Felt in His hands the printing of the nails,
And touched the pierced side?

St. Thomas—

Ah, how indeed?
Thy words add bitterness to my reproach
That I, His chosen, spite of all He did
To heal and not to break the bruised reed,
Am bruised again, and faithless Thomas still!
While some dark demon whispers to my soul,
"How knowest thou in that very sight and touch
Lay no delusion? If thou wert deceived!
Were He arisen, He would come again,
And thou shouldst see and doubt Him never-more."

St. Peter—

And thou shouldst never know the blessedness
Of those who have not seen and yet believed.

Salome—

Nay, which of us in that may claim a share?
We all have seen—we all are witnesses—
But this, a crowning blessing, waits on those,
The countless myriads who come after us,
Whose word and life will witness be as sure
As ours is to His rising—yet to whom
No evidence to sense or sight is given.

St. Thomas—

Ah, then, what comfort is there left for me?

St. Peter—

This, Thomas, this, that thou converted once
Strengthen thy brethren, seeking not to draw
From others comfort, but imparting it
To those in darkness who have never heard
The truth that lights with hope a fallen world;
Then, guiding others, thou shalt see the way—
And, others strengthening, thou shalt be strong.

St. Thomas—

What shall I do, and whither shall I go?
Where leadeth He? How shall I know the way?

St. Peter—

This once He answered thee; yet when the lots
Anon are cast among us, in their fall
Salute the Master's will, assigning thee
The region where thou serve Him—What of the hour?

High time it is to waken out of sleep,
High time to watch and serve, to work and pray.
The Master waits at each appointed task,
Nor, Thomas, e'en for thee may we delay.

[*Exit.*

St. Thomas—

So, when a certain man once wounded lay,
Passed by the priest and Levite; yet in you
I look for more compassion of my need.

Salome—

The sick have greater, and to them I go.
But, Thomas, Christ His grace enable thee!

[*Exit.*

St. Thomas—

And, Magdalene, no word?

Mary—

I must away,
There still are sinners left to seek and save.

[*Exit.*

(*Thomas is left standing alone, the scene darkens.*)

(*To be continued*).

FRANCIS A. JUDD.

INDIAN EXCHANGE IN 1920 AND ITS LESSONS

"Only one person knows the arcana of foreign Exchanges and he is in the lunatic asylum," said Colonel Hurst in a recent speech in the House of Commons. Every business man from the illiterate *marwari* broker to the prince of Indian merchants, not to speak of financiers, economists and politicians, has his own queer notion on this subject. The incessant play of the sterling Exchanges, now this way, and, now that, has fascinated many a keen observer who has been so dumfoundered as to be at a loss to explain its vagaries. The instability and uncertainty characterising last year's exchanges have hit all people alike, the importers, the exporters, the consumers and the Government of India no less.

1920—Course of the Sterling Exchanges:

January, 1920.	2*s.* 4*d.*
February, 1920.	2*s.* 7½*d.* to. 2*s.* 9*d.* (commenced falling about the middle of the month)
March, 1920	2*s.* 3½*d.*
May, 1920.	2*s.* 0*d.*
June, 1920.	1*s.* 9*d.*
September, 1920.	1*s.* 6¼*d.*
31st December	1*s.* 4¾*d.*

At the beginning of the year the sterling value of the Rupee stood at 2*s.* 4*d.* The value of one fine ounce of silver was 76*d.* and in February it rose to 89½*d.* The sterling exchange value of the Rupee rose to 2*s.* 7*d.* The months of January and February witnessed quite extraordinary events. Speculative demand arose for remittance from this country to England.

In the words of Sir Pomeroy Webb, "savings, profits and capital commenced to flow out of the country." Another result of this sudden and dangerous rise in exchange was the stimulation of imports specially piece-goods, locomotives, rails, motor cars and machinery. The high exchange was checking exports and though it was the foreigner that was being hard hit, there were "disputes, disorganisation and disinclinations for further purchases."

Such was the situation when the Government of India wanted to carry out the recommendations of Sir H. Babington Smith's Committee and solve the vexed exchange problem once for all. The Government have adopted the gold basis of exchange with a view to combat the rising prices and thus procure the general welfare of *India.* In order to make the 2*s.* (gold) rate for the Rupee effective, they began the selling of *Reserve Councils.* The market rate of exchange was only 3*d.* lower (*i.e.,* 2*s.* 8*d.*) while the newly proposed rate was 2*s.* 11*d.* (sterling).

The Government of India wanted to restrict imports and so prohibited the import of gold. These were the measures that were adopted by the Government of India but they committed a colossal blunder in attempting to stabilise exchanges at a high rate without paying due heed to the world-factors which have upset their calculations and played havoc with their fond delusions and cherished conclusions. Their expectation that the price of silver would be soaring high and their conclusion that India's balance of trade would continue to be in her favour have been negatived. The Government of India should have consulted the various interests of the country instead of pinning their faith to the conclusions of the Sir H. B. Smith's Committee whose recommendations savour too much of panic-legislation. It ought not to have rashly carried out its recommendations. Was not the Finance Member who guides the destinies of our teeming millions, aware of the stream of speculative remittances from our country? Was he not aware that the swing of pendulum in the matter of remittances, was noticeable as early as in January when exchange was at 2*s.* 4*d.*? Did not the recommendations of the International exchange conference attract his notice? Did it not advocate the controlling of imports by licences instead of legislation to stabilise *exchange*? Is it to be assumed that he was ignorant of the gambling of *Marwari* speculators by buying bills of exchange and importing goods from Europe?

Perhaps, his altruistic desire to alleviate the sufferings of the people who were pinched by higher prices or his enthusiastic zeal to make the Reform Scheme a success by enabling the Provincial Governments to contribute less to the Imperial Government, which deficit he hoped to make good by the gain from high exchange, might have weighed more in his mind and when once he had made up his mind and come to a conclusion he carried it out with relentless vigour and unflinching courage, the consequences of which will be dealt with in this article.

Although the Secretary of State imposed an impossible task on the Government of India by asking it to maintain a 2*s.* (gold) Rupee there was no serious criticism levelled at the new high exchange policy of the Government. The commercial coterie of Bombay prompted by a one-sided desire to benefit the exporters supported the minority report of Mr. Dalal. There was a general concurrence of opinion that the Government of India has done well at attempting a high level of exchange but smarting as the people were under a high level of commodity prices, they could not see far into the future. Besides, the trade conditions did not cause any anxiety. The balance of trade was in favour of India. There were promising harvests and everything pointed to a period of prosperity and plenty and everybody was expecting a worldwide commercial and industrial revival after the war. This was the general trend of opinion at the beginning of March, 1920.

But the pleasant situation has been metamorphosed into the most gloomy outlook by the falling exchange. Indian foreign exchange is now in the worst muddle ever recorded. It has been the peculiar misfortune of India that she has been subject to several mishaps with her foreign exchange; but the present fall outbeats all *record*. The Rupee's exchange value has fallen by about 50% or a little more. When it fell in the last eighties and nineties it was only by 10*d.* From 2*s.* in 1872, the Rupee fell to 1*s.* 1*d.* in *1895*. But this was an instance of *falling* Exchange and as this phenomenon was covered over several years there was time for adjustment and mature deliberation. But the present instance is an instance of *paralysed* exchanges. If there was an exchange crisis in the last century, to-day we witness an exchange *tragedy*. Within the course of nine short months the Sterling exchange dropped from 2*s.* 11*d.* (Sterling) to 1*s.* 4*d.* (Sterling). This happened, despite the fact that a well-versed and enlightened Government pitted all its resources to prop up exchange from below, but in vain.

The magnitude of the losses suffered by the several parties can well-nigh be imagined than exactly calculated. First, the importers are the most hard hit of the lot. The official announcements and the changing of the value of the Rupee to 2*s.* (gold) basis, assured them of the continuity of high rates. It raised at least false hopes in the minds of the Indian importers who, when they found that they were caught in the exchanges, have gone to the extreme length of repudiating their contracts. Neither entreaty nor threats were of avail and from the fact that outstanding obligations have not been honoured to the full followed the result, that India was excluded from the export-credit scheme.

It has been the accepted opinion in many circles that a falling exchange greatly stimulates exports. But, alas, even this has not been accomplished by the big drop in our exchange. Every class of our exports,—hides, skins, tea, cotton, and rubber—was in a bad condition. The unprecedented rate of exchanges prevailing in Europe practically rendered it impossible for the continental countries to demand Indian produce. The Government communique to the Bengal Chamber of Commerce (Nov. 16, 1920) has given the following causes for the stagnation of our export trade. There was an over-stocking of the European and American markets. There has been a financial crisis in Japan. There has been the continuation of embargo on food exports and, as such, uncontrollable forces have operated over which they can exercise no influence. The Government of India deprecated all further manipulations of the exchange level.

The Government of India is the greatest of all the sufferers. First, their anticipations of profits from a high-level of exchange have been foiled. Besides being baulked of profits, they positively suffered a loss by the sale of the *Reverse Councils.* Various estimates of losses have been framed and opinions might differ as to the extent of the loss, but there is no gainsaying of the fact that they frittered away India's resources by selling Reverse Councils at absurd rates and insufficient quantities. Reverse Councils were sold first at 2*s*. (gold basis). Then at a rate based on the dollar cross rate. Eventually they sold Reverse Councils at 2*s*. (Sterling). But there was no steadying of the exchanges. There was a substantial withdrawal of currency by the sale of Reverse Councils and the note circulation has been perceptibly diminished but the price-level of commodities has not been lowered to a desirable extent. The sale of Reverse Councils then has not been a success, and it is really astounding that neither the tremendous tirades launched by the Bombay coterie nor the more calm, dignified and temperate criticism of the various chambers of commerce, could shake the pertinacity of the Finance Department. There was neither a stopping of the Reverse Councils as required by Bombay nor an improvement in the policy of their sales as required by the various chambers of commerce. This is hardly the place to estimate the sum total of economic effects flowing from the sale of Reverse Councils. The broad fact is that exchange could not be pegged at 2*s*. (gold) level as suggested by the committee and desired by the Government of India. Is it too much to think that a finance minister will not be able to foresee the future—expert as he is supposed to be in financial matters? Granting that he has foreseen such a result why did he not stop the headlong rush of the Government of India in its mad attempt to support a high *exchange*? Was it not his duty to impress on the Government of India the futility of such a course? Would it not have been better to utilise the money in paying off the sterling *loan* instead of incurring some loss by the sale of Reverse Councils.

Now, I am prompted to ask the question—does the Government stand where it did? To-day the Government stands paralysed with no plan of action whatsoever to improve this situation. It has committed itself to a few such platitudes as the following. Exports must increase and imports decrease. In its opinion the fall in the exchange is only a primary problem which manifests a dislocation of trade and indicates a changed condition of the balance of trade. It lays unction to its own soul and points out to the dislocation of the world exchanges, but it is indeed a poor comfort if one remembers the fact that India has not suffered anything to the same extent that the belligerents of the late war have suffered. But the problem of our exchanges is no less tangled than *theirs*.

The supreme lesson that this exchange debacle has imprinted on our mind is that political interference with the course of commerce without due regard to economic laws is fraught with mischief. No one says that the Government of India should not fix the value of the Rupee high enough to prevent the intrinsic value of the Rupee from exceeding its intended value in exchange. This is one of the fundamental principles of coinage. No one can break it with impunity or else the coins will go to the melting pot. It is this reason that forced the Government of India to raise the exchange value of the Rupee from 1*s.* 4*d.* to 2*s.* 4*d.* sterling by successive steps synchronising with the rise in the price of *silver*. Economic law justifies it. But may it not be assumed that fixing too high an exchange value for the Rupee. will inevitably bring about unpleasant consequences. The Government of India failed to maintain this high exchange value and perhaps better results would have attended if it had attempted a moderately high level as 2*s.* (sterling).

The second valuable lesson that this exchange tragedy has taught us, is the true value of the gold exchange or sterling exchange standard system of our country. This system aims at converting the internal currency into international currency, making the latter available for export purposes only.

It aims at giving a stable internal currency suited to the needs of a particular country. As Hartley Withers graphically puts it, India 'stumbled' on this ideal system and thereby rendered the silver Rupee more stable than the French Franc, the German Mark or the Russian Rouble. Mr. W. F. Spalding, a more recent writer, testifies to the excellence of the Gold exchange standard system and says it has withstood the strain of war. There is hardly one currency theorist who does not sing warm encomiums over the suitability of the Gold Exchange Standard to a poor country. In India the system has been wrought to wonderful perfection and it has been tested more than once. In 1906, it was tested from the silver side and in 1908 it was tested from the gold side. On both occasions the authorities managed the system well and as late as 1919 there was a silver crisis and thanks to the Pittman's Act, the Gold Exchange Standard system has been maintained intact. Now in 1920, the

Gold Exchange Standard has failed to fulfil its function, namely, the maintenance of a stable exchange rate. With the cessation of Reverse Councils on Sep. 28, 1920, the Government have allowed exchange to go adrift. They have committed themselves to the policy of "*wait and see.*" The Finance Minister who pleaded so eloquently for the Reverse Councils went to the extreme length of saying, "If Reserve Councils were withdrawn entirely then we should have neither a gold standard nor a gold-exchange standard, nor any kind of standard at all." Now that the Reserve Councils are given up, the very essence of the Gold Exchange Standard System has been lost.

The Government of India is no doubt anticipating the return to normal conditions and is anxiously awaiting the return of trade balance in favour of India. Then arises the occasion to sell Council Bills. The rate for Council Bills which they can dictate depends on the intensity of demand and will it be wise to insist on 2*s.* (gold) rate after what they have learnt at so much *cost* ?

Another important lesson this exchange tragedy teaches us, is the fact that merchants suffer less from a diminution in quantity of currency than from a rapid fall in exchange. A diminution in the quantity of currency is another way of saying that the currency system is inelastic. That a currency system should be elastic is one of the fundamental tenets of a good currency system but far more important than this is the fact that the currency unit should have stability both internally and externally. An unstable currency unit causes great hardships to the masses and a currency unit which has no stable external value causes hardship to all merchants and traders. The previous currency legislation of the Government of India aimed at always securing the stability of the Rupee both for internal and for external purposes and success smiled on their efforts for a long time. From the year 1898 when the unconscious inauguration of the Gold Exchange

Standard system took place in India down to 1920 the Government of India could secure a stable Rupee. There were minor currency evils but, on the whole, they have succeeded in attaining their cherished object, *i.e.*, a stable Rupee. But this stability, the only commendable feature of our system, has been scattered to the winds.

It is high time for the Government of India to wake up and abandon their attempt to make the Rupee worth 2*s.* (gold). When one examines the reasons that led to the adoption of a high exchange as given by Sir H. Babington Smith's Committee, one finds that the Committee in their anxiety to spare the Government of India of the necessity to buy silver in a rising market, have overshot their *mark*. They concluded that silver's price may rise to a high extent and that the high price of silver would prevail for some time to come. But their conclusions have been nullified and at the end of 1920 the price of silver came down to 40$\frac{7}{8}$*d.* and at the present day it is about 38*d.* So the main reason that the Government of India would be reduced to straitened circumstances when they have to buy silver at a very high price, no longer exists. Though silver has not been reduced to its pre-war price, *i.e.* 23*d.*, still there is no longer the veil of uncertainty shrouding its course and it is no longer wise to expect that silver's price would soar so high again. China is in the throes of a political crisis and India has absorbed silver to a great extent. Coupled with these facts comes the statement that silver has been demonetised in the continental countries even for smaller units of currency. Hence it is not rash to expect the continuance of low prices of silver. When the necessity for maintaining a high exchange value does not exist, why maintain it then ?

Another potent reason that has been cited is the prevalence of high prices in India. Bearing in mind the fact that the world's prices exert a pull on a particular country's price level, how can one expect that India's price level can be lowered to a very great extent or prevented from rising by a high exchange. The best way of combating prices is to stop inflation and the only remedy is to reduce the volume of circulation of silver Rupee and notes. A recent estimate puts it that 4,000 millions of Rupee circulate in addition to 1,636 millions of Rupee-notes. Leaving aside the reason that has forced them into circulation, can one expect that prices will not be disturbed by this huge output of currency? No wonder that this vast volume of currency joined forces with some influences operating on the commodity side and prevented the downward tendency of prices. As written already, the sale of Rupee councils succeeded in shrinking the volume of currency to a great extent but the effects of such a withdrawal have been counteracted by other causes. The suspension of the fortnightly sales of gold by the Government of India and the removal of restrictions on the import of gold into India led to a heavy demand for this precious metal and remittances to finance these purchases dragged the falling exchanges still lower and caused a heavy slump in exchange. The Government of India has neither completely succeeded in lowering the price of gold in India to their official rate, nor were general prices lowered to any appreciable extent.

It needs no emphasis to say that the paramount duty of the Government of India is to restabilise exchange as early as circumstances will permit and insist on a reasonably stable rate instead of such a high exchange rate as 2*s*. (gold). Now that the sterling has depreciated in terms of gold, our problem is much complicated but if the sterling attains parity with gold our problem will be much simplified but that day is yet far off.

B. RAMACHANDRA RAU

LELA RAJKUMARI

(PRINCESS LELA)

Love, thou thinkest not of me,
All my kisses are forgot;
One sweet word I spoke to thee
In thy memory lingers not.
But in heaven, as eve draws nigh,
Thou from angel lips wilt know
News of me, and laughing cry
"He! I knew him long ago:—
Singing passed he by my way,
Foolish birdling on the wing:
Sang he one bright Summer's day—
What do birds save fly and sing?
Passed he by one Summer's day
Sang a song, and flew away
Elsewhere his song to bring...
LOVE, AT THY DEAR FEET I LAY
THIS THE SONG I USED TO SING.

The land is far beyond this bleak plain. It is a place of flowers and palaces. Men's hearts yearn ever to it, for the sound of its birds and waters rings in their sleep, and the women are very fair.

Lela sat alone in the garden of her father the Raja's palace. Her hair was dark like ebony and her eyes were deep as a pool at midnight, but her cheeks were red like red sunset through a dull golden cloud. Her lips were red as the sunset itself.

She sat by a little fountain: there were lilies floating in the water: the Maharani had had them put there. The lilies were in flower with dew on them; Lela was weeping. For the king that day had called her into his chamber. He said, "Lela, I have consulted much and I have found a prince that will be wed to thee. He is Prince of Segistan. He is very good to look at. He sings like a little bird. He is very rich."

Therefore, Lela sat by the fountain sadly and looked at the lilies and said, "Oh, lilies, ye grow and are fair: ye look to the sun and have seeds, and new flowers come more beautiful to take your place. There is no love, but life flows through you without thought from life to life, for God made you fair one for another. But I love not, nor am loved, but I am weak and wilful,—and I am wearied of this palace."

There came by a woman carrying fruit in a basket on her head. Her name was Jokai. Her arms were great and strong like polished wax; the muscles rippled under like waves on an unbroken sea. Her face was beaten with the sun, and her eyes were without fear but steady with labour and thinking of what to do. Lela called her, and said, "Woman."

The woman stayed; she said, "Princess, would you have fruits? Take these for thy loveliness. They cost me much labour and watching, but apple blossoms are not as beautiful as thou."

Lela said, "What is it to be beautiful, save to be slave to a man, to be weak and obeying, servant of his pleasure, queen of the trifles of his life? Make me strong like thee, with arms as pillars, and eyes that languish not but look out to the fields and the brown earth—thus would I be."

She said, "Princess—"

Lela said, "Call me not princess, for I am a woman as thou art. But thou art a tree and I a fluttering little flower. Call me Woman or call me Flower."

Jokai said, "My life is hard; for I grow haggard with toiling, and the sweat is as drops of pain. But thy life is without fear or labouring. What is my life to thine?"

Lela said "Thy life is of strength, of labouring; thy body toileth and is strong; thy mind think of things. But I dream and live, and live and dream. Dreams are nothing. And when God sayeth, 'What has thy life done?'—my soul will point to the sunrise and answer, "As these clouds are my deeds, all dreams. They are beautiful, but they are soon gone, and the day is another's and the earth another's for her strength to move its weight."

Lela said, "Whither wilt thou go?"

She said, "I go yonder, the mountain. A river flows between two hills. I dwell on the hill-side."

Lela, of the palace weary,
  Longs for sky and river-shore;
Saith she, "Marble halls are dreary;
  Song and laughter please no more;
Frail pink cheeks and breast as cherry,
  Petal lips and piping voice,
Crying, 'Merry, be we merry,
  We, mankind's forgotten toys.'
Give me sunlight and blue heaven,
  Meadowland where cattle brouse,
Toil by day, and sleep at even...
  Take me from my prison house!"

It was all dark in the palace. Lela lay on her bed. Over her was a broidered counterpane with pink roses and green leaves. Her hair was spread out on the pillow as a tangle of wavelets and strands. The moonlight came through the pierced marble lattice and made a pattern on the floor. It touched the corner of the bed and spotted it with light. There was no sound,—only the whispering of the river and the faint cry of a bird. Lela opened her eyes. She sat up. The hair flowed over her shoulders, one strand fell across her breast. Then she got out of bed and went to the window. There was the sound of a bird once more. She said—

"Lonely one that singest there,
Crying lovelorn all night long
Hast thou not for me a care,
Hast thou not for me a song?
Lonely one, I fain would be
In the woodland by thy side,
Living earth's pure life like thee;
And in living satisfied.
Love is weakness, anguish, sorrow,
Fruitless pain,
Smiles to-day, and tears to-morrow,—
Call me, lonely one, again!

for I long for trees and skies and clouds, for the breath of morning and the weariness of eve."

Then she put on her little coat, and her kirtle and her silk robe, and she knotted her hair, and she said, "Farewell my prison, and farewell my Prince 'Little-Bird.' I go to be a woman." And she stole out, down the stair-way into the hall, where was more moonlight, all silent; then down the white steps keeping always to the shadow side, and out into the garden. Fallen blossoms lay very white beneath the trees. Her shoes made a rattling on the pebbles. So she took them off and the hard stones pressed into her little feet:

she went aside on to the grass. It scattered her with diamonds that sparkled on her ankles.

A guard stood with his spear at the doorway; she shrank back into the bushes. A berry dropped through the leaves, and a cricket made a weary chirrup at the sound. But the sentry did not move. She put out one little arm; the grass blades crept between her fingers and kissed them. Leaning upon her arm she peeped at him. He was asleep.

Then she came to the side of the river, there was no bridge but only a little boat. She climbed into it and took the oars and began to row. But the water laughed and caught her and swung her into the midst of the river and bore her onwards. She beat at the water with the oars; but still the boat floated on, and the other side was far. At last, from very weariness she slept; and the ripples whispered around the boat.

Lela on the river's breast
  Sleepeth this sweet summer night.
Is not Father River blest,
  Holding such a burden bright?
Fingers dipping in the water,
  Ripples to them pressed,
Father River's lotus-daughter
  Sleeping on his breast.
Stars are in the skies;
  Flowers and dew drops meet:
Dreams are in her eyes;
  Jewels on her feet.

Now Jokai went to the river. She waded out into the water. Then she loosened her cloth and stood in the clear stream with the wavelets about her. Her arms were very strong, and her breasts very round. The water was not cold to her nor the sun hot. It shone on the films of mist as it were a spider's web lying over the river. All over the river lay webs of mist, and the middle of the stream was veiled with a white curtain as if it were still sleeping.

And Lela was still sleeping, for she lay in her boat as it moved slowly forward along the stream. Mist was round her; mist dulled the diamonds in her bangles, and mist laid very bright diamonds on her hair. The boat crept through the mist till it came to the place where Jokai was bathing, and then, very silently, it thrust through the curtain,—just Lela's head and one arm dabbling in the water, but over the rest the clouds lingered.

So Jokai splashed in the river casting up handfulls of sparkling water as it were drops of light. Then she looked upward to see one shattered sunbeam fall; and she said:

"What is that dark among the mist folds? And one hand that lies in the water limp as it were in sleeping—or in death?"

Then she threw herself forward and the stream smote against her, but her hands beat it as an unwilling thing. She threw the water behind her and smiled as she slid through it. Then she reached out one shining hand and grasped the edge of the boat. But it was hair that her hand fell on. She drew herself up and stood in the boat. She said:

"It is Rajkumari."

Lela awoke and looked upwards and said,

"Nay, nay, not Rajkumari, but Woman—or Flower."

Jokai slipped into the water again and threw out both her legs, thrusting the boat along. Then she came to the bank and the tip of the boat grated on the pebbles, she stood up, and said:

"Rajkumari—"

"Nay, 'Woman'—then 'Lela' if thou wilt have it so."

Jokai said, "Lela—"

Lela put her arms about her and said, "I have fled from the palace. I have come to dwell with thee, to learn to be a woman. Tell me that we shall be friends."

Jokai said, "Aye, friends, little one, if thou wilt have it."

Lela said, "Friends to be strong together, even as thou art strong, to work or to fight so that I may face the skies and blush not."

So they lived together, Lela and Jokai and her father and mother. Lela and Jokai toiled side by side. They gathered the fruit and tilled the earth and kept the house as it were a flower-sprinkled stone out of heaven's palace. And Lela grew strong and great, as great as Jokai herself; for Lela was but a child when she came. And as she grew she became a woman, even as all women should be, great and big and brave whether to work or to fight or to suffer, God's own most precious dwelling-place.

Time passed by, and so it was that Lela grew weary of men and of women, and she longed to be alone to dwell with her own soul only amidst flowers and trees. So on a day Lela said to Jokai, "Seest thou that island yonder where the trees grow and the pebbles dip in the margin of the lake. I will go thither and build a house and live there."

Jokai said. "Dost thou love us no more, sister, that thou wouldst leave us so?"

Lela said, "It is that I love you too well. For ye watch over me, and some do this and some do that, which I should do, and not doing it, I am not strong. I will go, live alone where my own hands must do all life. Then shall I be complete.

So she went down to the river side. She was slender and lissom as a tall tree and yet broad and strong at her shoulders as it were a strong man; yet all so smooth, so soft, so graceful that strength gave her but gentleness.

* * *

PART II

So Lela went into the boat and took the oars and rowed out over the river thrusting the boat forward through the water as it were a child thrusting a leaf out into a pool in play. And Jokai watched from the shore. The boat grew smaller and smaller till it was but a dot amongst the shadows of afternoon. Then the golden sunshine closed behind it, and Jokai stood there yet. The sunbeams grew longer; mist crept over the river and veiled it. And the past faded away behind the evening.

Lela built her a house on the island and made a little garden. The house was white, with two windows, one on each side of the door. The lower part was built of stone and earth, and the upper part of woven osier. The roof was of branches, and broad leaves, and over that the bark of trees. In front there was a little lawn of grass and flowers growing round about it in plots. Thence went a path to her fields where there was growing wheat and millet. Hither and thither over all the island fruit trees had been scattered by God's free hand. She had trimmed them so that they bore more and better. There were chickens, and one cow. There were fishes in the little creek that ran in behind the house. There were wild bees that moved and muttered among the blossoms, and birds in the trees that sang all day long. And Lela sang with them in her heart,

Sing of the fruit that hangs on the trees,
  Of the ripples that dance on the lake;
Of the blossoms that bend with the weight of the bees,
  And blush as their honey they take.

Sing of the grass growing wild below,
Of the leaves on the branches green;
Of the clear blue sky, and the white clouds slow,
That float in the air between.

Sing of the weight of the soft brown soil,
Of the strength that we long to prove.
Sing of a life that is laughter and tóil,
With never a thought for love.

One day went as another in labouring and singing, i tending of creatures and of growing things; and Lela wa happy because her mind was full of toiling. When day wa done she was weary and lay down beside her window, an looked with half closed eyes at evening creeping over the sk even as sleep came stealing over her own soul.

So was it one evening. But the sunset came angry, gre and red, and there were fierce mutterings of a wind across th water, and frightened whisperings in the leaves. There cam heavy drops, and the rain fell, blurring the surface of th water and rattling on the flowers that feared to wake. The the wind cried louder and louder like a raging child. Lel lay on her bed and listened to the rain and the wind, but sh thought only of the strength of the world and feared lest it anger should spoil its loveliness. Then as she lay there sh heard a cry.

"Ho, Ho, open, soil-tiller, owner of this cottage!"

Then again—"Ho, Ho, wilt thou not open! Let me i from the storm."

Then she wrapped a cloth about her and went to the doo She opened it wide. He stood there a moment wondering t see so fair a woman. She took him by the shoulder roughl and pulled him in. "Come, sir, lest the wind wreck my dwelling place." He was clad in rich clothes as it were one that is great, but all was sodden with water, and his hair lay in wet curls about his forehead. He was very big, bigger than Lela, and his arms were the arms of a man that is a hunter, hard and knotted. He said, "I came in a boat; the storm drove me till I saw the bank. So I came to this dwelling." She said, "This is not the bank. It is an island and it is my dwelling. I bid you welcome." He said, "Have you a brother's garments or a husband's or father's; for these are spoiled with water?" She said, "Brothers have I none, nor husband. My father's garments were too rich for thee, and he lives far hence. There is this cloth, and take what else thou needest. Meanwhile, I will make food."

He said, "No husband, nor father, nor brother;—but alone on an island—and the fairest, most beautiful I ever saw!"

Then he cast off the clothes and wrapped his body in the cloth. He said again, "Beautiful, and very tall."

She gave him food, and he ate and talked of beasts and birds. She talked with him because she knew of what he talked. Then at the end he said, "Storm all about us."........."Then dost thou sing?" She said, "I sang once to others, but I sing only to myself now, as I toil." He said, "I will sing."

Red lips and wild caresses;
    Warm cheeks laid close to mine;
Soft breast that to me presses,
    And breath like wine! like wine!

Hot throat my fingers clutching;
    Eyes looking up to me,
With fever brightened watching
    How fierce my love shall be.

Close, close thine eyes; let blindness
Love's cov'ring darkness prove,
Lest thou shouldst see thy kindness,
And hate me for my love.
Close, close thine eyes!

As he sang he put his arm about her. She said, "That is not as I sing. I sing of the fruit that hangs on the trees, and of the weight of the soft brown soil. I like not thy song, nor thy caresses neither." Saith he, "No woman likes caresses save they are forced upon her." She said, "Is it force then?" He said, "Yes, force—" and he took her throat by force and pressed her face to him. She cried: "Force then" and smote him with her open hand, and he staggered. Then he rose up again and she struck him again with her clenched fist and the blow was like the blow of a hammer. He fell and his head hit against a spade and he lay there...

The rain had ceased. It was cold. She opened the door; she drew her cloth about her, and laid her hand to her face. Wet moonlight came streaming through the doorway. She wiped the blood off her arm. Then she shivered,—"Let him lie there," she said. Then, "He will stain the floor." She went back and lifted his head, "He is a fair thing, and his lips are pale now. He is fair now,—a lot of blood. If it run like this he will die, and he is a fair thing. Cold water would stop it. There will be some rain water in my bucket."

She bathed his head. "When he hath wits again, I will cast him out. He may go to his boat." But the blood still ran. She brought more water. Then she tied a piece of cloth round the wound. His eyes were closed. She watched. The moon lowered in the sky and was faint in clouds. There was only the light of the little lamp. She said, "It is past midnight. I cannot spend oil thus." She sat in the darkness with the window as a shadow very faint; and faint outside she heard the falling of rain drops from the trees and flowers. She said, " I will cast him out. Wilt thou not move!...Cold lips—cold eye-lids. Mayhap I killed him." Then again; " Cold lips—still cold."

A bird sounded. The shape of the window grew brighter. Through the doorway came a cold breeze, very cold. The room was filling with a mist of light. " He cannot lie here. I will put him on the bed. I have my work to do. Mayhap he will wake and go."

But the day drew out to morning, and morning to mid-day and he moved not, and she scarcely left him. At afternoon he muttered, and moved his head. She made food and tried to give it to him, but the milk spilled on his face.

Night came and she slept on the floor.

So for another day she tended him. And as days went by he ate, but knew nothing.

Then one morning as she put food into his mouth she laughed. " How weak for so great a man. She took his hand and lifted up the arm and laid her finger over it. "It is limp as a baby's, but once it was very strong." She put her palm to her neck where there was a great bruise. "He must be strong to have hurt me."

There was meaning in his eyes. He whispered, " Not strong, for a woman conquered me."

So it was he came back to thought, but she did not cast him out as she would have done. She said, "Thought hath he, but not the force." So he lay there yet a few more days, and she went about her fruit-trees and her fields and her birds and beasts as she had done before—save only at morning and evening she set food by him. But when she came he turned away his eyes from her. And she said nothing.

Then on an evening she came and found him sitting there cutting at a little piece of wood into the shape of a horse no bigger than one's finger. He said, "I can sit but I cannot walk. To-morrow I will walk. Hast thou a boat my lady? I shall go—to-morrow." She said, "I will row thee over." He said: "My lady." She said: "Aye Sir." He said, "There is forgiveness in heaven for men. Is there forgiveness in thee for me?" She said, "Aye, forgiveness. Speak no more of it. To-morrow I shall row thee over."

To-morrow came and they went down to the shore together. He said, "I will take the oars." "Sir, I think thou canst not." But he took them and made not more than seven strokes,and the seventh was agony. At the eighth the handle of the oar fell from him. He said, "I pray your pardon. I cannot." So she took the oars and rowed to the bank. Then he stepped out on to the shore. She said, "There is this." He said, "what is it? Is it mine?" "It is food for thy journey." He looked aside. Then he said, "Lady,—thy hand." But she stirred not, only her fingers moved. "Only thy hand. So,—and thou wilt not, farewell." "Farewell." He strode up the bank, and she went to the boat. She played at the thole-pins as though they were away. Then she looked up. He was striding up the hill with the little package in his hand. He looked back; she stooped again to the thole-pins. Then she took the oars and rowed back over the water, so fast that the stream was broken into foam.

She came to her island and wandered to and fro among the flowers. She did this, then cast it by, then went to do some other thing. She sang, then ceased. Then again sang. But it was of the 'fruit that hangs on the tree': she ceased suddenly, and then she wept. She said, "I know not what it is, but I am not as I was before. For earth seems lonely to me."

I know not what is love save useless sighing,
A restless canker at my bosom's core,
Making toil vain, vain laughter,—vain denying
That time runs not as smoothly as before

I know not what is love, I never sought it.
Like tempest wrack upon the shore it came.
Some wandering eddy of the river brought it:
I change, but still the stream flows on the same.

I know not what is love, but this vain dreaming
Makes desert the fair land through which I move:
False things seem real, and real things are but seeming;
Only one thing is true—and that is love."

She said, "I have wasted my days in loneliness, and the flower of life I have planted in a desert. There is nothing that avails save to live and to laugh. What avails strength save to spend it, beauty save to lend it, lips save to sing, heart save to love? There is wine for drinking and feet that will dance. But I have cast aside the loneliness of marble for loneliness of the sky, and I have not yet lived." She said "Farewell, my island prison, and ye flowers, my fellow captives, and birds that in pity sing of the life I am denied. I go to seek the city and spend what God gave me which I have not used till now. For I am lonely, very lonely in this place." So she went.

Now she came to a little house in a far-off street. The house was built of stone, the wall upon the road was bleak and bare. Great gates lead into the court-yard. But the iron was rusted and the stone was stained. The bottom of the wooden doors patched with boards, the boards white and the rest of the wood dull red as of rotten fruit. Within the yard there were big arches, a broken fountain, white bowls for flowers stained with the earth but no flowers grew in them, a little tank stone-lined but the water was yellow with foulness. All lay dreary in the daylight as though it were waiting for night to cover its vile nakedness. It was the house of Kanchi who kept the singing girls.

Lela came down the street in the afternoon, she walked close in by the wall and veiled her face. She came to the great gate and tapped on it with her finger. There was no answer. Some one was coming down the street. She pushed open the door and slipped in. The gate-man lay asleep on his bed. On the steps of the building a little shrivelled old woman was sunning herself. She spat on the ground in front of her. Then she looked up and saw Lela.

"Han. What is it?"

Lela drew herself up, "Who art thou?"

"I would ask who art thou? What dost thou seek?"

"I seek thee."

"What is thy name?"

"My name is nought to thee. I come to live life, and if I like it not I will go. I would dance and cast flowers for a while with you, play at life and then go from it."

So Lela went in. But she liked it not.

Now Lela was weary of the silence of the house as day wore on towards evening. She put her cloth over her face and went to walk by the river-side. There was a path shaded with trees along the bank. It was very lonely. For one time it had been where all the great and the rich went. But now gold had changed its habitation and no more the soft silk and the fine linen went thither, but only the carrier of water from the river crossed it and laid a row of water-drops along its dust. So Lela walked there, and she stood by a tree in shadow and thought, for the beginning of gay life was not as she had dreamed it, and she wondered why. And as she stood there, there came one behind her. But she heard him not. He said, "Maiden," and again, "Maiden," she turned not to look at him.

He said, "Wilt'ou talk with me. For I need one to talk with me. I knew not that any came this path save I." Lela turned not her head. But she said, "Speak on." Her voice sounded to him strange. He said, "Thou standest there sadly.

Mayhap it is for the same sadness as mine. Mayhap thou art sad of love, but I of repentance. In thy love is hope, in mine regret only."

She said, "Dost thou then love?"

He said, "I love one tall as thou art, strong as thou art, with grace in walking, and gentleness in speaking, with loveliness in all things even like to thine."

She said, "And thou lovest her so truly, how speakest thou to me?"

He said, "Wert thou the queen of heaven and empress of earth's riches, loveliest of all women, gentler than a child, yet I would not love thee. Were thine arms about my neck and thy prayers in my ears I would not kiss thee. But were she lowest of all slaves, poorest vassal of mine inheritance, did she hate me as she doth now hate me, were she to smite me as she smote me once, yet I would go to her, and were God gentle, I would wed her, to make myself slave by her side."

"Is it so?"

He said, "Show me thy face."

She said nothing but drew the cloth closer.

He said, "Draw it aside lest I tear it aside. I love thee not, but I will see who thou art that art so like to her—draw it aside I say lest I tear it." He reached out his hand. Then she turned to him. "Shall I smite thee again?"—for it was he.

He said, "Nay, but this time thou shalt love me. For by thee I am pure, thou purest, and by thee I love, most lovely. By love will I win thee as by folly I lost thee." He said, "Dost thou now love?"

She said: "Look thou and see."

He said: "Pledge me."

She said: "I love thee. Go now. Let me go."

It was twilight as she stole back to the great gates. Inside was light and music. One cried out to her. "Come little sister, for we are longing for thee. We live not till thou comest."

They stood round about her. A hand fell on her shoulde but she shook it away. She said, "I am weary to-night. No to-night. And to-morrow I shall leave you. I go to one have found at the last." They cried, "Then is there one nigh of life before the years of quietness. One night wherein t bid farewell to laughter ere thou hast scarce met it. Live th one night, and then go."

She said: "This one night. I have not yet lived and would fain see. I have been foolish, but I will see foll to hate it. I have been mad but I cannot wake ye What will ye?"

"Dance for us."

"What dance?"

"Of Roses," cried they.

So she danced, and the rose-petals fell from her finger even as she had danced of old in the marble palace. Th dance was full of shunning and yearning, of seeking an flying away; it told of white finger-tips and the scent *attar*, of zither music, and laced windows; jewels and flowe and the splashing of fountains in palaces of stone and gold white moving arms, and feet twinkling; long streaming ha and bangles twinkling; cooing and little laughter, and finge calling—and then she ceased. For there stood one facin her, and his eyes were as stars. He said: "This! Was it th that smote me and scorned me. This that loved me, and followed to seek her dwelling! I know not what is woma sometimes purest, sometimes vilest. Surely thou didst lov me? And yet I know not.

Surely I loved thee; thou didst love me surely":—
  But thou art less than nothing to me now.
I loved thee, loved thee; God doth know how purely
  I loved; and God doth knew how vilely thou.

Bid no farewells, lest Heaven perchance fulfil them:
Fare thou not well. Were thy lips foemens' swords,
I'd beat them down, I'd crush them, bruise them, kill them,
And in their blood still read thy lying words.

Aye weep,—

Dark tear filled eyes and tear-stained, tangled tresses;
White heaving breast that rends my heart—Go now!
Life cannot cleanse my soul of thy caresses,
—And yet I loved thee, loved thou knowest not how.
Fare thou not well.
Go now!

She said: "Wilt thou leave me thus? I never danced before. Hast thou been always holy, save as I made thee. Wilt thou go thus?"

He said: "Thus hast thou laughed and made me holy, and laughing thou wilt plunge me in the dust. I loved thee for thy purity and I hate thee for thy shame. Aye, now I go."

She said: "Twice then I smite thee, once for thy shame, and once for my love. Stay and I kill thee not."

And he went to the door. She said, "Let him go. So is it ever, they sin and are guiltless; we sin and our souls are lost. For love to them is a mote in a sunbeam, but to us it is the day. So man made the world. I have sought toil, and it is emptiness; I have sought solitude, and it is loneliness, I have sought pleasure, and it is folly, and my innocence hath cast me out from life—Ah me,"

Ah me. Ah me to live not save for loving
Ah weary me!
Ah me to think not save for proving
If his love faithful be.

Ah me, 'Youth's beauty but for snaring'—
So thinketh he;
'Strength not for toil but bearing
The men to be.'

Ah me, Ah me, "What harm a little sinning?"
So sayeth he;
But scarce we stand at folly's first beginning
Lost, lost are we.

God made man strong and cruel
To hold earth's sovereignty;
And us, heaven's fairest jewel,
Slave of his ease to be.
Lost, lost are we,
Ah me."

The red gates clanged. A face peered in at the doorway:—"Is he gone?" "Aye gone," she bent down with her face to earth. The long hair over her shoulders flowed round and hid her tears.

That is the end of this story.

Men and women be strange things, strange mad things, like a whirl of gnats turning and tangling without meaning; only from all comes one low sweet note. Mayhap that is poetry which finds a music in the madness of the world.

Moths in the moonlight flitting,
Scattering the light from their wings,
Bird on a lone tree sitting,
What is the song he sings?
What is it stirs his music?
What is the joy it brings?

River silently flowing,
White through a sleeping land :—
Where its eddies going?
What say it waves in the sand?
Who sent thy stream from the mountain?
Follows it whose strange hand?

Silence and midnight splendour,
Myriad starry eyes;
On a thread of sleep how slender,
Clingeth my soul to the skies :
What is the prayer I render,
That God death's hand denies?

Moths in the moonlight glancing,
And a bird that sings on the tree:
Dreams in a mad whirl dancing,
And a poet's melody.

K. O. NA

THE RIDER ON THE WHITE HORSE

How did I lose you, sweet?
I hardly know.
Roughly the storm did beat,
Wild winds did blow.
I with my loving arm
Folded you safe from harm,
Cloaked from the weather.
How could your dear foot drag?
Or did my courage sag?
Heavy our way did lag
Pacing together.

I looked in your eyes afraid.
Pale, pale, my dear!
The stones hurt you, I said,
To hide my fear.
You smiled up in my face,
You smothered every trace
Of pain and langour.
Fondly my hand you took,
But all your frail form shook,
And the wild storm it struck
At us in anger.

The wild blast woke anew,
Closely you clung to me.

Whiter and whiter grew
Your cheek, and hung to me.
Drooping and faint you laid
Upon my breast your head,
Footsore and laggard.
Look up, dear love, I cried,
But my heart almost died
As you looked up and sighed
Dead-weary, staggered.

There came a rider by,
Gentle his look.
I shuddered, for his eye
I could not brook.
Muffled and cloaked he rode,
And a white horse bestrode
With noiseless gallop.
His hat was mystery,
His cloak was history,
Pluto's consistory
Or, Charon's shallop.

Could not the dusky hue
Of his robe match.
His face was hard to view,
His tone to catch.
She is sick, tired. "Your load
A few miles of the road
Give me to weather."

He took, as 'twere a corse,
Her fainting form perforce.
In the rain rider, horse
Vanished together.

Come back, dear love, come back
Hoarsely I cry;
After that rider black
I peer and sigh:
After that phantom steed
I strain with anxious heed
Heart-sick and lonely
Into the storm I peer;
Through wet woods moaning drear
Only the wind I hear,
The rain see only.

M. GHOSH

THE ABBASIDS IN ASIA

II

Musa-Al-Hadi was of a piece with his father. He was just, brave, generous, cheerful, and withal stern and severe against the heretics. In one respect, and in one only, did he differ from him. He intended to rule alone; whereas Mahdi, especially in the last years of his life, had allowed his wife Khaizuran to exercise very considerable influence on government affairs. During Mahdi's life, she had been, so to speak, the pivot of the state. In her palace the courtiers who sought favour assembled and paid their ceremonial call even before they had seen the Caliph—and offered their morning greetings there. To her influence Hadi probably ascribed the change in the line of succession intended by his father. After his return to Baghdad, he relegated her to the *harem*; forbade her to interfere, in any way, with the affairs of the state; and prohibited his officials to have anything whatever to do with her. If this power-loving and pampered queen was embittered against her son by these measures—she became still more embittered when Hadi sought to displace her favourite son Harun from the throne and to appoint his own minor son Jafar as his successor to the Caliphate. He proceeded against Harun precisely in the same manner as his forefather had proceeded against Isa Ibn Musa. He suffered Harun to be slighted and insulted by the whole court, and to such an extent that Harun was obliged to seek safety in his country castle. Several army-leaders supported the Caliph in his treacherous design; only the Barmacide Yahya Ibn Khalid ventured to defend the rights of Harun, and to warn the Caliph against violation of the oath sworn to his father.

The Caliph had him imprisoned, and had made all arrangements for homage to be done to his son, when, at the instance of his own mother, according to one version, he was poisoned by a slave-girl on a journey, in the neighbourhood of Mosul, and, according to another version, was throttled in his bed. (15th September, 786.)

Of public events in the one-year reign of Hadi, only an insurrection of the Alides in Mekka and Medina is to be mentioned. It did not assume very large dimensions and was speedily suppressed; but it is not, on that account, to be ignored or passed over, because one of the Alide rebels, Idris Ibn Abdullah, fled across Egypt to West Africa, where he was later poisoned at the command of Harun, but his descendants founded an independent kingdom which extended from Welila to Fez and Morocco.

Both in the East and the West, Harun-al Rashid has acquired an indisputable primacy in the history of the Caliphs. He owes his great fame to his outward religious observances; to his numerous pilgrimages, on which a large number of theologians accompanied him; to his liberality towards poets and scholars, as also towards the inhabitants of the holy towns; to his efforts at adorning and enriching the capital, which in his reign attained its meridian glory,—but steadily to decline therefrom under his successors; to the fact that many distinguished men—*wazirs*, judges, orators, traditionists, poets, singers, musicians—shed lustre on his court and raised Baghdad to the position of a city conspicuous not only for its extent, riches and splendour, but also for its learning and civilization. His victorious campaigns against the Byzantines contributed no less towards his fame with his contemporaries. Finally, his own attainments, his liveliness, his sense of refined social pleasure, his illuminating conversation, coupled with the rich presents which he so freely lavished—these captured, captivated, rivetted to himself the most gifted men of his time. No wonder, then, that even the later writers of fiction looked back to the time of Harun as the golden age of the Caliphate: and when they wanted to carry back their contemporaries to the days of vanished glory and of vanished might and splendour, they naturally selected the reign of the Caliph Harun-al Rashid. They invested him with virtues which he never possessed, and cast a veil over the vices which disfigured his character.

Most undeserved was the appellation of the 'just' which he received from his father when he was named second in the order of succession; for, however much venal poets might extol his virtues, sober historians register facts in painful contrast to these lyric praises. His piety was a mere hypocritical cloak. He not only secretly indulged in the most odious of vices, but even did not shrink from the most hateful of crimes. He was no better than his grandfather Mansur,[1] and even if the numerous anecdotes, in which he appears as a clement and just ruler, were not later inventions, they but prove that with him, as with other despots, there were moments when better instincts obtained a passing triumph. The following incontestable facts prove that Harun was one of the most despicable tyrants that ever sat on a throne.

Idris was poisoned; the post-master of Egypt who facilitated his flight was executed; Amir Abu Ismah who counselled Hadi to appoint his son Jafar, in place of Harun, as his successor, was put to death. Such were the acts with which Harun inaugurated his reign. The governor of Mesopotamia was punished with death for being defeated in a war against the Kharijites. The Alide Musa Ibn Jafar had to end his days in prison, because he once saluted the grave of the Prophet in Medina with the words "Hail to thee, Father" while Harun could only approach it with the exclamation "Hail to thee, cousin." A cousin of Mansur was deprived of his liberty because of an unfounded calumny. Another cousin of his was accused, even after his death, of intended high treason, to give Harun a pretext for confiscating his vast estate to the injury of his nearer kinsmen. The Alide Yahya Ibn Abdullah who rebelled in Persia, but who subsequently surrendered on being shown a letter of pardon from the Caliph, was imprisoned in spite of it, and according to another report was murdered in prison because one of the slavish courtiers discovered a technical defect in the document. The brother of a rebel in Khorasan was brought before Harun, when on the point of death. Yet Harun told him: Had I only strength left to me to utter a word—that word would be 'death.' He, thereupon sent for an executioner, and had him hacked to pieces.

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[1] Nöldeke, Eastern Sketches, article on "Mansur."

The extermination of the Barmacides alone would brand him with infamy for all time.[1] The family descended from Barmak, and was of Persian origin. The founder Barmak accepted Islam under the Omayyads, and the family early acquired great renown. After the murder of Abu Salma, Khalid, a son of Barmak, was appointed *wazir* of Saffah. Under Mansur Khalid first held the post of the Finance Minister. Then he became Governor of Mosul. Later, he superintended the construction of the city of Baghdad, and did his best to save the palace of the old Persian kings from destruction.[2] In the reign of

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[1] Barmak is said to be the title given to the chief priest of a fire temple. Browne, I, 257. See, Masudi, Vol. VI, 361, *et seq.*, 886 *et seq.* Ibn Khallikan, transl., De Slane, I, 30 *et seq.*; II. 459; IV. 103. See Encyclopædia of Islam, Sub. *Barmakids.* See the monograph of Bouvat, *Les Bermécides.*

[2] Whilst engaged in constructing his new capital of Baghdad, the Caliph Al-Mansur was advised by Abu Ayyab-al Muriyani to destroy the Sassanian Palace known as *Aywan-i-Kisra* and utilise the material for building purposes. He consulted Khalid, who replied, "Do not do this thing, O Commander of the Faithful, for verily it is a sign of the triumph of Islam, for when men see it they know that only a heavenly dispensation could destroy the like of this building. Moreover, it was the place of prayer of Ali. Further, the expense of destroying it would be greater than what will be gained thereby." "O Khalid," answered Al-Mansur, "thou hast naught but partiality for all that is Persian!" Khalid's prophecy as to the labour and expense involved in its destruction proved however to be correct, and so

Al-Mahdi,[1] the young prince Harun was entrusted to the care of Yahya, the son of Khalid (A. H. 161=777-8 A.D.). After A.H. 163 (779-80) Yahya was at the head of the chancellory (Diwan-Al-Rasail) of the Prince who was then appointed Governor of the West (all the Provinces west of the Euphrates) with Armenia and Adherbaijan. During the brief reign of Al-Hadi, Yahya as an adherent of the young Prince, whom they wished to force to renounce the succession, was in danger of his life. After the accession of Harun, Yahya, the Barmacide, whom the Caliph still always called "Father," was appointed *Wazir*, with unlimited powers, and with the help of his sons Fadl and Jafar (his two other sons Musa and Mohamed are more rarely mentioned) ruled the kingdom for seventeen years (786-803).

The Caliph loved Jafar best.[2] Like himself Jafar was cheerful, merry and talented. His fondness for Jafar was so great that he could not even do without him in his social circles after dusk when the ladies of the *Harem* were present. To make this possible without offending the rigid oriental custom, he hit upon an unhappy scheme of having the

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one day the Caliph said to him, "O Khalid, we have come over to thine opinion, and have abandoned the destruction of the Palace." "O Commander of the Faithful," said Khalid, "I advise thee now to destroy it, lest men should say that thou wert unable to destroy what another built !" Fortunately, however, the Caliph again refused to follow his advice, and the demolition of the Palace was suspended. Browne, Lit. Hist. of Persia, Vol. I, 258. Al- Fakhri, 185, 186. Tabari, Series III, 320.

[1] See Encyc. of Islam. Sub. "*Barmakids.*"

[2] Jafar's intimacy with the Caliph, which did not at all please Yahya, is attributed to a notorious oriental vice (Tabari, III. 676). Except for a short journey to Syria in the year 180 (796-7) when he had to make peace among the Arab tribes who were fighting among themselves, as had his brother Musa four years earlier, he appears never to have been separated from the Caliph, and even on this occasion he gave vent to his sorrow and his desire for reunion in extravagant language. (Tabari, III. 642.) He was several times appointed Governor of large provinces by his princely patron, but these were always ruled by his deputies. It cannot be ascertained from the authorities whether he ever actually conducted the business of state as a minister, or what buildings or other works were executed by him. The only trace of his influence is the fact that his name appears on the coins of the Caliph.

marriage ceremony between Jafar and his sister performed, on the understanding that it was purely nominal.[1]

But Abbasa was passionately in love with her husband, and with the help of Jafar's mother managed to meet him. Her relations with Jafar, remained for many years concealed, and the child of their secret union was quietly brought up in Mekka.

A slave-girl, however, betrayed her. Harun travelled to Mekka, saw the child, and when convinced of the truth of the story, decided upon the extermination of the entire family. Jafar was beheaded without a hearing, and his mutilated corpse was hung up at a gate or a bridge at Baghdad. Abbasa and her child are said to have been buried alive. Yahya and the rest of his sons were put into prison, and all their property was confiscated. Any one who dared to express sorrow over the sad fate of this unhappy family was sure of death. One Ibrahim, son of the Chief of Mansur's body-guard, was executed because he dared to mourn the death of Jafar. The Caliph, to whom he was accused as a friend of Jafar, invited him to an evening meal, and, after they had taken plenty of wine, feigned grief at his severity against Jafar and said that he would give away his whole kingdom could he only be recalled to life. Ibrahim, believing it to be a genuine expression of grief, opened his heart to him and confessed that he, too, mourned the loss of a man like Jafar, who was impossible to replace. At these words the Caliph called out to him "damn you," and handed him over to the executioner.

To veil the scandal of the *Harem*, other reasons, were naturally invented against the Barmacides. But Tabari, a famous historian, who was in touch with the contemporaries of Harun, thus concludes his recital of the fall of the Barmacides: "Harun's act might have been justified if this catastrophe had not been connected with the history of his sister. So his conduct only served to give publicity to his disgrace. If he had silently borne what had happened, the matter would probably have become known only at court, or, at most, in the capital but, as it was, it became known to all his contemporaries, and may go down through history to the last generation of mortals. As often as people will ask: what brought about the fall of the Barmacides? the answer will be: the adventure of Harun's sister, Abbasa."

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[1] Muir, 481.

The official reasons for the disfavour of the Barmacides are said to be these: First, they were not orthodox Muslims, but secret supporters of free-thinking. The Caliph, further, was said to have been warned about their ambition, and was put on his guard against their unbounded wealth and unlimited power and the possibility of their attempt to oust him from the throne; for already by their splendour and influence they had cast him into the shade. These and similar accusations might well have been made against the Barmacides—Persians as they were, and as such not much loved by the Arabs. Malevolent whispers might have made a deep impression on a man ambitious, fame-seeking, suspicious, such as Harun was: but his special anger against Jafar whom alone he singled out for execution; the time when the order was issued and executed, namely, immediately after his return from Mekka (803 A.D.); as well as Harun's own reply to his sister who questioned him regarding the reason for the death of Jafar, show that he intended to keep the motive a secret, for the answer was: were it known even to the shirt which I wear on my body, I would tear it to pieces.[1]

The unmerited ill-treatment of the Barmacides, which extended even to their friends and the officers appointed by them, made so bad an impression at Baghdad where the family was greatly honoured, that the Caliph transferred his residence to Rakkah. For this step, he put forward as his reason the frequent insurrections in Syria and Mesopotamia, and the necessity for his being at hand. In Syria there still lingered a great deal of love for the Omayyads. Further, the old enmity between the Yamanides and the Mudharites there continued unabated. The Mudharites, therefore, forthwith showed an inclination to rebel, the moment a Governor of the Yamanide tribe was set over them. In Mesopotamia republican principles had gained the upper hand. Similar conditions, as in Syria, had called forth repeated insurrections in Khorasan. There, too, there was little love for Islam or its rulers. Nor was the position of affairs different in Egypt, where the people were weighed down with crushing taxation. Even in the Province of Africa, *i.e.*, in Kairowan and Tunis, one insurrection followed another until Ibrahim Ibn Aghlab was appointed Governor (800), but he soon set himself up as an independent ruler, and bequeathed his throne to his descendants, who under the name of the Aghlabides, ruled Sicily until overthrown by the Fatimides in 909 A.D. The Idrisides rested their claim to rule on their kinship with Ali. Ibrahim let them alone, to be all the more secure from any interference of the Caliph, who dreaded Ibrahim going over to the Idrisides and thereby extending the Alide rule throughout Africa.

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[1] Muir, note, p. 482 (Ed. 1915).

Harun had, indeed, not only to battle with insurrections at home, but also to fight the Khozars in Armenia and the Byzantines in Asia minor. The victories that he won over the Byzantines, as already mentioned, served, in no small measure, to veil his weaknesses and to enhance his glory.

Harun is said personally to have taken the field eight times against the Greeks.[1] Every year predatory expeditions by land and sea were undertaken, bringing in valuable booty and countless prisoners. The Empress Irene, by reason of the internal unrest and the war against the Bulgarians, was wholly unable to oppose or fight the Arabs.

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[1] Bury, Later Roman Empire, pp, 479, 492, 422, 533.

In the year 797-798, the Arabs advanced as far as Ancyra and Ephesus and Irene was forced once more to purchase peace at a heavy cost. When Nicephorus ascended the throne (802) he wrote to Harun asking him to return all the money he had received from Irene, or the Sword would decide between them. To this letter Harun thus replied: In the name of God, the merciful, the compassionate, from Harun, the Commander of the Faithful, to the dog of a Greek. I have read thy letter—thou, son of an infidel—not only wilt thou have an answer but thou wilt see it with thy very eyes.

Harun forthwith set out with an army and stood before the walls of Heraclea. Nicephorus needed all his strength then to fight the rebel Bardanes, and, therefore, there was no other course left to him but to consent to pay tribute, to induce the despised Caliph, to return home.

With equal promptness in 803, Harun marched over the mountain chains of Taurus when the Emperor, on the overthrow of the rebel Bardanes, broke the peace and compelled Nicephorus; after his general Jabil Ibru Yahya had inflicted a bloody defeat on him, to agree to a fresh truce. Even this time the Greeks violated the compact. While Harun was away in Khorasan to depose the Governor there, the Greeks built afresh the fortifications razed to the ground by the Muslims, and made incursions into Muslim territory.

On his return home (806) Harun soon punished these acts of bad faith. With an army of 135,000 men—apart from the Volunteers—he took the field, captured Heraclea and other strongholds, destroyed towns, devastated countries, took women and children captives, and marched away with all the movable property he could lay his hands on. Simultaneously a fleet sailed to Cyprus and brought from there 17,000 Christians as captives. To avoid worse troubles, Nicephorus submitted to the greatest indignity; namely, of having not only to pay a fresh tribute, but as a sign and symbol of complete defeat to pledge himself to a capitation tax for himself and his family. Among other terms, the treaty contained the term that Heraclea, destroyed by the Muslims, should never again be restored. In the following year, however, when Harun was busy fighting the rebels in Adherbaijan and Khorasan, the Byzantines once again committed acts of hostilities against the Arabs. For this breach of faith the Caliph avenged himself by punishing his Christian subjects. Churches were pulled down and the forgotten ordinance of the Caliph Omar, regarding the outward token to be worn by Christians, was revived and put into force.

Hitherto we find no trace of intolerance in Harun. In fact, he hesitated as little as did Mansur in concluding an alliance with the Franks in order to check the Omayyads in Spain in their attempt of the reconquest of the East. Even with the Chinese Emperor, as with Charles the Great, embassies met to settle the affairs of the Provinces bordering on the Chinese frontier in Transoxiana.

At the time when the Byzantines raided Muslim territory Harun was contemplating an expedition against the rebel Rafi Ibn Laith, who had brought all the country beyond the Oxus under his control. In the spring of 808 Harun left Baghdad, accompanied by his eldest son, but, owing to an illness, he had to break his journey at Tus, where he died in the 24th year of his reign (23rd March, 809).[1]

Already, in the year 791, Harun had caused homage to be done to his five-year old son Amin by his wife Khadija (a grand-daughter of Mansur), who by her patronage of scholars and poets, by the splendour of her pilgrimages, and by many acts of munificence, had acquired as great a fame as her royal spouse. In the year 798 Mamun—the son of a Persian slave girl—was appointed second in the order of succession.

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[1] According to same report he was poisoned.

Harun knew, indeed, from the examples of the past (and what little was wanting was supplied from his own experiences) that it was the easiest thing in the world for a despotic ruler to set at naught a scrap of paper, however well-fortified with the most sacred oath, when there was a question of setting one's own son in place of a brother on the throne. To make the position of Mamun, therefore, strong and secure, Harun in his life-time effected a division of the empire. Amin, according to the earlier arrangement, was to inherit the position of the Caliph, but in reality he was to rule only over Iraq, Syria, Egypt and Africa. The entire East, from Hamadan to the Indus and the Jaxartes, was placed under Mamun; while Northern Mesopotamia with the fortifications bordering upon Armenia and Asia Minor, was assigned to Kasim—another son of Harun, nominated third in the order of succession.

Scarcely was Harun dead when the arrangements made by him were trampled under foot by two of his sons who, as Harun knew only too well, were eagerly looking forward to his end.

(*To be continued*)

S. KHUDA BUKHSH

VENGEANCE IS MINE

[*Synopsis of previous chapters.*—Nilkanthrai, an officer of Ratnagadh State, died, leaving his wife Gunavanti and his only son Jagat (a boy of about twelve) quite destitute. They were taken charge of by Raghubhai, the Kotwal of Ratnagadh, who promised to look after them and took them home, because he was bound to Nilkanthrai by ties of the deepest gratitude. Raghubhai's wife Kamala was a woman who paid unquestioning obedience to her lord. He had a baby daughter also, Rama by name. Harilal and his daughter Tanman came to live for a short time near Raghubhai: Jagat and the girl soon grew so fond of each other that Tanman practically lived with Gunavanti. Ramkisandasji, an old and tired friend of Gunavanti was a *Sannyasi* who lived in an ancient temple of Ramchandra outside the town. He took the two children there one night to hear some sacred music and there before the altar of the Deity they plighted their troth to each other, scarce knowing what they did. Soon after this, Harilal was transferred to another town and Tanman went away leaving Jagat heart-broken at the parting. Just about that time Anantanand, a most remarkable man, and the chief worker at the Varat monastery, came to Ratnagadh to ask for the continuance of the state grant which Varat had enjoyed for centuries, but which Revashankar, the niggardly Divan, had stopped. Anantanand even approached the Prince Jasubha (an easy-going but astute man) with his request but it was not granted. Raghubhai was all this time busy with his own little game of supplanting Revashankar in office and at the same time he felt himself strongly attracted by the widow Gunavanti. She repulsed his advances with scorn and one night when he tired to use force she jumped out of the window and sought the aid of old Ramkisandasji. The old man punished the Kotwal in his own summary way by tying him to a rope and leaving him dangling inside the well in his own garden. Meanwhile Ranubha, the faithful kinsman and courtier of the Prince, who had a deep reverence for Anantanand; felt himself powerless to stop the intrigues going on around him. To add to the complications, Champa, a singularly attractive dancing girl from Bombay, had been brought over by Jasubha to beguile his weary monotonous life in the insipid little town where he ruled.]

CHAPTER X

Jasubha's Cleverness

Two things appeared to Jasubha to be the greatest evils in his life : the first was that his body should want to sleep and rest just when he was settling down to enjoy himself, and the second was, that he should be obliged to get out of bed, in the cool, fresh hours of the morning after a long and refreshing sleep. To minimise this second evil, he used to keep his eyes shut for sometime after sleep had forsaken him, enjoying the lingering shadows of his last dreams. And finally, when he really could no longer help it, he prepared to get up. He sat up in bed and opened his eyes. The ever punctual Ranubha was standing there, regarding Jasubha affectionately through his honest eyes. Jasubha liked faithful service—when rendered by others to himself. He smiled languidly.

"Well Ranu? What are you thinking about?"

"Nothing at all. It does not seem that you have slept at all well last night."

Jasubha raised up his brows in wonder : "How did you guess that?"

"It's not at all difficult. You got up without much difficulty to-day."

"Oh!—But let that pass, Ranu," rejoined the royal devotee of pleasure—"there is naught but worry and trouble and pain all round." He glanced significantly at the door of the inner apartment.

Not only had Jasubha his two great worries, there were two mortal terrors in his life as well. The first was Revashankar. The moment he brought out any rigmarole about accounts or administration or the Agency, Jasubha felt like a startled pony. The second terror was his Marwar wife—Devalba. Jasubha's mother had unearthed this precious jewel from amongst her father's family and had bestowed this ornament of the land upon her son. The Rajput Princess had certainly a pretty figure, but she was densely ignorant, not knowing even how to read or write. In her manners and her outlook upon life, she was about half a millennium behind her age. In her dress she reminded one of the days of Rana Sanga. To cap all these blessings, she had been brought up amidst the petty squabblings of an insignificant chief's court and was consequently very well up indeed in all the most approved methods of narrow party-strife and scandal-mongering; and she also understood well how to make things intolerable to every one around by the pettiest and the most narrow-minded of tyrannies. Thus, to the easy-going, pleasure-loving soul of Jasubha, she had become a veritable terror. They had agreed, however, to go their own way in most matters. But as the evil fate of poor Jasubha had ordained, she had now got a new whim into her head and was demanding persistently that Champa should go—that she should be removed at any cost.

Jasubha had found that he could lose even the last faint traces of his worries in the enjoyment of Champa's brilliant conversation. Hence he wanted to have her always by his side. But suddenly all his plans had been upset. The whole of that night he had dreamt of the departure of Champa, of the fury of his Queen and of his own utter helplessness. And for the first time in many days he was actually glad to wake up.

"But what is the trouble?"

"Oh, do not bother me."

"There is nothing really the matter, you know; you have but to just let me go," chimed in Champa as she came into the bed chamber.

Champa had made studied carelessness her chief weapon. With great art and considerable trouble she had induced a peculiarly wild but charming appearance of carelessness into her looks and manners. Her hair was always in disorder. She wore a plain white dress in a way which, by suggestion more than by anything actually seen, enhanced her wild beauty. A servant followed her at some distance. Her clear, fresh beauty, her perfect limbs and her abandon were wonderfully impressive. New rays of hope shone forth upon Jasubha's tortured heart. Ranubha involuntarily put his hands upon his breast as if to stem the rising tide of his deep love, and vainly attempted to calm the loud beating of his heart.

"Do let me go."

"Where ?"

"To Bombay."

Jasubha felt aggrieved: "Why ?"

"Why? I am sick of all your empty pomp here. I prefer my poor home."

"No, Champa; henceforth you must make this your home."

"Here! In this filthy place! For the money you give me, I could send you five women like myself from there."

Jasubha felt sick and tired.

"What do you mean, Champa? I am worried to death by every one. I am sick of these wayward moods. Everyday somebody starts up with a new whim."

"And precisely therefore I say, 'let me go.'"

"I have heard you. If you go to Bombay, I will also come with you. If you go away, half of Jasubha's life goes with you. For him the world would become dark. If you go, everything would conspire to bore him to death?"

"Bore whom to death?" asked a voice from the side door. The curtain was flung aside and Devalba, like the raging Durga, bounced into the room. She had understood just a part of the words she had overheard and had then rushed in to fight it out to the finish. Champa felt amused. Poor Jasubha felt that he would meet his end between two such charmers. Of the two evils—the fury of Devalba and the departure of Champa—he knew not which to choose. He had avoided giving occasion for such a melodramatic crisis as far as possible; and now he was doubly distressed. The great question now was, how best to get out of this awkward situation.

Fortunately, the full Marwari skirt of Devalba got entangled in the doorway, and she was a few moments getting it out. Jasubha looked round anxiously—as anxiously as Wellington might have looked for Blücher on the field of Waterloo—and his eye fell upon Ranubha. Ranubha's eyes and face beamed forth his love for Champa; if he had dared he might have knelt to her just then and there. Long concealed feelings always burst forth like this. Jasubha had long divined the silent worship of Ranubha. But he had looked upon it merely as a little episode acted expressly for his own amusement. He had no further interest in Champa than the enjoyment of her company for a few hours daily, so he was not troubled by any one else looking upon her with other feelings. He now had a brain-wave and found a way out of the tense situation.

"Whom? Why him, of course," he drawled.

"Who is the 'him'?" thundered Devalba with blazing eyes.

"Don't you see? You have been asking me to get rid of Champa, and Champa also wants to go; but this your Ranu will not hear of it."

"What has Ranubha got to do with this matter?" The Queen felt really friendly towards Ranubha. But she felt that Jasubha wanted to hide his own feelings behind the cloak of the faithful Ranubha.

"He has been pestering me all this while not to let Champa go. Now what can I do? How can I please everybody?"

Champa understood the Prince's little game. Ranubha felt a glow of pleasure; his heart beat faster.

"Indeed, Ranubha! Is this true?"

"True, my lady? If Champa goes for me all the world would become dark," he cried, slightly altering the words of the Prince; and doubtless this time they were true.

The Queen bit her lips, she could not understand it all; she felt sure that they were all trying to make a fun of her.

Jasubha stretched himself on a chair and continued. "So you see, what can I do? Ranubha has never asked me for anything in his life till to-day and now he asks for the first time. How can I help granting his request? Yes, I agree, Ranubha, You can take Champa away and be happy.

"Yes, but on one condition," interposed Devalba, "make arrangements immediately for Champa in Ranubha's apartments; let her not stay here a moment longer."

Jasubha thought this Marwari lady was too clever for him, and he also knew that she would have her way in the end; so he thought it best to submit gracefully.

"Certainly."

"Immediately?"

"Yes, immediately," replied Jasubha turning away his face.

"Ranu, go. Let Champa have the suite next to yours."

Ranubha's apartments were in a separate wing to the right of the palace; and this was all he wanted. He looked at Champa. She too was not anxious to witness any further outburst of passion between the royal couple. She put her hand on Ranubha's shoulder. Every nerve in Ranubha's body tingled with ecstasy.

"Come on, Ranubha, lead the way for me."

The Queen gazed contemptuously at this woman—fallen, as "respectable" folk thought her to be. Champa smiled a little, put aside a straggling lock of hair from her eyes and with a slight bow left the chamber.

CHAPTER XI

A DIPLOMAT OUTWITTED

In olden times it was the custom that the ruling Prince should see the Kotwal the first thing in the morning and from him inquire about the affairs of the city. Of this rule only the letter had remained; the Kotwal now waited outside the Prince's bedchamber merely in order to salute him as he came out. Raghubhai was accordingly waiting outside. A fortnight had elapsed since Raghubhai's midnight excursion into the well; he had completely erased all remembrance of Gunavanti and the shame of that incident and was now busy only with such affairs as would lead to his own advancement.

He had seen Champa coming out with her hand upon Ranubha's shoulder. He had heard some rumours about last night's dispute between the royal couple and the rest he was able to reconstruct with the help of a vivid imagination.

Raghubhai saw Ranubha's smiling face and smiled in his turn. He felt that Champa's power had now been fully established, and that if he had to push his way forward into the State he could do so through Champa alone. So he began to think out in detail all the paraphernalia needed for worshipping this newly arisen sun.

"Champa," said Ranubha, as they were going up the staircase, "this day is the happiest of my life."

"Indeed! Is it because you are taking home a jewel that belonged to the Prince"? asked Champa with a smile.

"Champa, you may have belonged to him in the eyes of the world, but to my mind—"

"Hush, pray, don't talk like that. You men are all alike. Do you think we are dolls? What pleasure do you find in saying these things to us all day long?"

Ranubha heaved a sigh. Champa always talked to him like this, with perfect indifference, keeping him at a distance.

All his efforts to bring her heart a little nearer to his own had ended in complete failure.

The royal palace was a wilderness of stone and marble. Its foundations had been laid quite four or five centuries ago, and each succeeding Prince had added something to it to suit his own whim or convenience. Innumerable rooms had remained closely shut up for years at a time, and colonies of bats had established their undisputed right to these apartments by virtue of their long-continued occupation. A thousand men might easily have hidden there and might have quietly gone about their business without anyone being the wiser. The apartments of Ranubha were situated on the third floor in the right wing. In a room at the furthest end of that wing lived an old retired *Nayak* of the army. The intervening rooms were being cleaned and preparations seemed to be going on to fit them up as a suite for Champa's residence.

Ranubha had no gift of eloquence, and engrossed with his own thoughts, he had lost all power of speech. In perfect silence the two walked upstairs to Ranubha's room.

"Champa—," began Ranubha with hesitation.

"Well?"

"Regard all this as your own."

"You need not ask me to do that. I have always regarded everything in the world as mine own."

Through the door they observed some one seated within. Anantanandji was sitting there with all the dignity of a born ruler of men reading a book. Ranubha saw him and the fiery tumult in his heart began to cool down. He was somewhat abashed and experienced the feelings of a thief when brought up before the judge. Champa, however, turned up her nose at the sight of the ochre robes and the shaven head. She looked at him, the teacher and representative of religion, in her usual careless manner, with indifference and contempt. She had hoped to amuse herself by teasing Ranubha for half an hour, and was consequently disappointed.

Ranubha went up to the Swami and Champa took a chair near the door.

"Why, Ranubha, you are early to-day. Your usual time for coming up is nine ?"

There was something in the tone, something in the words of this remark, which made even careless Champa sit up. She began to gaze intently at the Swami. Ranubha described the events of the morning in a few words, but glossing over his own feelings for Champa. Whenever Champa's name was mentioned, the Swami looked at her. Champa, too, began to look at the Swami with heightened interest and she felt an unwonted anxiety to know what he might think of her.

"So your power has begun, is it not ?"—Champa felt a thrill to hear these words,—"and how do you wish to set about using it ?"

"Who am I to wield power ?"

"Then who else is going to do it ? The Prince wants pleasure, the Diwan wants economy, Ranubha has not the courage, and none else cares ; and if such is the case, whom else could one approach ?"

"Ranubha, may I come in ?" asked Raghubhai from outside. He had finished his work below and had rushed upstairs with oblations to the rising luminary. He had expected to find Ranubha and Champa alone and was therefore startled at the unexpected presence of the Swamiji there. But he was glad, too, in a way ; the Swamiji had a score to pay off against Revashankar and so there was no harm in using even him as a stepping stone. He had made inquiries and had learnt something of the past history of the Swami and of his popularity. He had also gathered that the Swami was going about everywhere making inquiries about the harm done by the niggardly policy of Revashankar. If he wanted to start a new party in opposition, Raghubhai was perfectly ready to lead it. So he believed that his task would become the more easy, if the Swami could be won over.

"What an unexpected pleasure, Swami Maharaj ?" exclaimed Raghubhai bowing with a little mock gravity, "I had hardly expected to meet you here after the violent scene with Revashankar."

"Expectations are not always fulfilled. But why are you always in a hurry ?"

Raghubhai felt there was some hidden meaning in the last sentence, but he could not determine its exact signification.

"Maharaj, I was beside myself with rage that day. That a person like you should come all this way and beg for such a trifle and not get it ! It is scandalous. Thousands are wasted, and for you there must be economy !"

"That is your fault," replied the Swamiji with a quiet smile.

"My fault ?"

"Yes, yours, and of servants of the State like Ranubha, and of favourites of the Prince like Champa."

"How could *I* have helped it ?" asked Champa quietly.

Raghubhai and Ranubha both looked at her. Had they both not been so deeply absorbed in their conversation with the Swami, they would easily have seen that Champa appeared no longer indifferent, but was listening with reverent attention.

"You ! You could have done anything. It is women alone who can accomplish any task in this universe. We men live and die through you alone."

"Ranubha, His Highness wants you," said a page, coming in.

"Maharaj, please wait here for me. I will be back in a moment."

"No, I will look in again later. God be with you, my son. Sister, even in your present condition try to lead us onwards and upwards."

"Come on, Maharaj, I shall accompany you," said Raghubhai.

The Swamiji looked at him for a second; "Yes," he said with a smile.

They both went to the back staircase and began to descend. For the first few steps neither spoke. Raghubhai had sought this opportunity on purpose to get the Swami into his power; and so he was quite prepared to use all his irresistible diplomatic skill.

"I have been entrusted with the duty of keeping a watch upon you."

"Very likely."

"I had, therefore, to make certain inquiries regarding you."

"Indeed."

Raghubhai was annoyed at this coolness.

"You have been trying to get Mr. Revashankar removed; I shall have to inform His Highness about that."

"Then why don't you do it?"

"For your sake."

"There is no particular affection between us," retorted the Swamiji, "and if you have not informed His Highness already, it must have been for some selfish purpose of your own," he added in his quiet manner.

Raghubhai felt his self-possession deserting him; "What purpose could I have?" he asked.

"To be the Divan."

Raghubhai was effectively silenced. The Swamiji had proved himself more than his match. He had thought to outwit him, but found himself outwitted.

"Look here Raghubhai. My way is straight. I do not like people to bother themselves with what I do or do not do. If you wish to better yourself, help me and follow my directions. You shall get in the end a position beyond your wildest dreams; and all your high aspirations shall be fulfilled. But if you want to gain your ends by bullying or by petty tyrannies, your road lies there. If you ever again cross my path, God help you. I do not want your reply just now. Day after to-morrow the new officers of the household are to be appointed, and these appointments are in your hands. If you desire to be with me, appoint the people whose names I shall give. If you do not, I will understand that you wish to follow your own designs."

Raghubhai felt himself sinking lower at that moment than even when he was dangling over empty space inside the well. He realised that even a clever diplomat could be outwitted at his own game.

"Whom would you like to see appointed?"

The Swamiji gave him the names and leaving Raghubhai there, walked away. Raghubhai stood still as if rooted to the floor. He was roused after some moments by the voice of Kalyan Nayak coming from the direction which the Swamiji had taken. The utter helplessness of four-score years was visible in each trembling limb of the aged retainer. He had for years occupied a small room on the left-hand side of the same storey as Ranubha and had the use of the back staircase. At that moment he was shaking as from a sudden shock of pain; his toothless jaws were trembling with fearful rapidity.

"My sovereign Prince! You in this garb! Oh God!"

Raghubhai's ears caught these words. It seemed as if they had been applied to the Swamiji; but by themselves they were meaningless. Many and strange were the tales current in the State about Kalyan Nayak. In the days of the Queen-Mother he had been held in very high respect and it was, therefore, believed that his true position was much higher than that of an ordinary *nayak*. Raghubhai felt his suspicions aroused.

"Which Sovereign Prince, Kalyan Nayak?" he asked in his blandest tones.

Hearing another voice Kalyan Nayak controlled with an effort his feeble, shaking limbs. He looked round at Raghubhai with distrust.

"Who else, Kotwal Saheb, but our Highness? Who else can be our Sovereign Prince? Good-bye," he replied; and striking his stick on the floor and shaking his head Kalyan Nayak slowly went back to his room.

Raghubhai turned homewards full of deep thoughts.

CHAPTER XII

SMELLING A RAT

On his way home, Raghubhai's mind was busy solving a variety of intellectual puzzles. Why did Anantanand go so much out of his way to meddle with the State affairs? The meddling was, of course, obvious. Why otherwise was he so anxious to have his own nominees in the royal household? And why should Kalyan Nayak call Anantanand his "Sovereign Prince?" The keen sense of Raghubhai, as sharp as that of a hunting dog, had already begun to smell some deep, though as yet inscrutable, game.

Raghubhai had the habit of probing every difficult problem to the very bottom. He never left things half done. When he got home, he walked straight into his private room, closed the door from inside, opened a box lying in a corner, and from it took out a file full of old discoloured papers and letters. Each document was carefully gummed on to a clean stout sheet of white paper; and on the top of each was given, in small but clear writing, a concise memorandum of its contents. None could have told how many intrigues and State plots might have been revealed if all the history contained in these documents had come out. And further, if these papers could have revealed how much skill and judgment Raghubhai had to exercise in order to obtain each individual scrap and how often, he had to suspend completely all commandments of morality and conscience, then surely one could have got an excellent idea of his cleverness and of his diplomacy.

He took out one particular letter from the file. It was believed by all concerned that it had dropped out of the pocket of Raiji Saheb many years ago. Raghubhai alone knew where it was lying safely concealed. It was a letter written to Nilkanthrai by Revashankar when His Highness Mansinghji (Jasubha's father) was on his death-bed. Glancing rapidly over it some lines particularly attracted his attention. Again and again he read these lines with his eyes wide open, as if sucking out their very essence. These lines, which had such a fascination for him, were as follows:

> "..........I scarce can make out what is going on in the palace. The queen, that fellow in ochre robes, and Kalyan Nayak keep an unremitting watch over His Highness. The latter seems anxious to disclose some secret, his eyes seem yearning to speak out, but no syllable escapes him for fear of the Queen. I cannot see my way clear in this affair. There seems to be trouble ahead, as His Highness is not likely to live much longer. When are you coming back?........."

When he had first read this letter, years ago, Raghubhai had felt no interest in its contents. He had, however, carefully put it by on account of some selfish expressions which Revashankar had once used. And now these lines seemed to him to be of extreme importance.

The letter, however, showed that Revashankar himself had probably no inkling of the truth. Raghubhai pondered long, but he could not fathom the secret. Who could "that fellow in ochre robes" have been? Ramkisandasji or some one else? Would he ever be able to fathom the secret? And if he did succeed, how far was it likely to serve his purpose?

Suddenly he got up, put the file back into its place and locked the box. Then he dressed again for going out and came down. Rama was playing outside in the arms of a servant but without even glancing at her he walked away and bent his steps towards the market square.

"Well, Doctor, and how goes the world with you"? asked Raghubhai entering the dispensary of the court-physician.

Vallabhram was the hereditary court-physician, the fourth of his line. New-fangled modern medical men from Bombay had diverted most of his income into their own pockets, but there were some people who were still ready to believe that some of his nostrums were true to their reputation in the case of certain incurable diseases. Some customers came to him for the simple reason that the profession was hereditary in that ancient family, and he had also an annual pension granted by the court. Thus, on the whole, this modern descendant of Dhanvantari was by no means badly off. Every morning he sat on his *gadi* outside in the *veranda* and gossiped with any passer—by that chose to look in. To them he boasted of his skill and promised to remove from the very roots all sorts of ailments of both men and women if they would only have faith in his ancestral pharmacopæa of half-a-dozen drugs and simples. Sometimes his dispensary served as a "town hall," where praiseworthy attempts were made to destroy, at the point of the tongue, all manner of evil, as well as the reputation of honourable folk.

Vallabhram's joy was unbounded to see Raghubhai coming into his shop.

"Hallo, Kotwal Saheb! Dear me! My poor shop is honoured! Well, sir, you see, even you cannot do without the physician. My dear sir, you may be as powerful as you please everywhere else, but when you have to come to us, men of science, you must do as you are told."

"Certainly," replied Raghubhai, "none can deny that. Please feel my pulse, I feel rather seedy."

The learned doctor pushed up his sleeve and put his finger over Raghubhai's pulse; he twisted his otherwise perfectly blank face into an expression of as much wisdom as he could command,—all that had not evaporated in passing through a long line of forebears. Then he fell into a deep cogitation in order either to try and discover where the pulse was or to consider in what learned words he should fire off his diagnosis at the distinguished patient.

"Raghubhai, my dear sir, you have also fallen into the common error. Why did you wait so long, until your disorder has reached this stage? But, my dear sir, it is fortunately not yet too late.

"Sir, my rule is that it is better to die under your treatment than to recover under that of another."

"Oh, most assuredly," confirmed the man of science gravely nodding his head, as if Raghubhai had uttered a most remarkable scientific truth.

In a few moments Vallabhram was put in the best of humours for gossip, and Raghubhai began to "pump" him for what he needed. When Mansinghji was dying, the father of Vallabhram was in attendance, and he too might have been there as a boy either to mix the draught or to run errands. Beginning with this Vallabhram warmed up and began to recount that history as vividly as if the last illness of Mansinghji had occurred only yesterday and as if Vallabhram himself had by his profound learning almost raised him up from the dead. Among other things he said:

"There was also, a *Sannyasi* present and between him and my father there were learned disputations daily as to the drugs to be used upon Mansinghji."

"What *Sannyasi*? Was it Ramkisandasji?" asked Raghubhai with suppressed excitement.

"Oh, no, my dear sir, not that ignorant fellow. This was a *Sannyasi* who had come from the court of the Queen's father. And he was clever too; far cleverer than the rest; but my father alone was more than a match for him."

"I have heard that Karunanandji was also present at that time."

"Who? That fellow from Varat? Oh, no, my dear sir, that was not the name. Wait a bit, what was the name though? Dear me, dear me," continued the doctor scratching his head in a vain attempt to remember the name, "my memory is going now and I cannot remember things. Dash it,—the name was something strange. Oh, yes—Mogha, Sogha—something like that."

"Oh, never mind; if you cannot remember, it does not matter a bit," said Raghubhai seeing that the learned Doctor had been "pumped" dry,—"but I must be going now; here's your fee."

"Oh, no, my dear sir, excuse me, I really cannot accept any fees from you," protested the Doctor for the sake of mere politeness. Raghubhai was well acquainted with his methods, so equally politely but firmly he forced him to accept the fee and walked home.

As soon as he got there he sent a man with a note to the record office. Within half an hour he had the reply. He ran upstairs to his room with it and after locking himself in he opened the letter and read as follows:

"Respected Sir,

In the days of the late Queen, Karunanandji of Varat used to get an annual grant, as also Swami Amoghanand of Dersal. The latter used to get Rs. 600 annually.

Awaiting your further commands,

Yours obediently,

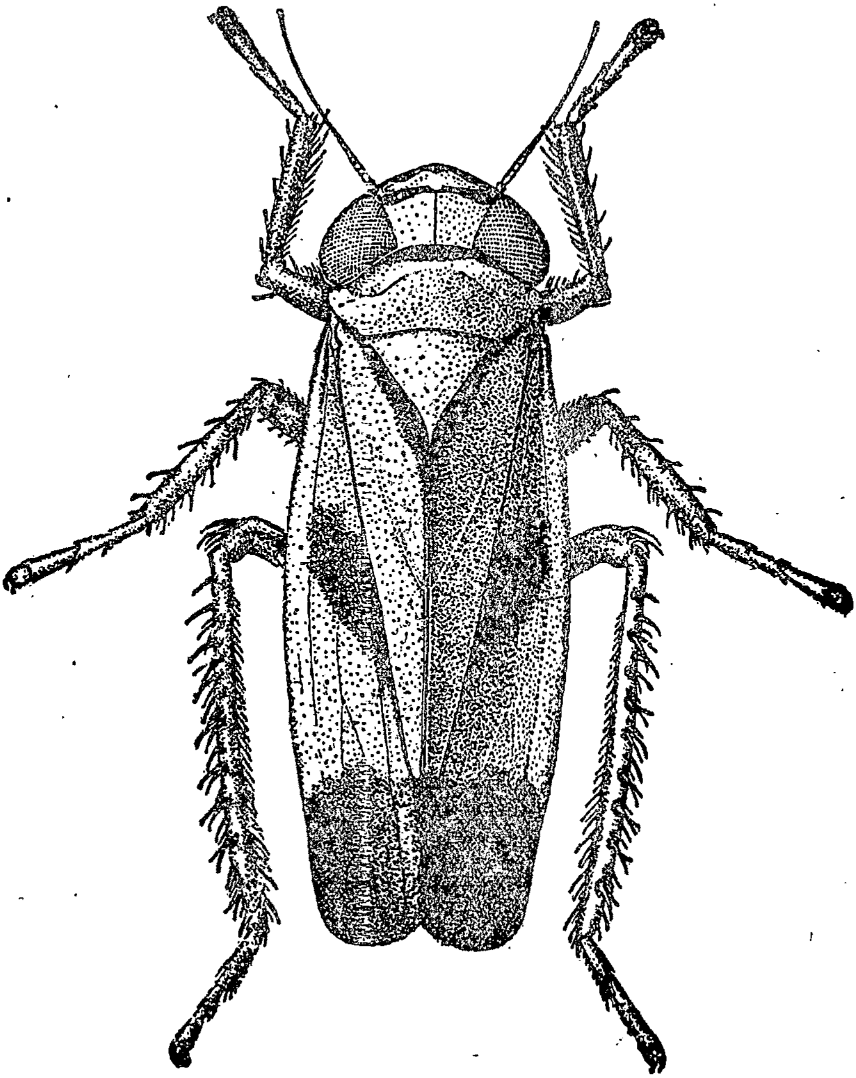
CHUNNILAL."

"Amoghanand—Mogha, Sogha," muttered Raghubhai as if in sleep.

(*To be continued*)

KANAIYALAL M. MUNSHI

GREEN-FLIES



Nephottetix apicalis Motsch. (*after Misra*).

A thousand shapes of variegated hues
Parade the table and inspect the stews
To living walls the swarming hundreds stick,
Or court, a dainty meal, the oily wick ;

Heaps over heaps their slimy bodies drench,
Out go the lamps with suffocating stench
When hideous insects every plate defile,
The laugh how empty, and how forced the smile!

Calcutta—A Poem.

INTRODUCTORY

Sometime ago, I wrote that though the "Green-flies" excite much interest among the residents of cities like Calcutta by reason of their annoying abundance, and rising journalists regularly publish paragraphs in the papers on their decrease or increase in numbers, no one has yet thought of offering any real information on the subject in popular form. My own article in the *Xaverian* for 1920 for various reasons was rather incomplete, and I therefore offer no apology for placing this little paper before the public.

Until quite recently nothing was known of the life-history of these insects. Mr. Misra's paper in the *Memoirs of the Department of Agriculture, Entomological Series*, Vol. V, No. 5 (1918), has now cleared up much of the mystery which used to surround their early stages, and has also shown that they are of not inconsiderable importance from an economic point of view as pests of rice. In this note I have said little about their life-history, partly because I have made no observations of my own on the subject, and partly because it is not likely to be of much interest to the general public, for the majority only know them in the adult state. What little has been said here has been compiled from Mr. Misra's Memoir to which agriculturists and others to whom the subject is of importance are referred.

Green-flies are known by various names in India: Economic entomologists now call them the "Rice-leaf Hoppers"; the natives of the Central Provinces (Mr. Misra tells us) know them as the "Mahor" or "Maho"; in the adjoining

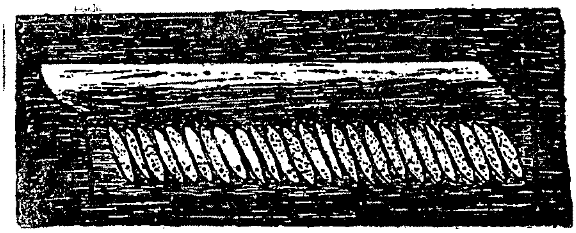
Oriya district of Sambhalpur they are known as "Daoni," "Ghunghutti," or "Dhana"; the natives of the Lushai hills in Assam call them the "Kumthu," and in the Balasore district of Orissa they are known as "Jhatka." In Bengal they are known as "Dewali-flies," or "Shyama Poka," owing to the fact that they are generally most abundant at the feast of Shyama, the goddess Kali, known commonly as the "Kali Poojah" and the "Dewali Poojah," when illuminations are the order of the day.

Entomologically, the name "green-flies" is not very correct, as though undoubtedly green, they are not flies in the strict sense (*Diptera*) at all but bugs of the Family Jassidae, belonging to the Suborder Homoptera of the Order Rhynchota or Hemiptera. In this order are included Shakespeare's "object of terror"—the bed-bug, the stink-bugs, squash-bugs, June-bugs, the noisy Cicadas that have "voiceless wives," etc. The two species which form the greater number of the insects that swarm round lamps in large numbers at the close of the rains are known in the learned language of entomologists as *Nephottetix bipunctatus* and *N. apicalis.*

With this brief introduction we will now turn to a consideration of the structure, colour etc., of

The Adult Green-flies

To enable the two species of *Nephottetix* to be distinguished from each other with certainty I could not do better than quote Mr. W. L. Distant's descriptions of them from his



Eggs in a sheathing leaf of a plant, X 14. (*After Misra.*)

fourth volume on the Rhynchota in the "Fauna of British India" Series, pp. 359-62.

Nephottetix bipunctatus Fabr.

Yellowish-green, shining, smooth; face (except the lateral margins), and a spot on each side of the clypeus black; tegmina with a spot before the middle and the apical two-fifths black; lateral spots to sternum and abdomen black.

The above is a description of the typical male, but in some specimens of the same sex the face is altogether ochraceous, or greenish ochraceous with lateral transverse darker lines. The female is usually without the discal black spot to the tegmina and with the face as just described for the varietal male.

An egg, much enlarged. (*After Misra.*)

Nephottetix apicalis Motsch.

Yellowish-virescent, smooth, shining; face, anterior subimpressed transverse line on vertex between anterior margin of eyes, anterior margin of pronotum, scutellar and commissural margins of clavus, a spot before the middle extending to the claval suture and there acutely produced hindward, the apical third of tegmina, sternum, abdomen, greater part of the femora, anterior tibiae and tarsi black; the posterior tibiae at the bases of the spinules spotted with black; ventral incisures flavescent.

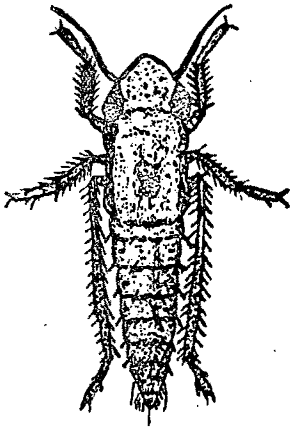
Closely allied to *N. bipunctatus* Fabr., but differs in having the head shorter and more obtuse, anteriorly obtusely rounded, and by the marking of same. Head as broad as the pronotum, but somewhat shorter; vertex a little longer in the middle than at the eyes, scarcely twice as broad between eyes as long, anteriorly with the margin transversely impressed.

The markings on the face are very variable in the two species, but more so in *N. bipunctatus* than in *N. apicalis.* In the typical form of *N. bipunctatus* the whole of the face (except the lateral margins) together with a spot on each side of the clypens, is black. I have examined many specimens and found few that were really typical. In some the upper half of the face only is black, in others the face is marked with longitudinal black stripes, while in others again it is entirely ochraceous. The spots are not infrequently small and indistinct, occasionally entirely absent, while in some specimens they are large and semi-lunate or even lunate in shape. In short, the colour of the face may be anything from entirely ochraceous to entirely black. Though in the majority of the males the tegmina are spotted before the middle and the apical two-fifths black, males are sometimes found without any tegminal spots and the tegmina entirely greenish, like those of the female. The lateral black spots to the sternum and abdomen also vary considerably.

In typical *N. apicalis* the face is entirely black, but I have seen several specimens with yellowish spots, or lines, on the face. It would mean much trouble and would occupy a good deal of time to note on all the different colour markings of these insects, and should these few general observations encourage some patient investigator to treat the subject at greater length, I would suggest that these minute differences be illustrated, if possible, by a series of drawings.

As the above descriptions and remarks are addressed more to the entomologist than the "man in the street," I think it would be well to mention in plain language how the two species may be separated. The females of both species are unspotted; they are pale green in colour with a strong brownish ovipositor with which they lacerate the tissues of the plant and deposit their eggs. It is rather difficult for any but an entomologist to separate them. With a little practice the males of *N. bipunctatus* may easily be separated from those of *N. apicalis* by the markings on the wings alone. The former has two rather prominent black spots on the wings while the other has two oblique lines.

N. bipunctatus is the more abundant of the two species and constitutes about 80-90% of the specimens which may be taken nightly at any one lamp. *N. apicalis,* however, though less abundant, has a wider geographical and seasonal distribution. In Bengal, stray specimens may be taken at the end of July or the beginning of August, the species becoming most common about October, continuing right through the cold season and disappearing on the approach of the hot weather. *N. bipunctatus* usually appears here late in September and is most common at the close of the rains (generally in October). It occurs sparsely in November and I have even taken stray specimens in December in Calcutta.



Nymph, newly hatched, X 72. (*After Misra.*)

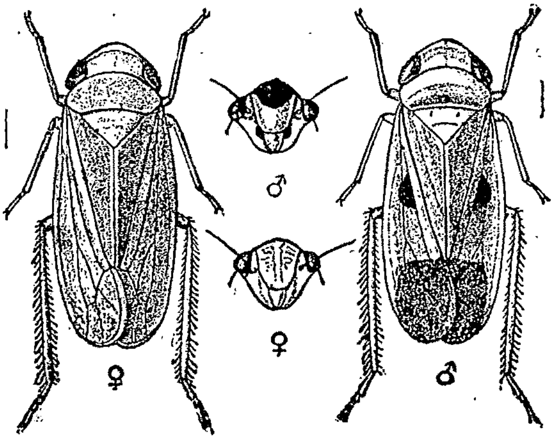
N. apicalis is, as I have remarked above, the more widely distributed species. It extends into Ceylon, Borneo, Sumatra, the Phillipines, East Africa and Natal; and Dr. Matsumura has recorded it from China, Japan, Malaya and Europe. But though the species has a wider range, it is my experience that in India where the one occurs the other is also to be found, though not in equal proportions. The two insects are probably distributed throughout the plains of India, occurring even in the hills. Up to the time of writing, specimens have been recorded from Bengal, Bihar and Orissa, the Central Provinces, S. India and Assam. The late Mr. C. A. Paiva got a large number of both species on the night of the 4th May, 1908, while on board a steamer that had anchored a few miles off Alleppey on the Malabar coast. Not only is the date of his capture of interest, but it also shows what a powerful flight these little insects must possess, as the steamer was at least six miles away from the mainland.

With regard to the proportions of the males and females of each of the two species it may be noted that in the case of *N. bipunctatus* the number of males taken in one night do not generally exceed the number of females to any great extent, but in *N. apicalis* I have found the females to be only about 2-5% of the males.

In concluding this section, I might mention that these hoppers are rather tenacious of life and that Dr. Annandale some years ago kept specimens alive in captivity for over a fortnight without food.

LIFE-HISTORY

Prior to 1911, hardly anything was known about the hoppers and had they not suddenly come into the limelight as pests of rice their early stages would probably yet have been wrapt in obscurity. "It is an instance (says Mr. Misra) of an insect which is considered harmless at one time, but suddenly comes into prominence, does considerable damage for a series of years and again sinks into insignificance. The hoppers were very bad in 1912. They did slight damage in 1910, 1913 and 1915, but did not appear in 1916-17 and the current



Nephottetix bipunctatus male (♂) and female (♀), and front views of heads of both sexes. (*After Distant.*)

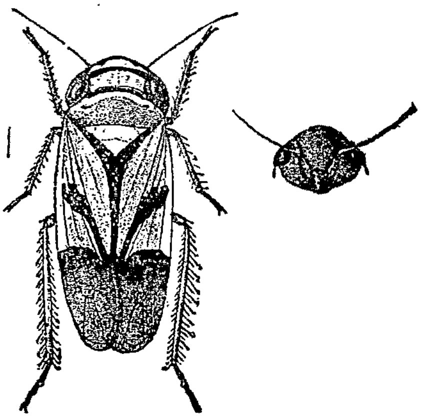
year. The causes which have contributed to their disappearance directly or indirectly are not well understood up to this day. That this has been brought about by the agency of the parasites is out of the question, as very few effective parasites were found either on the eggs, the nymphs or the adults.

"After the winter is over, the hoppers begins to breed in succulent grasses in tank beds and such other places which contain green grasses. Until the beginning of June they remain breeding in succulent grasses as well as nursery seedbeds. From these they move on to the tender rice seedlings in the beginning of July and, if the rains are heavy and continuous, the majority of them are washed away and there are no reports about the *maho* from any part of the ordinarily infested areas. If, however, the rains are not very heavy in July and August and there is a spell of fair weather, then the hoppers breed very fast and overrun large tracts of rice lands. At least some such state of affairs could be deduced from close observations made in the affected areas during 1914-16. In some years they appear late in October, or early in November, and very little damage is done, as by that time the early ripening varieties of rice are ready to be harvested. If, however, any damage is done, it is to the late-ripening transplanted varieties of rice. When such is the case vast hordes of hoppers are destroyed annually in the small lamps that are lit up in the towns and villages on the *Dewali* day—a Hindu festival which occurs yearly in the end of October or the beginning of November. The adult hibernates in grasses, but only in small numbers."

When the female is about to lay, which is on the tenth day after maturity she selects a place on a leaf and with her ovipositor makes a longitudinal slit, separating the upper from the lower epidermis, and inserts the eggs. Some might call this maternal solicitude for by depositing her eggs in this peculiar manner they are successfully camouflaged and only the closest observation reveals their presence. The eggs are each about 1·35 mm. long and 0·30 mm. broad in the middle. They are pale-yellow in colour with two dull red spots, and are somewhat rounded in the middle. The eggs are parasitized by a tiny, pale-yellow Chalcidid wasp, but the number of parasitized eggs is not very large, and the increase of the hoppers is not visibly checked to any great extent.

The nymphs when newly-hatched are pale-yellow, with prominent maroon eyes, and whitish legs. The sides of the thorax and abdomen are suffused with faint ochraceous. When full-fed the nymphs are about the same size as the adult insect and of a general pale green colour, with an anteriorly pointed head and prominent maroon coloured eyes. Mr. Misra found that the egg stage lasts from 4 to 6 days and the nymphal stages were found to last for 13, 17, 19 and 21 days. The period from the laying of the eggs to the hatching of the adults is from 17 to 25 days.

Several other insects occur in the same situation as the green-flies, the most prominent probably being the white-leaf hoppers of the genus *Sogata*, which are sometimes found in large numbers on the paddy plants just prior to the appearance of the green-hoppers. These insects are not attracted to light, and as the use of light-traps is one of the chief means of destroying the green-flies, care should be taken that they are used at the right time or else time and money will be spent in vain. It is always best to get an entomologist to examine the affected crops so that he might advise as to what measures will best suit the local conditions. It is impossible to go into details here as to the best methods of destroying these pests. The reader who is interested in such matters should consult Mr. Misra's memoir, where the whole question has been admirably treated. I do not know how "Dewali-flies" can be successfully prevented from entering the home, unless one is content to close all windows and doors and spend the evenings at the time of the "Feast of Lamps" in darkness. To those, who not being of the stuff of which martyrs are made, and consequently cannot do this it might perhaps be a little consolation to know that by burning bright lights and attracting these insects, that are



Nephottetix apicalis, male and front view of head of same. (*After Distant.*)

"Detested, shunn'd by saunt and sinner"

to their homes, they are probably doing the paddy cultivators a good turn.[1]

It is fortunate that the pest is not a regular one, as in a single season in the Chhattisgarh Division only of the Central Provinces, Mr. Misra calculated that an approximate loss of fourteen million rupees was caused. His work will no doubt save the country a large amount of money should another serious outbreak occur.

Well, I suppose, even now after the numerous demonstrations the entomologist has given of his value to the State.

"There are some might be found entertaining a notion
That such an entire and exclusive devotion
To that part of science folks style entomology,
* * * * *
Really demanded some sort of apology."

CEDRIC DOVER

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[1] Since this was written I have been reminded that red light does not attract green-flies, so that by using red shades on lamps in the house their numbers will be considerably, decreased, though, of course, they will never be entirely absent.

LANDMARKS IN THE HISTORY OF ENGLISH[1]

In this lecture I propose to deal with three different aspects of the development and progress of the English language:—I. The principal causes which have determined its present form. II. The stages by which it has expanded as a spoken tongue, both within the British Islands and in other parts of the world. II. The rise of its importance as a language which is extensively studied in other countries.

I

It is not my purpose, under the first of these heads, to trace in any detail the wonderful history of the English Language. To do so, even in the barest outline, would require the whole of the hour, and leave no time for dwelling upon the special features which I wish to emphasise. Nor would there be any good reason for doing so, for the history of English is the special subject of no small number of books (some of them by distinguished authorities), which have appeared in recent times.

I shall, therefore, take it for granted that in its main lines the history of English is already known to us—that we are all familiar with its origin as one of the Germanic tongues accidentally transplanted to Britain, that we know something of the Scandinavian influence which strongly affected both its form and vocabulary,—that we are aware of the profound changes introduced by the effects of the Norman conquest, leading to the great Latinization of the vocabulary, and preparing the way for that wholesale adoption of foreign elements which has converted English into the least insular of tongues, not only in its geographical range but in its constituent elements.

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[1] A lecture delivered to the University of Calcutta on Jan. 24, 1922.

Looking back upon English in the light of that history which I have here briefly sketched, there are certain aspects which are of interest in themselves, and which help to bring out more clearly the reasons why English has not only survived the adverse influences which might have arrested its development, but has actually drawn from them new sources of strength which have enabled it to attain its present position among the languages of the world.

In the origins of English there was nothing to indicate any future greatness. Of all the groups of Germanic tongues the Anglo-Frisian was the worst situated, restricted to a very limited area and hemmed in on the north by the Scandinavian and on the south by the Franco-Saxon group. Its very origin is a mystery, for there is no obvious reason why such a distinct type of speech should have arisen in that central area, which from the beginning the Anglo-Frisian tribes appear to have occupied.

How unfavourable the situation was is clearly shown by the fate of Frisian, now the least important of all the Germanic tongues. It is extremely probable that Anglo-Saxon only escaped a like fate by the series of events which led the Britons to call in their aid against the Picts and Scots What followed was a striking illustration of Shakespe well-known lines:

> There is a tide in the affairs of men,
> Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune,
> Neglected, all the voyage of their lives
> Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

The Angles, Saxons, and Jutes took the tide, so opportunely and so energetically, that within two generations their fortune was assured,—they had made themselves masters of that heritage which they have held ever since.

The spread of Anglo-Saxon in England was rapid and thorough. This was a mere consequence of the strength of the new-comers, and of their indifference to the language of the natives; it tells us nothing as to the merits of the Anglo-Saxon tongue itself, or of the feelings of the Anglo-Saxons towards it. For that we must look to other indications. One of these we find in the Anglo-Saxon attachment to poetry and the diligent cultivation of the poet's art. The practice of poetical composition inevitably brings with it in time some appreciation of the nature of language, some feeling for its artistic and emotional qualities, some study of how to use it most effectively for the end in view. There are a sufficient number of references in Anglo-Saxon poetry to the skill of the poet in the handling of words to show that the use of language has passed beyond the purely spontaneous stage, and had become a conscious art. The retention of a large vocabulary of purely poetic words is a further proof that, so far at least as poetry was concerned, the Anglo-Saxon had already raised the plane of his language above the bare necessities of every-day life.

Whether he had done so outside of poetry is doubtful. We have no evidence for an early prose literature, either oral or written, which indicates a cultivation of the language parallel to that exhibited in the poetry. We have no Anglo-Saxon parallel to the Icelandic Sagas. The new learning, introduced by the Church, appears to have supplied all that was wanted in this sphere of interest; and the literature of the Church, and of such secular writers as it sanctioned, was of course in Latin. If the course of Christianity and of literary culture on an ecclesiastical basis had received no check in England, it is possible that Anglo-Saxon, after the age of poetry had passed and the minstrel had ceased to be a popular favourite, would have shared the same fortunes as some of its sister-tongues (*e. g.*, Old Saxon or Old Danish), and would have survived merely in a spoken form, with a limited vocabulary and restricted powers of expression. From this it was saved by the very blow which threatened to reduce the Anglo-Saxon race itself to an inferior position in the country which had become its own. The Scandinavian invasions, possibly combined with other causes now unknown, had brought about a complete decline in the Latin learning which had flourished in the Anglo-Saxon Church. To remedy this the genius of Alfred saw the readiest way,—not the long and toilsome task of rebuilding what the violence of the invader had overthrown or the indifference of the possessor had allowed to decay, but the making use of the material which lay to hand,—the using of the common native brick in place of the rare exotic marble. Where Latin was not to be had, Anglo-Saxon might well serve the turn. The whole of that section of Anglo-Saxon literature which is connected with the name of Alfred sprang from that simple principle, and is another clear illustration of how the fortunes of the English speech are closely linked with the history of the English people. Without the example thus accidentally given, it may be doubted whether an Anglo-Saxon prose literature would have arisen at all. The existence of the translations made by the king himself and by his scholars, must have stimulated in a remarkable degree the practice both of reading and writing the native tongue.

Another motive meets us when we look, a century later, at the work of Ælfric. He lived at a time when there had been a great revival of learning under Dunstan, and Æthelwold and there was no need for him to cultivate Anglo-Saxon because Latin was practically unknown. His thoughts, however, were directed to those who were outside the class of professional scholars,—laymen of high or low degree who knew only their mother-tongue and even that only in its plainest and simplest form. Ælfric used Anglo-Saxon because it was the only language which the unlettered man could understand, and he made out of it a clear and flexible medium of expression, which under other circumstances might have enabled it to develope on its own lines into an efficient modern tongue.

This literary cultivation of Anglo-Saxon from the time of Alfred to that of Ælfric—a period of little more than a century had carried the language far beyond the stage of a spoken tongue on the one hand or a medium of heroic and lyric poetry on the other. It had acquired an immense vocabulary of a purely artificial nature, based (as in the modern Germanic languages) on translations of Latin terms, and more especially of long derivative words. Most of these would no doubt have been intelligible to the ordinary Anglo-Saxon, as their equivalents are to the modern German, Dutchman, or Dane, but they could have had no place in the speech of every day. They could only have survived,—and they might very well have survived,—if the cultivation of Anglo-Saxon literature had continued without serious interruption. If that had happened, the later English tongue would already have been provided with a copious vocabulary for the expression of abstract ideas,—such a vocabulary as no other Germanic language possessed until several centuries later.

To this extent English was well ahead of its sister-tongues. It proved a false start, and practically all the advantage it might have conferred was lost again, even more rapidly than it had been acquired. The Danish occupation and the Norman conquest first weakened, and then swept away, the foundations of Anglo-Saxon learning, and the literature connected with it, and practically all that was saved from the wreck was the popular element on which it had been built up; all that was learned, all that was artificial, simply disappeared. It took some time to complete this process,—nearly a century and a half after the Norman conquest,—but the result was inevitable when the decay had once reached a certain point.

The effect which the Norman conquest had upon the language is so obvious that it has never been in any danger of being overlooked. The extent of the Scandinavian element, and the general influence which it exerted, first upon Northern and then even upon Midland and Southern English, has also been fully recognised, more especially in recent times. It has not, however, been quite realised that for a time the Scandinavian conquests in England constituted a danger to the English tongue quite as real, and fraught with greater possibilities, than even the coming of the Normans. The Scandinavian invaders and settlers were certainly far more numerous than the followers of William, and they occupied continuous stretches of country in a way that the Normans never did. When the evidence of place-names, and of the Scandinavian words in English dialects, is added to the information which can be gained from historical researches, there can be no doubt that over nearly half of England the Scandinavian population must have nearly (if not quite) equalled the native,—in some districts it must greatly have exceeded it. Areas such as Cumberland must have contained far more speakers of Old Norse than of Old English. There was every chance that the northern half of England might again receive a new language, which could at least have been as easily acquired by the Angles as t tongue had been learned by the Britons. The accession Knut to the throne of England was thus an event wh might easily have had consequences as important as the coming of the Conqueror. If the northern half of England had finally become Scandinavian in speech, further consequences must have followed. The hold which the Anglian tongue had already obtained on the lowlands of Scotland would have become too weak to be maintained. It would have been crushed out between the pressure of Scandinavian on the one hand and Gaelic on the other. Southern English, left to itself, would have surrendered even more rapidly than it did to Scandinavian influences, and it is very doubtful whether it could have survived the combined pressure of a foreign tongue on either side without giving way altogether, or sinking to the level of a mere rustic dialect. It was undoubtedly the recovery of the Anglian tongue against the Scandinavian intruder that saved English for the time, and enabled it to commence a new career after the coming of the Norman.

As it happened, the Scandinavian settlements just missed having the effects I have suggested, and instead of pushing English back, gave it a helping hand forward, by simplifying its structure and enriching its vocabulary.

It is unnecessary here to trace the slow and painful process by which the place of the lost material of Anglo-Saxon was gradually filled by new acquisitions from French and Latin. What we have now to note is the manner in which the native tongue began to recover from the blow it had sustained, and the motives which led writers again to prefer to employ it. One of these was undoubtedly that which had influenced Ælfric,—the desire to convey religious instruction in the only language which the unlettered could understand. Hence we have the early Middle English collections of homilies, whether original or modernised versions of older texts, and other works of a moral nature. The motive is so natural that it scarcely requires to be stated but the author of *Genesis and Exodus* expresses it in plain terms:—"Out of Latin this song is drawn, in English speech, in truthful saws; Christians ought to be as fain as birds are when they see the dawn, when one tells them a true tale in the speech of their land and in short words (*wordes smale*)."

To the religious motive there is also added the patriotic, —the spirit in which the monks of Peterburgh continued their chronicle under Norman kings and abbots. Layamon was clearly influenced by this when he took the Latin and French books and out of them compiled his *Brut* in English; such a work was not demanded of him in his character as a priest. Layaman leaves this to be inferred, but the author of the *Cursor Mundi* makes his reasons perfectly clear. "This book," he says, "is translated into English for the love of English people, men of merry England, so that the commons may understand it. Everywhere I commonly hear French poetry read, composed expressly for the Frenchman. What is there for him that knows no French? The people of England are mainly English and the English tongue ought to be used among them.

Seldom was for any chance
Praised English tongue in France.
Give we each one their language,
Me thinks we do them no outrage."

The patriotic view of the relations between the native tongue of England and the foreign one that had usurped its place is also clearly stated by Robert of Gloucester. England, he says, passed into the hands of the Normans, who could speak no tongue but their own. They spoke French here as they did at home and taught it to their children, so that the 'high men' of the land, who are descended from them, retain that language still; for unless a man knows French, he is little thought of. But 'low men' cling to their own tongue. "I ween that in all the world there is no country that holds not to its own speech, save only England."

It is obvious from these words that even those who favoured the use of the national tongue did not realise the change that was then taking place in the relative position of the two languages. Even to Higden, writing forty years later, English still seemed to hold the lower place; the language, he complains, had been impaired by two practices which were still current, *viz.* (1) children at school are prevented from using their own tongue and are compelled to construe in French; (2) gentlemen's children are taught French from their cradles and rustics try to imitate them. It is also surprising, he adds, that English, the native tongue, should vary so much in different parts of the country, while Norman French was uniform. The foreign tongue had the advantage of a standard form, which the native language lacked.

At the very time when Higden was writing these lines, the national aspect of the language-question was coming more prominently to the front. The wars of Edward III were bound to produce an intense feeling not only *for* England but *against* France, and it was natural that the feeling of hostility to the country should be reflected in the attitude of speakers and writers towards the language. It is not accidental that from the time of Edward III the supremacy of French in England is definitely over, and the great period of Middle English literature begins. John of Trevisa, in his translation of Higden, has recorded how the tradition of French in the school had already been broken; its sway in the law-courts was weakened, though not finally deposed, by the decree of the King himself, and its gradual decline in other departments of life and literature would be easy to trace.

The decline in the knowledge of French had one important effect on the development of English. As in Alfred's time the decay of Latin learning led to an Anglo-Saxon literature of translations, so in the 14th and 15th century the growing ignorance of French gave rise to a steadily increasing body of translated works. The process can be clearly traced from the beginning of the 14th century, but reaches its climax in the 15th in the work of Lydgate and Caxton. The latter plainly states the situation in the words: "For the most quantyte of the people vnderstonde not latyn ne frensshe in this noble realm of englond." Thus after four centuries the native tongue had re-entered on its ancient heritage.

It had not done so without great changes, which are described in more or less detail in any good history of the

English language. Stated briefly they consist in (1) the loss or levelling of inflections, (2) the substitution of new words of foreign origin for the older native terms. To a great extent both processes amount to a modernising tendency. Without going into details, there are two general features which might be noticed.

(*i*) As I have already mentioned, a large part of the vocabulary of Anglo-Saxon prose was artificial, and naturally disappeared with the literature which had created it. Before these abstract terms were again required in English, it had become more natural to adopt them from French and Latin than to reconstruct them from native material.

(*ii*) Of native words in common use, a certain number had given way on phonetic grounds alone, either because their form had become too weak and indefinite, or because a simpler, clearer word was supplied by the foreign tongue.

Much, however, had been preserved, enough to keep the texture of the language sound, and to maintain a consciousness of what was English and what was not. No doubt the feeling was vague, as it is at the present day, and simple words of long standing were accepted as part of the language without troubling to consider the question of their origin. There can be little doubt that Chaucer, who knew so well the difference between good English and good French, as well as the French of Stratford-at-Bow, would have thought *duke*, *baron*, or *squire* as good English as *king*, *queen*, or *knight*, and might even have maintained that *religion*, *sacrament*, and *altar* were truly English, as much as *church*, *bishop*, or *priest*. It is doubtful, however, whether such a question ever occurred to Chaucer or his contemporaries. If any of them ever considered the matter, it was probably only from an anxiety to be intelligible,—a motive which undoubtedly appealed most to those who wrote on religious subjects and addressed themselves to the uneducated layman. It was clearly recognised that there was a point beyond which the use of learned words must not be carried, if the writing was to be intelligible to the common man ; and, on the other hand, the unlettered person felt a necessity to apologise for ignorance of fine language. "It is well known I am a borel man," Chaucer's Franklin says ; and the apology, whether really felt or merely conventional, is common to authors of the period.

The tendency to ornate speech was steadily on the increase during the 15th century, and by Caxton's time the difficulty of understanding it became so great that it suggested inquiry into the real nature of English, and the proper limits of this wholesale adoption of strange words. Caxton himself, long habituated to French and Flemish and constantly inclined to mix them with his English, had no small share in raising the question in an acute form, as he is candid enough to explain. In the prologue to his *Eneados* he tells how he looked into an English book which had come into his hands, "and when I saw the fair and strange terms therein, I doubted that it should not please some gentlemen which late blamed me, saying that in my translations I had over curious terms which could not be understand of common people, and desired me to use old and homely terms in my translations ; and fain would I satisfy every man, and so to do, took an old book and read therein, and certainly the English was so rude and broad that I could not well understand it....... And certainly our language now used varieth far from that which was used and spoken when I was born.......

"Certainly it is hard to please every man because of diversity and change of language. For in these days every man, that is in any reputation in his country, will utter his communication and matters in such manners and terms that few men shall understand them. And some honest and great clerks have been with me, and desired me to write the most curious terms that I could find. And thus between plain, rude, and curious I stand abashed ; but in my judgement the common terms that be daily used be lighter to be understand than the old and ancient English."

The question thus stated by Caxton is one which dominated the development of English for the next century and a half. During the whole of that period a constant struggle was going on between the Latinising and the puristic tendencies,—a struggle in which the purist almost invariably had the worst of it. The details of this conflict between innovation and conservatism are so copious, and have as yet been so little digested, that to deal with them here is out of the question; but their nature can be clearly understood by a slight study of the matter as it appears in writers of the period.

As a rule the attitude towards the progressive Latinization of English was critical and hostile. The criticism was frequently justified by the absurd excess to which the tendency was carried by the more pretentious writers, examples of whose style (real or invented) are sometimes cited for derision. The situation in the middle of the 16th century is well summed up by Wilson in his *Art of Rhetoric*, first published in 1553.

"Among all other lessons this should first be learned, that we never affect any strange inkhorn terms, but to speak as is commonly received; neither seeking to be over fine, nor yet living over careless, using our speech as most men do, and ordering our wits as the fewest have done. Some seek so far outlandish English, that they forget altogether their mother's language. And I dare swear this, if some of their mothers were alive, they were not able to tell what they say. And yet these fine English clerks will say they speak in their mother-tongue, if a man should charge them for counterfeiting the King's English. Some far-journeyed gentlemen at their return home, like as they love to go in foreign apparel, so they will powder their talk with oversea language. He that cometh lately out of France will talk French English, and never blush at the matter. Another chops in with English Italianated, and applieth the Italian phrase to our English speaking......The lawyer will store his stomach with the prating of pedlars......The fine courtier will talk nothing but Chaucer. The mystical wiseman and poetical clerks will speak nothing but quaint proverbs and blind allegories, delighting much in their own darkness, especially when none can tell what they do say. The unlearned or foolish fantastical, that smells but of learning—such fellows as have seen learned men in their days—will so Latin their tongues that the simple cannot but wonder at their talke, and think surely they speak by some revelation. I know them that think Rhetoric to stand wholly upon dark words, and he that can catch an inkhorn term by the tail, him they count to be a fine Englishman and a good Rhetorician."

Other typical declarations of opinion, to the same effect, are those made in 1557 by Cheke, in Hoby's translation of the *Courtier* of Castiglione, and in 1575 by Ulpian Fulwell in his *Flower of Fame*. The former says: "I am of this opinion that our own tongue should be written clean and pure, unmixed and unmangled with borrowing of other tongues, wherein if we take not heed betime, ever borrowing and never paying, she shall be fain to keep her house as bankrupt. For then doth our tongue naturally and praisably utter her meaning, when she borroweth no counterfeitness of other tongues to attire herself withal, but useth plainly her own with such shift as nature, craft, experience, and following of other excellent doth lead her unto, and if she want it at any time (as, being unperfect, she must) yet let her borrow with such bashfulness, that it may appear that if either the mould of our own or of the old denizened words would content and ease this need, we would not boldly venture of unknown words."

Others made the excessive use of Latinism an argument of ignorance of English, and recommended the offenders to learn their mother tongue by the study of the older English authors. Berthelette had done this in 1532, in the Dedication prefixed to his edition of Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, and Spenser had actually adopted the method in his *Shepherd's Calendar*, as his friend and commentator E. K. is careful to point out. To Spenser, indeed, belongs the honour of being the first writer who to any extent deliberately revived the use of obsolete words, one of the methods by which English has from time to time been constantly enriched. Sidney, however, expressly disapproved of this 'framing of his stile to an old rustick language.'

Excessive Latinism was not only denounced by the more sober writers, but was ridiculed by parody, as by Wilson in his *Rhetoric*, by Sidney in his *Entertainment at Wansteed Garden*, and by Rowlands in his *Knave of Clubbes*, in these lines.

> As on the way I *Itinerated*,
> A Rurall person I *obviated*.
> *Interrogating* Time's *transitation*
> And of the passage *demonstration*;
> My *apprehension* did *ingenious* scan
> That he was meerely a *simplitian*:
> So when I saw he was *extravagant*,
> Vnto the obscure vulgar *consonant*,
> I bad him vanish most *promiscuously*
> And not *contaminate* my company.

(Of the words thus ridiculed here, only *itinerate*, *transitation*, and *simplitian* have failed to come into common use, while *obviate* and *extravagant* have settled down to other meanings.)

The parodies were scarcely more absurd than some of the genuine examples, *e.g.*, Andrew Boorde's preface to his *Breviary of Health*, which is cited and criticised by Day in the *English Secretary* (1586).

It was natural, and in fact inevitable, that when the critics went outside generalities, and ventured to particularise, they should frequently show themselves less anticipative of the needs of English than the writer whom they criticised. Some of the latter had carefully considered the matter before venturing to use the new word. Thus Elyot in 1531 introduces the words *maturity*, *modesty*, *magnanimity* with an explanation and defence. When the critic gives a list of the new words to which he objects, it is remarkable how often these words have since established themselves in the language. Thus Willes in 1577, criticising the style of Eden's *Decades*, mentions as words which 'cannot be excused, in my opinion, for smellyng to much of the latine,' *ponderous*, *portentous*, *obsequious*, *prodigious*, *despicable*, *destructive*, *antique*, *homicide*, and *imbibe*. Puttenham (1589) after admitting, and even defending, such terms as *idiom*, *significative*, *method*, *methodical*, *refining*, *compendious*, *prolix*, *figurative*, *numerous*, *penetrate*, etc., draws the line at *audacious*, *egregious*, *compatible*, *ingenuity*, *jovial mind*, *valorous authors*, *deceitful perfidy*, *addicted to theory*, *perfunctory discourses*, *extensively employed*, and many more words and phrases which were commonplace before another generation had passed.

These instances are not only typical of similar lists to be found in various writers of the 17th century, but of all the efforts of the purists down to the present day. Naturally, after the 17th century, the possibility of introducing new words from Latin had considerably diminished, but other sources for the innovator had, in the meantime, been opened up, and he was not slow to take advantage of them. The rapid development of navigation in the 16th century, bringing into notice the customs and products of hitherto unknown countries, and the continental wars of the same period, giving rise to a whole new vocabulary of military terms, were powerful contributors to the new additions now made to English.

Both in conversation and in books the number of foreign terms from all quarters multiplied with amazing rapidity after 1600. To write the full history of English between 1600 and 1650 would display more clearly than anything else the immense variety of new interests which poured into the minds of Englishmen during that period, interests of which the dramatists give a vivid, but by no means complete, idea. Ancient and modern history, geographical discoveries, voyages and adventures, scientific and technical discoveries and inventions, all the arts and industries of the time, military and nautical affairs,—almost everything that could be of theoretical or practical interest—were the subjects of books or treatises full of new terms indispensable to the subject. During that half-century, English as we now think of it was at last created.

The process and its results did not take place unobserved. It was clearly noticed by Sir Thomas Blount, among others, and led him to compile his *Glossographia*, in the preface to which he makes these remarks:—"After I had bestowed the waste hours of some years in reading our best English histories and authors, I found, though I had gained a reasonable knowledge in the Latin and French tongues, as I thought, and had a smattering both of Greek and other languages, yet I was often gravelled in English books: that is, I encountered such words, as I either not at all, or not throughly understood, more than what the preceding sense did insinuate...... I believed myself not singular in this ignorance, and that few, without the help of a Dictionary would be able to understand our ordinary English books."......" Our English tongue daily changes habit, every fantastical traveller and home-bred sciolist being at liberty, as to antiquate and decry the old, so to coyn and innovate new words."......" Our best modern authors have both infinitely enriched and enobled our language, by admitting and naturalizing thousands of foreign words, providently brought home from the Greek, Roman, and French oratories, which though in the untravel'd ears of our fathers would have sounded harsh, yet a few late years have rendered them familiar even to vulgar capacities."

I have dwelt upon this period in the history of English not merely because of its importance for the final development of the language, but because the lines of that development are in a great degree the explanation of the place which English now holds among the languages of the world. During the whole of the Middle English period the process of Latinising the English tongue had been steadily going on, and it would be easy to cite from writers like Wyclif, Peacock, or Caxton, sentences which in all essentials are more Latin than English. The question, however, had finally been raised whether English was to continue in the course on which it had thus entered, or was to call a halt and even retrace its steps, casting away some at least of its borrowed wealth and seeking enrichment from native sources. Some had thought such course possible, and had called aloud for the use of pure English, though unable to define exactly what they meant by the phrase. There was a distinct possibility that the movement might have been successful, that the encroachment of the foreign element might have been resisted or restricted, as it was in Dutch in the early part of the 17th century. Real attempts, however, to carry out the ideas of the purists remained rare and ineffective. One of the most striking is to be found in the work of Fairfax, *A Treatise of the Bulk and Selvedge of the World*, written as late as 1674. By that date, however, all returning upon the path was impossible: English had long been irrevocably committed to a thoroughgoing Latinisation on the one hand, and on the other to a 'promiscuous and ubiquitary borrowing,' in Urquhart's phrase, by which, as he says, 'it consisteth almost of all languages.'

How effective the Latinisation was, and how natural it had become, may easily be judged by taking any typical piece of prose of the 18th century, and observing how indispensable the Latin element is, if the meaning of the author is to be clearly expressed. There may be authors of the period whose Latinism is unduly prominent,—the usual charge against Dr. Johnson—but it is easy to produce specimens of absolutely unaffected natural writing in which practically every important word is of Latin origin. A good example of this may be found in the preface to Blackstone's commentaries on the Laws of England.

In writings of this nature English practically ceases to be a Germanic and becomes a Romanic language. The proof of this is simple. It is only necessary to compare a work like the *Vicar of Wakefield* or *The Wealth of Nations* with translations into Romanic languages on the one hand and Germanic on the other. It will soon be obvious with which of these it stands in the closer relationship. And this ranging of itself with the languages of the South has given English another advantage beyond that of the words themselves,—an advantage well expressed by Anna Seward in one of her letters, written in 1792 :—"My own exquisitely rich and harmonious language, the growing Latinity of which has already...rendered it sufficiently vowelled, sufficiently sweet, copious and sonorous."

In the face of the whole history of English from the thirteenth century to the present day, it is not only futile to protest, as some have protested, against the Latin element in English merely because it is Latin and not native, but to do so shows a misunderstanding of what the English language now is, and has been for centuries. Even those who deplore the fact can scarcely help doing so in such words as theory leads them to condemn. Thus Bartlett in his *Dictionary of*

Americanisms in 1848 makes his protest in the following words :—

"The unfortunate tendency to favour the Latin at the expense of the Teutonic element of our language, which social and educational causes have long tended to foster, has in this country [America] received an additional impulse from the great admixture of foreigners in our population. It is not likely that the pure old idiomatic English style can ever be restored in this country ; but there is no good reason to doubt, that the fusion of the present rather heterogeneous elements of which our society is composed, will result in the production of a style and a literature which will also have their beauties and merits, although fashioned after a somewhat different model."

The language of this passage could hardly have been more Latin in character if the author had done his best to make it so.

II

The spread of English began with the Anglo-Saxon conquest of Britain. Similar expansions of other Germanic languages were taking place about the same time, and took place still later, for the same or similar reasons ; but not all of these were so permanent, or so fraught with possibilities for the future, as the removal of this small group from the centre of the Germanic world to a new island home. In Britain the three peoples who participated in the conquest—the Angles, Saxons, and Jutes,—were able to spread themselves out to a far greater extent than they could have done in their original locality, and so far as their new settlements extended, so far, and no further, their language also went. Within two centuries at the most, Anglo-Saxon was the established tongue of eastern England from north to south, and extended west to the borders of Cornwall, Wales and Cumberland. It had also, apparently, established itself in the south-east of Scotland as far as the Firth of Forth.

Within that area it is very doubtful whether the British tongue survived beyond a generation or two. In the beginning, the conquered Britons who in one way or other became subject to the invaders would of course continue to use their own form of speech; but isolation from their countrymen who still remained independent, the absence of large native communities, and constant contact with the language of their overlords, would inevitably hasten the disappearance of the native tongue. The process would naturally be aided by the fact that British was a much more complicated language than Anglo-Saxon, so that even in fair competition it would have had an inferior chance of success. The ordinary Anglo-Saxon probably made no attempt to understand or to speak it, just as in later times the English have ignored Welsh and Irish, and the Scottish Lowlander has simply declined to interest himself in Gaelic. This accounts for the fact that Anglo-Saxon contains scarcely half-a-dozen words which can even plausibly be referred to a British origin,—a circumstance which has seemed remarkable to some, but is really in exact conformity with the whole history of the relations between English and the Celtic tongues of the British Islands.

For centuries the area of Anglo-Saxon did not materially extend. The British fringe remained in the west from Cornwall to Strathclyde, and to the north of the Forth (even to some extent south of it) Gaelic prevailed. A great wedge was even driven into the domain of Anglo-Saxon by the Scandinavian invasions. The Norman Conquest, though it did not reduce the actual area, so far weakened the position of Anglo-Saxon that further expansion was for a time out of the question. When this did come, it came in a quarter where it might least have been expected. As the Normans pushed towards the North of England, the English who refused to submit to the new rulers naturally fled in front of them, and, as we know, sought refuge within the territory of the Scottish king. They thus not only helped to reinforce the existing Anglian population between the Tweed and the Forth; they soon, in ways which are now obscure, made their influence felt to the north of that estuary, which at one time was so definitely the boundary between them and the Gaelic-speaking Scot, that it long retained the name of *The Scottish Sea.*

Leaving out of account such areas as Galloway and Ayrshire, in which Gaelic survived till the 17th century, the northern dialect of English had in the 14th century practically reached the line which still separates the Scottish Lowlander from the Scottish Highlander. This is a striking example of the effect of natural boundaries in determining the limits of a language; wherever the plains of the Lowlands are definitely replaced by the hills and mountains of the Highlands, there the invading tongue was checked, and has only been able to make further advances in more recent times and under new conditions.

While this expansion was taking place in Scotland, English also effected an entrance into Ireland. It is true that the first interference in the affairs of that unfortunate island was due to the Norman barons and kings, but in their train went English-speaking men-at-arms; and with the decline of Norman French in England, the language of the invaders and settlers became definitely English. For centuries the progress was very slow; only certain portions of the east of Ireland, and the leading seaports and towns, even to Galway in the west, could be reckoned as English-speaking. In the country as a whole Irish was still the usual tongue, and Irish literature flourished as richly as did that of Middle English. It was not till the middle of the 17th century that English, reinforced by that time by the Scottish plantations in Ulster, had definitely asserted its superiority over the native tongue.

The spread of English within the British Islands was thus surprisingly slow and remarkably limited. In the course of ten centuries it had barely doubled the area which it already covered when the Anglo-Saxon conquest was completed. This slow progress is all the more remarkable when the complex nature of the competing languages is considered.

While English was slowly but surely establishing its hold upon Ireland in the days of great Elizabeth, it also began for the first time to stretch out its hands across the ocean, and prepare the way for an expansion which was rapidly to exceed all that it had attained in the past ten centuries. The first settlements on the American coast carried English into a new continent, where there were only material difficulties to surmount,—after these were overcome, its final success against undeveloped and barbarous tongues was merely a question of time and numbers. In another direction, the beginnings of Eastern trade carried English into Asia, and more especially India, though at first merely as the language of a few adventurous spirits, unconscious pioneers of a development which they could not possibly foresee.

These beginnings of the over-seas expansion of English were modest enough, and it would not be surprising if their possibilities had passed unsuspected. It is a remarkable example of the vision with which the Elizabethans were gifted that the poet Daniel anticipated the future in this respect, and expressed his inspiration in these words as early as 1599:

And who (in time) knows whither we may vent
    The treasure of our tongue? To what strange shores
This gain of our best glory shall be sent,
    T'enrich unknowing nations with our stores?
What worlds in th'yet unforméd Occident
    May come refin'd with th' accents that are ours?

It would be superfluous to trace in detail the expansion of English in North America during the 17th and subsequent

turies; it runs parallel with the increase of popula-
over the greater part of the area, and is only slightly
ected by the prevalence in some districts of other
guages, as French or Spanish. The final independence of
American colonies marks the beginning of a new English-
aking nation. With the beginning of the 19th century a
id extension to other parts of the world began to take
ce, which has resulted in establishing English as the
inary speech of Australia and New Zealand, and to a great
ent of South Africa. To bring out clearly the remarkable
wth of the English-speaking population of the world
ring the past three centuries it is necessary to have recourse
figures, which, though they can be only approximately
rect, are sufficiently near the truth to convey a just idea
he facts.

In the year 1700 the total population of England and
les, Scotland and Ireland, was slightly over 8 millions.
may safely be reckoned that at least 7 millions of these
re English speakers. To these must be added at least
f a million in America, making the total at that date not
s, and possibly rather more, than 7½ *millions*.

A century later, in 1800, the numbers, so far as can be
ertained, had risen to about 15 millions in Great Britain,
States of America, and some 50
total of over *20 millions*. The
glish had thus nearly trebled in a

ate numbers were 27 millions in
the United States, 1½ millions in
ia, 40,000 in New Zealand, and
g a total of over *49 millions*.
itnessed an enormous increase in
ritain in 1900 we must reckon
tates 70 millions, Canada 4½ mil-
millions, New Zealand 800,000,

and South Africa 500,000. If to these we may add 1¼ million in India, definitely stated in the census returns as literate in English, we reach a total of almost *122 millions.*

In another ten years (1910) a relative increase in each country had raised the number to nearly *145 millions,* and there can be little doubt that during the following decade the rate of increase (in spite of the adverse influences of the war) was so far maintained that at the present time the full tale of English speakers in the British dominions and in the United States does not fall short of *160 millions.*

To appreciate fully the meaning of these figures they ought of course to be compared with the available statistics for other languages during the same period, but this would carry us too far from our proper theme. Whatever the *numerical* increase of other tongues may have been during the same period, however, they have all (with the single exception of Russian) fallen far short of English in respect of *geographical* expansion.

III

So far we have considered the spread of English from
natural causes, by pressure upon
contact with it, or by overflow into
earth. In another way, however, En
achieved extensive conquests in a
pressure could not be exerted: it ha
a subject of study, a language acquir
scientific, or scholarly purposes. It i
increase in the number of English sp
tinents, and the endless ramificati
enterprise, were certain to carry with
English into the various parts of the
assisted by the simple structure o
by the usual disinclination or inabili
use a foreign tongue.

Along with this natural extension of its sphere of influence, English has also become a common subject of study on its own merits, and more especially as the medium of a great literature. It was comparatively late in its history that it rose to this distinction, and vindicated for itself a place among the cultured languages of Europe. 'Seldom was for any chance English tongue praised in France,' the author of the *Cursor Mundi* wrote about the year 1300, and nearly three centuries later (in 1580) the author of the first French grammar of English had still to speak of 'the little esteem in which the English tongue has been held up to this time,' although in his own opinion it was 'of such a nature, and so rich, that it well deserves to be numbered among the most famous tongues that have ever flourished.' A conviction of the truth of this was only just beginning to establish itself in the minds of English writers. Even Ascham had thought it necessary to apologise for writing his *Toxophilus* in English instead of in Latin or Greek, either of which 'had been more easy and fit for my trade and study.' His chief excuse is that he wished his book to be of service "to the gentlemen and yeomen of England, for whose sake I took this matter in hand. And as for the Latin or Greek tongue, everything is so excellently done in them, that none can do better: in the English tongue, contrary, everything in a manner so meanly both for the matter and handling, that no man can do worse. For therein the least learned, for the most part, have been always most ready to write. And they which had least hope in Latin, have been most bold in English."

This low opinion of the literary value of English was soon to be dispelled by the rapid rise of a great literature, and was not long in being replaced, in some writers, by a spirit of confidence in the merits of the language itself.

In 1586 G. Pettie in his translation of *Guazzo's Civile Conversation* thus closes his address to the Reader (after a spirited defence of the use of new words when necessary):

"But how hardlie so ever you deale with our tongue, how barbarous so ever you count it, how little so ever you esteeme it, I durst myself vndertake (if I were furnished with learning otherwise) to write in it as copiouslie for varietie, as compendiouslie for breuitie, as choicely for words, as pithilie for sentences, as pleasantlie for figures, and everie way as eloquentlie, as anie writer should do in anie vulgar tongue whatsoever."

There were probably few at this time who shared Pettie's confidence; and in spite of the highest achievements of the Elizabethan poets, dramatists, and prose-writers, the impression seems to have persisted that English was still inferior in various ways to the more cultivated southern tongues. How strong the feeling of inferiority was is shown by the fact that as late as 1644 an unknown writer felt himself called upon to refute the common view, in a small pamphlet bearing the title of 'Vindex Anglicus, or, the perfections of the English Language defended and asserted.'

While the English tongue, and the works written in it, were thus commonly decried at home, it is no wonder that the language stood in no great repute abroad. The author of *Vindex Anglicus* has a remark to make on this, and a suggestion that a change for the better was already discernible.

"Our separation," he says, "from the continent world doth make our Language insular, which is one chief reason of its want of esteeme amongst foreigners, they scarce having use of it; few of them frequenting our climate, and we swarming into theirs. Though some of the wisest of them now acknowledge the worth of it, and with envy look upon the perfection of our Language, as well as upon the excellence of our Country."

This lack of practical value on the part of English in foreign countries is also emphasized some ten years later by Flecknoe in his *Relation of Ten Years Travel* (published in

1655). After giving an account of the extent of Europe and other continents over which a traveller could make use of French, Italian, Spanish, and Dutch (the latter being current 'everywhere by sea, which is as properly the Hollander's country as any Land they inhabit or possess'), he proceeds: "and lastly for Latine and English (to tell you true) they only served me to stop holes with, the English Language out of our Dominions being like our English money current with much ado in neighbouring countries who traffic with us; but farther off you must go to bankers of your own nation, or none will take it off your hands."

By the close of the 17th century, however, a change had taken place, and the study of English had made progress in foreign countries. The attention which the genius of the Elizabethans had failed to attract was now drawn to England and its language partly by the political events of the time and partly by the new literature and science which had followed on the Restoration. The acquisition of English had also been made more possible than before by the publication of dictionaries and grammars. With the writings of Addison and Steele, and the poetry of Pope and Thomson, the study of English for the sake of English literature definitely established itself in all the adjacent countries. It would be interesting to trace this in detail; the subject as a whole, so far as I know, still awaits the investigator. A century later the poems of Byron and the novels of Sir Walter Scott gave a similar, and much stronger, stimulus to the study of English over the whole Continent of Europe,—a stimulus which has continued unabated to the present day, and has been continually reinforced by the unbroken succession of great English writers during the 19th century. It would be difficult to estimate the immense effect which English literature has had on the diffusion of English, not merely as a language to be studied in books, but as a tongue to be acquired in its actual spoken form.

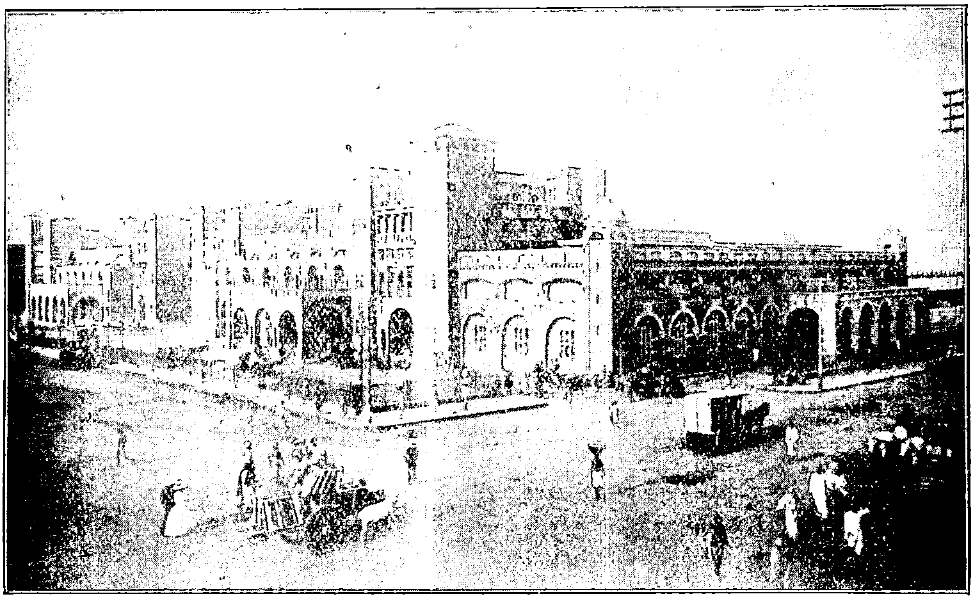
Hand in hand with this purely literary interest in English has gone the serious study of it for practical reasons,—a study which has increased in recent years by leaps and bounds. Two causes in particular have combined to bring about this attention to the practical study of English in foreign countries—the importance of British and American commerce and industry, and emigration to the United States of America, or in a lesser degree to the British colonies. Each of these has both a direct and a reflex action, which are continually operating for the advantage of English. The result is that within the past twenty or thirty years the teaching of English has in many countries become one of the foremost subjects in the curriculum of secondary and even of primary schools. In all the Scandinavian countries, for example, a single generation has seen English assume the place formerly held by French or German. A century ago English visitors to Iceland, which is separated from the British Isles only by a stretch of sea, could usually find no one to understand them, except when they spoke Latin with a clergyman. To-day it would be difficult to discover a valley in Iceland where English is quite unknown. In Norway, English is rapidly becoming a second language for a great part of the population. One Norwegian professor has assured me of his belief that in another generation most of his countrymen will be bilingual, speaking both Norwegian and English. Sweden and Denmark are rapidly advancing on the same lines, and in other adjacent countries, as Holland and Germany, a thorough knowledge of English is extremely common, both among the professional and business classes.

In other countries various causes are working towards the same end. In Italy a knowledge of English is being steadily spread by the British tourist, and by the desire to emigrate to America. In some of the countries of South-Eastern Europe one effect of the Great War has been to establish connexions with the western rather than the central powers, and this again brings with it an increased interest in English, which will henceforward receive more attention in schools than it has hitherto done. In Egypt the British occupation, whether it continues or not, has introduced English to such an extent that it will not readily be displaced in the near future. With regard to the position of English in this country, and the further parts of Asia, you are better informed than I am, and I need not attempt to labour that aspect of the question.

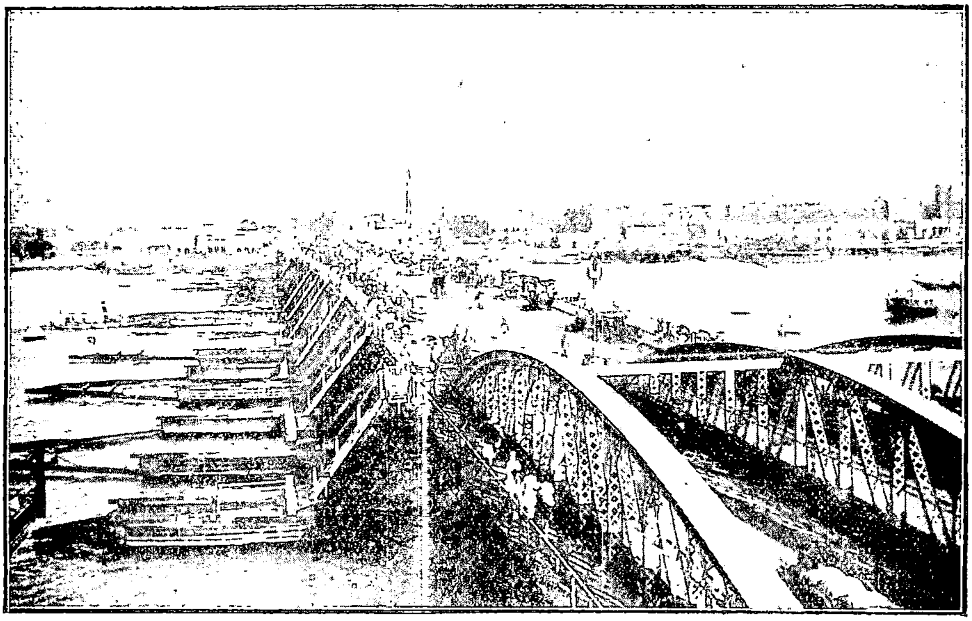
From all this it is obvious that the range of English at the present day is vastly greater than even the 160 millions which we have already reckoned. To obtain a full estimate we should have to add to that number, large as it is, all those who in every corner of the globe can speak or read it to such an extent that they are in real touch with that spirit and those ideals which, under all seeming differences, animate and unite the English-speaking peoples. What this means for the world at large I leave it to others to judge and for time to show.

W. A. CRAIGIE

IN AND AROUND CALCUTTA[1]



The Howrah Station



The Howrah Bridge

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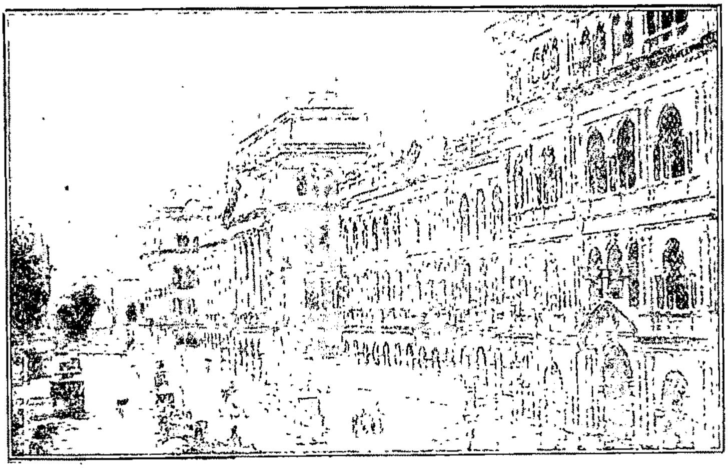
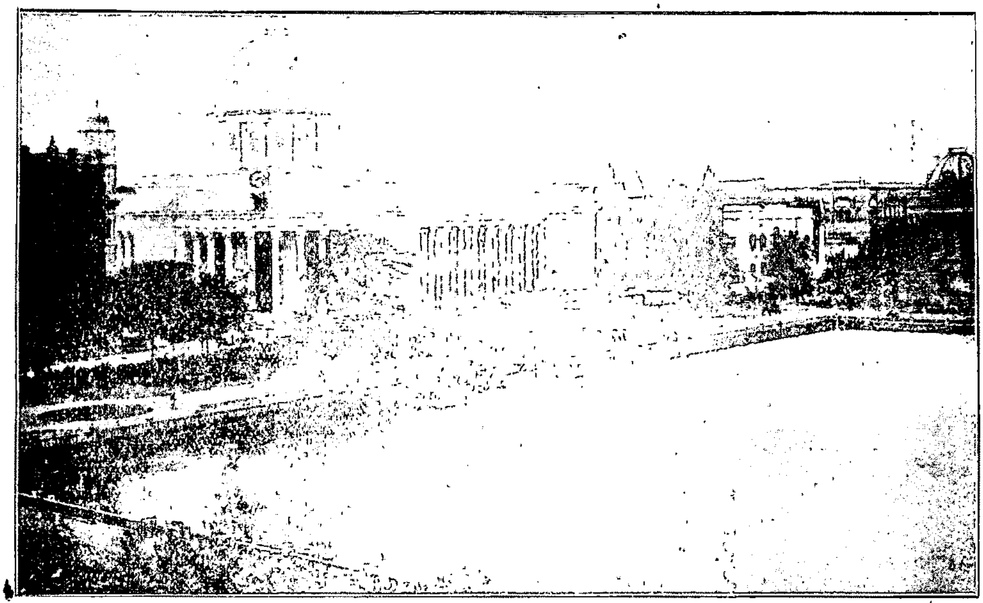
[1] The blocks have been kindly lent by Dr. H. Suhrawardy M.D., M.L.C. the author of that interesting book "Calcutta and Environs."

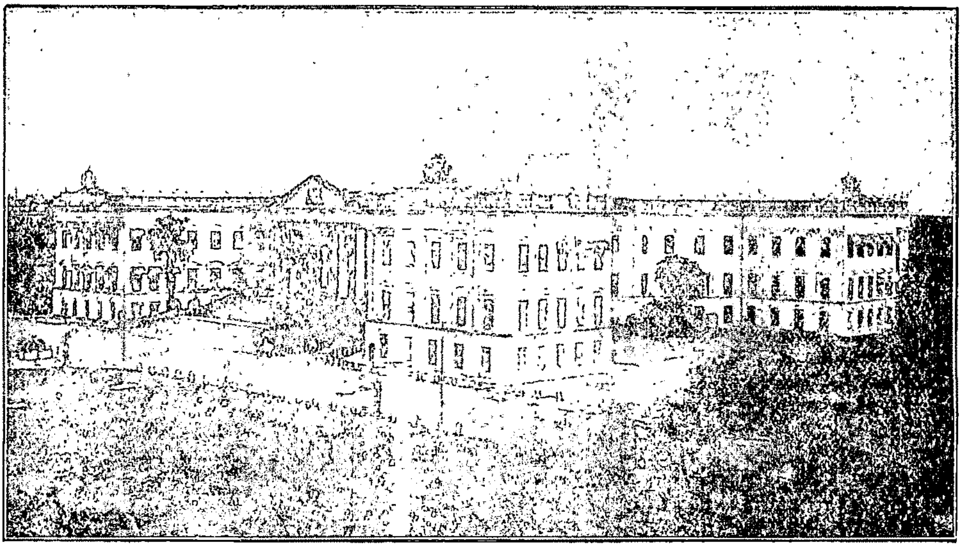
—Ed., C. R.



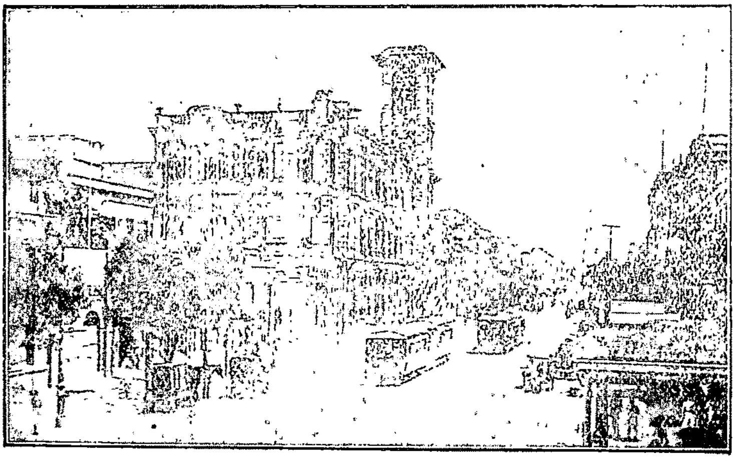
The Writers' Buildings



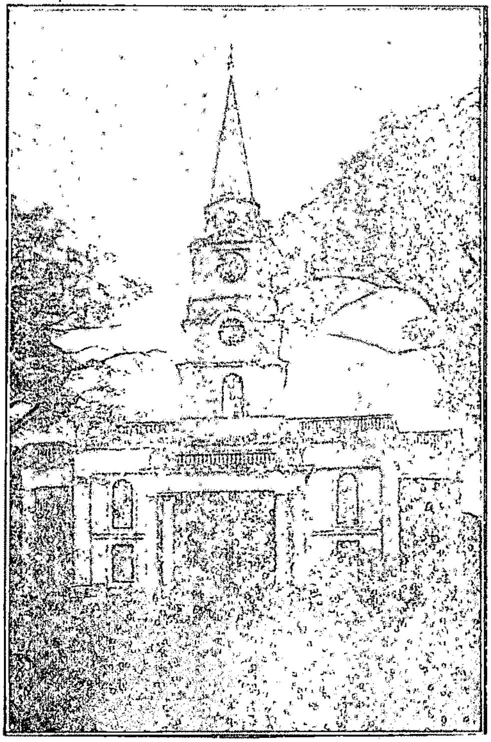
The General Post Office and the Dalhousie Square



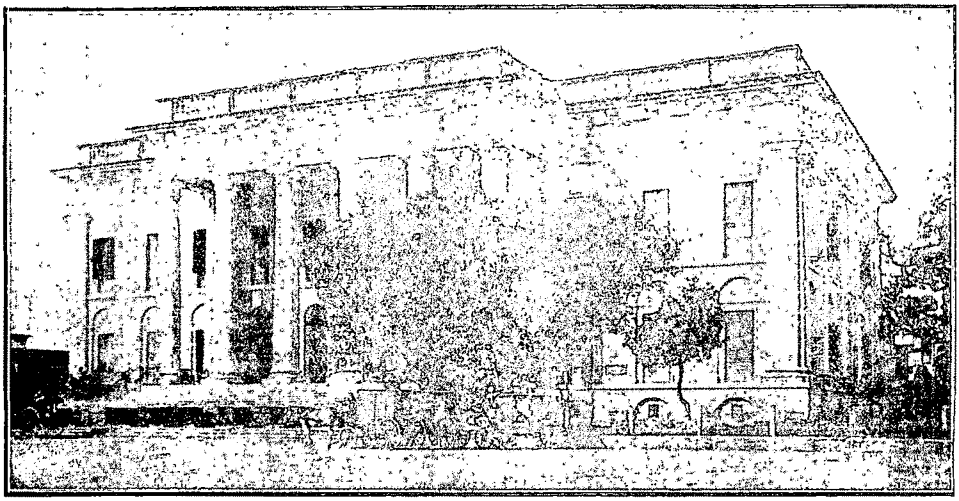
The Government House



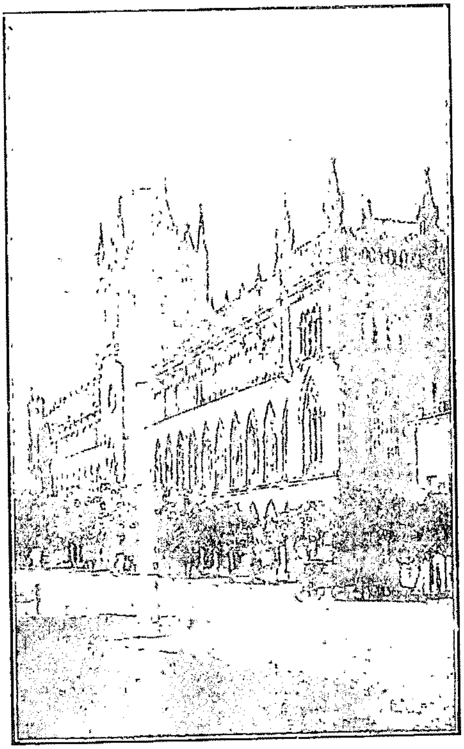
The Central Telegraph Office



St. John's Church

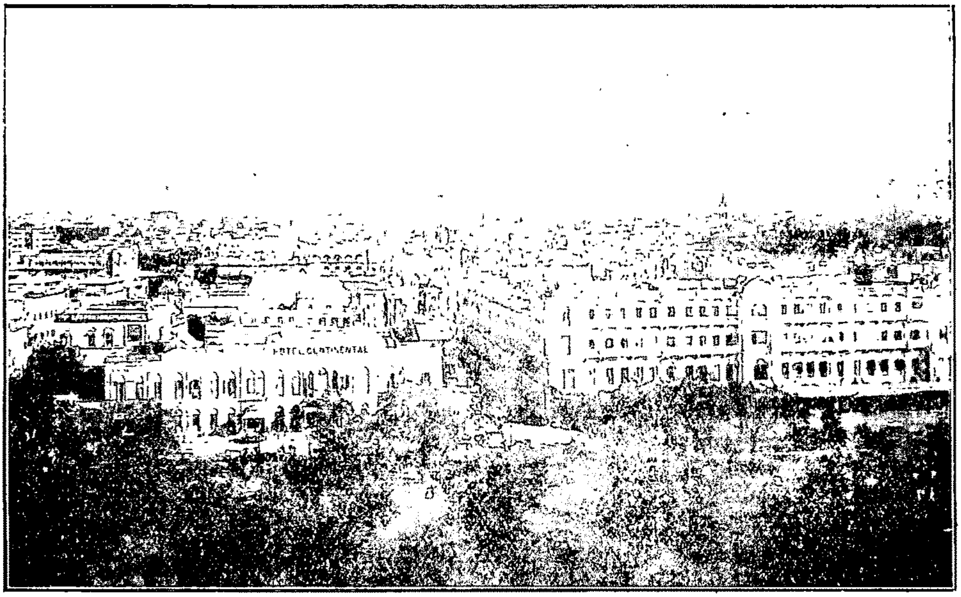


The Town Hall

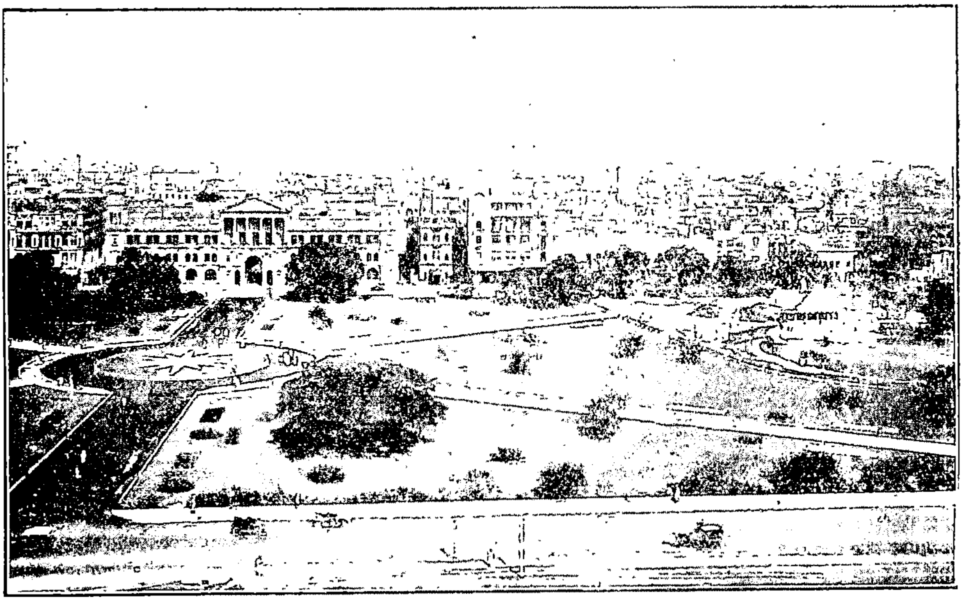


The High Court

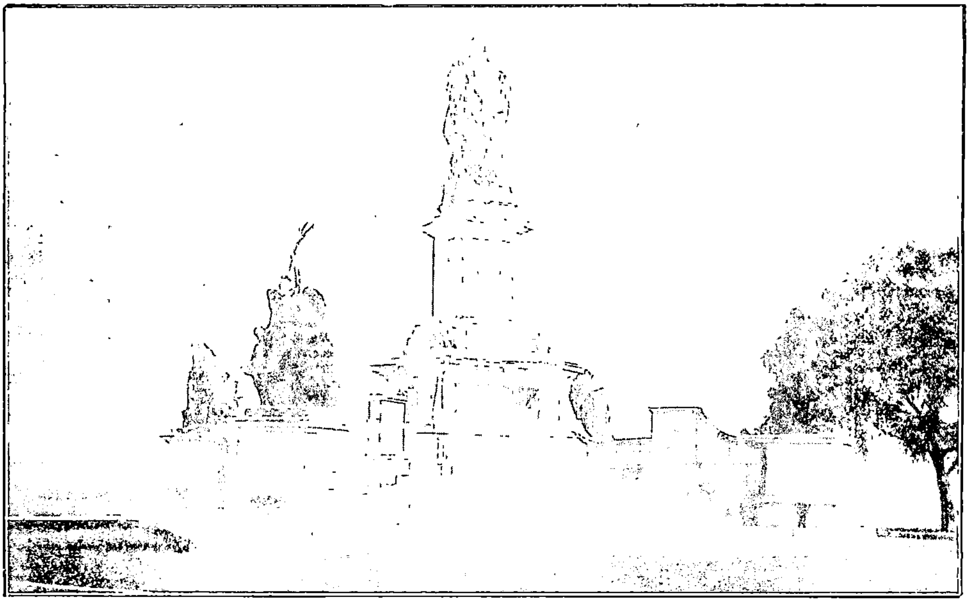
The Eden Gardens


HOTEL CONTINENTAL

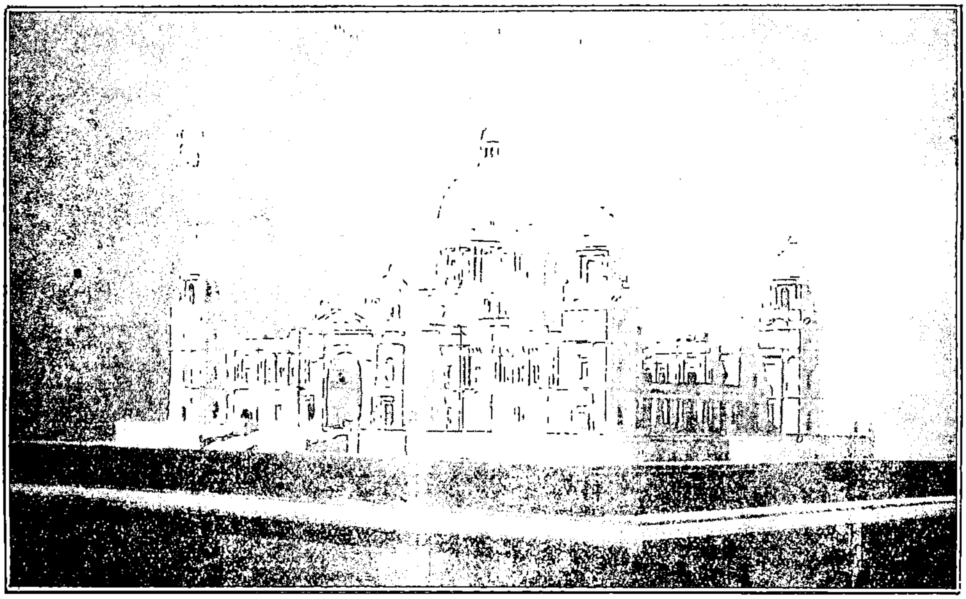
Calcutta from the Maidan



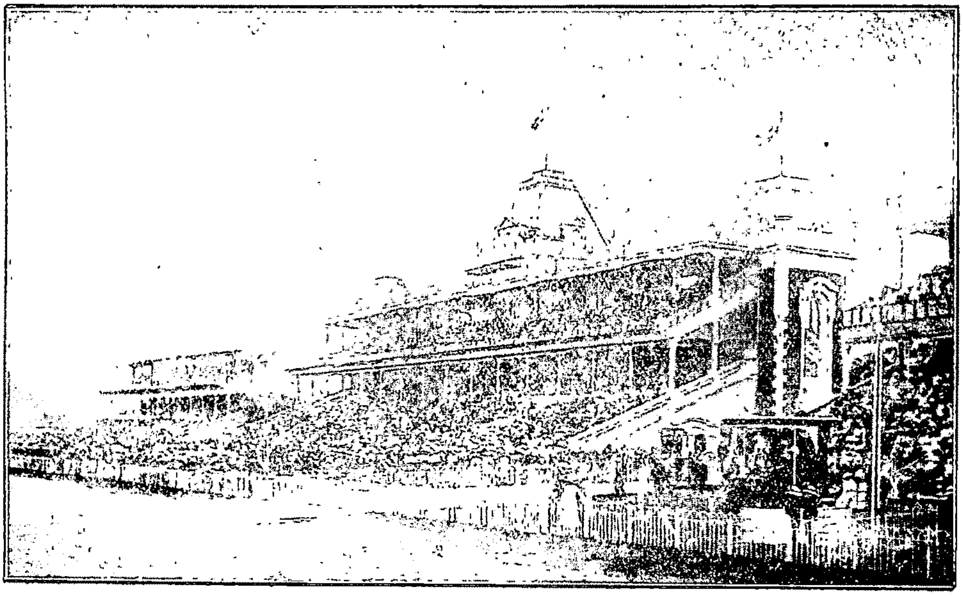
From the Maidan



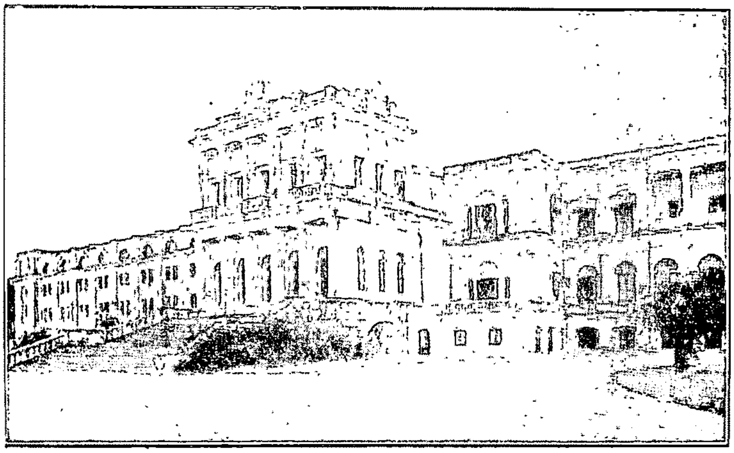
Curzon Statue



The Victoria Memorial

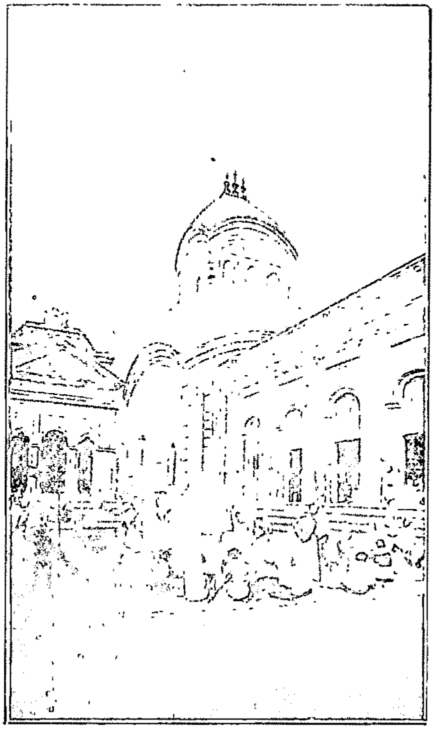


The Race Course

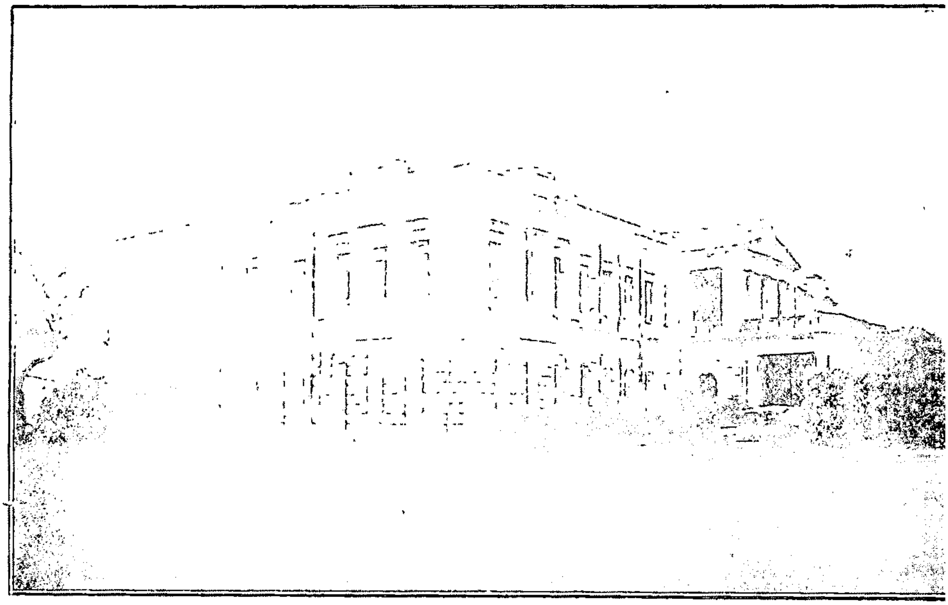


The Belvedere

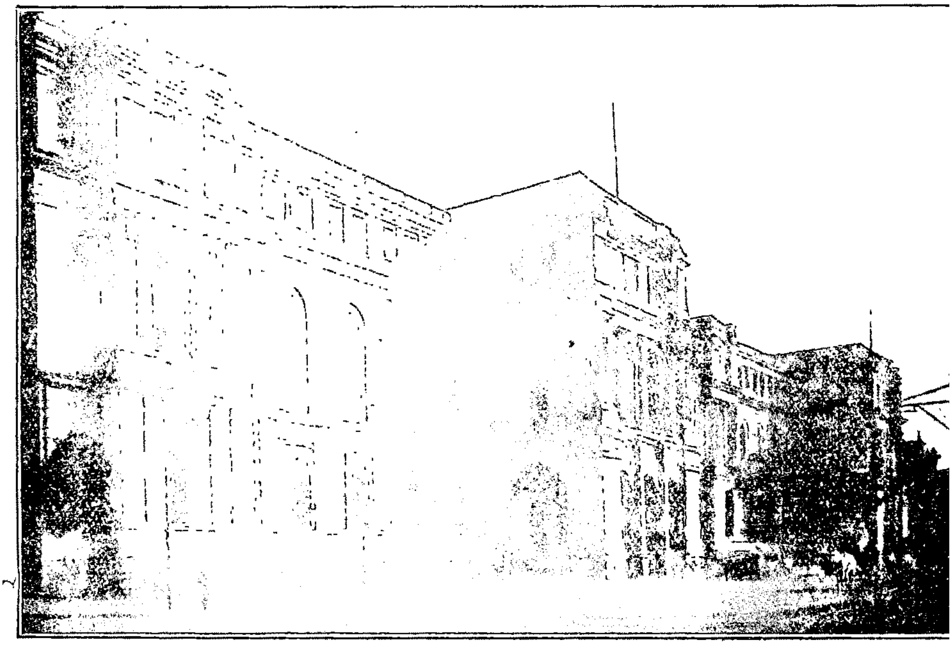
The Hastings House



The Kalighat Temple

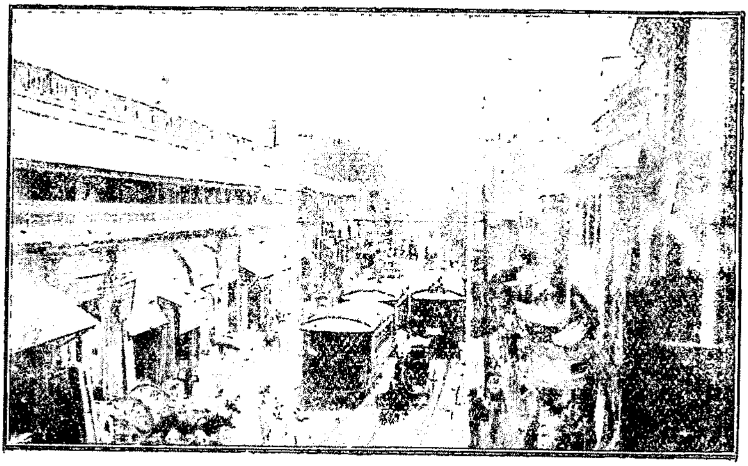


The Calcutta Club

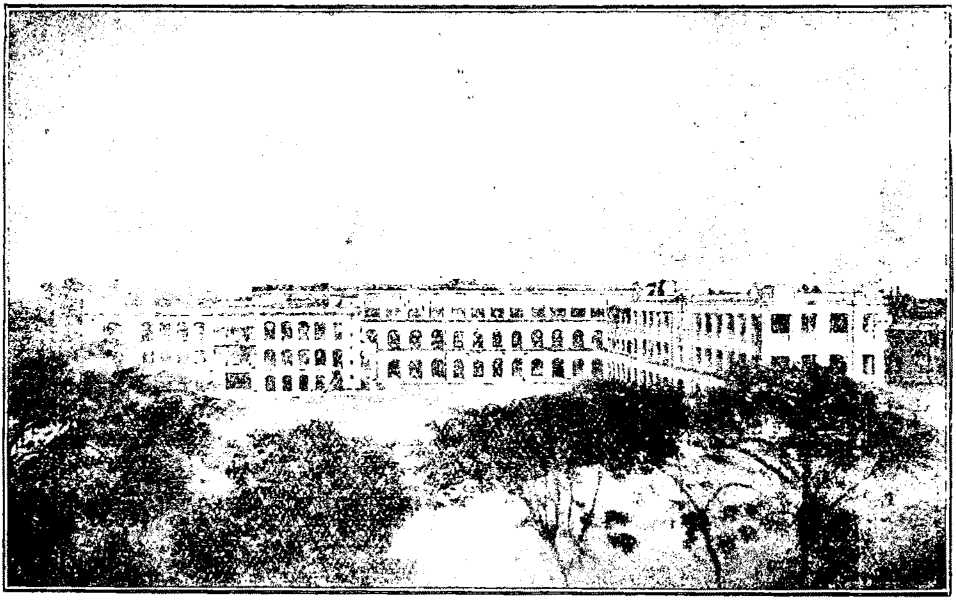


The Indian Museum

Tipoo's Mosque



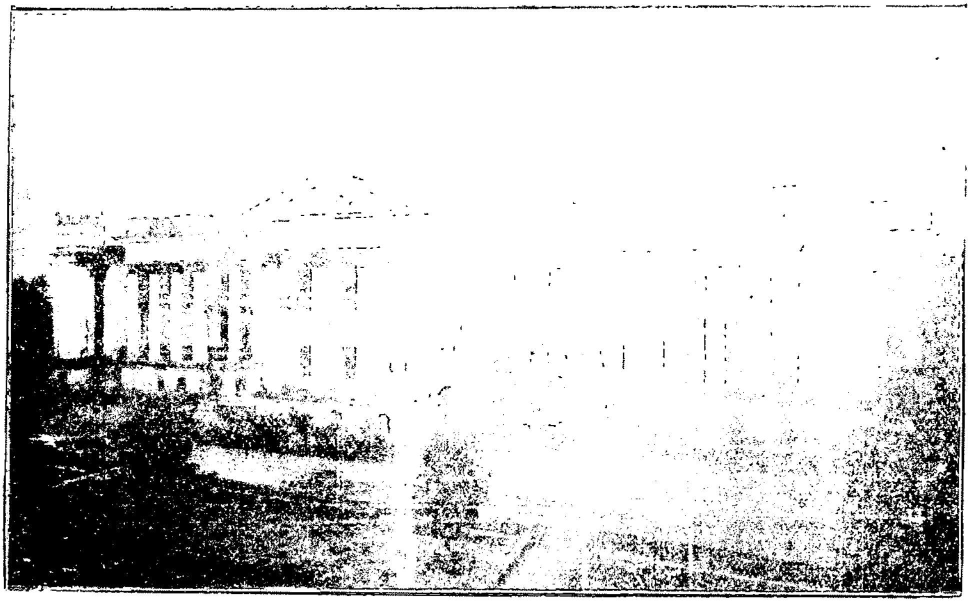
Along the Chitpur Road



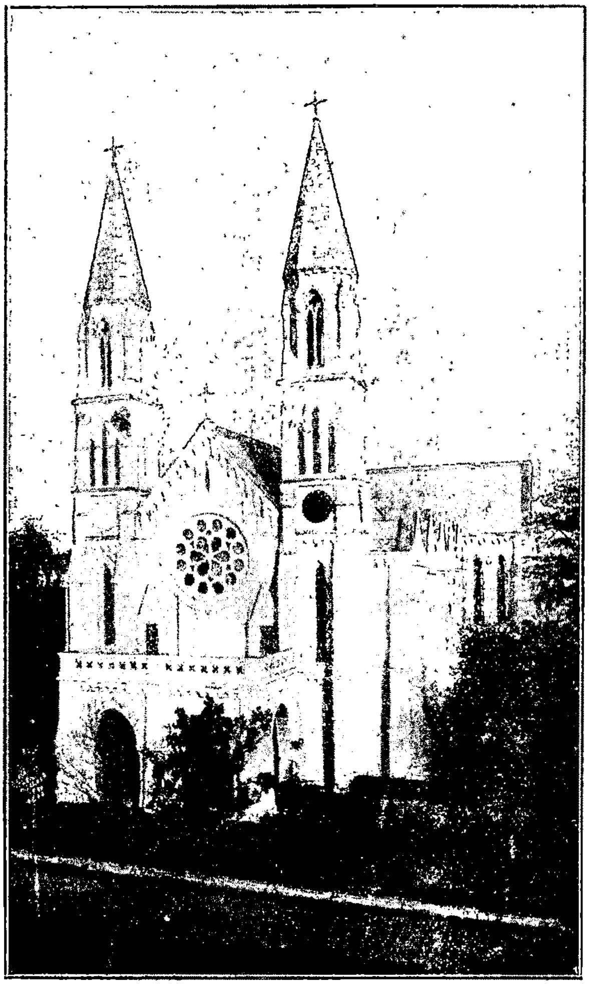
The St. Xavier's College

The University College of Science

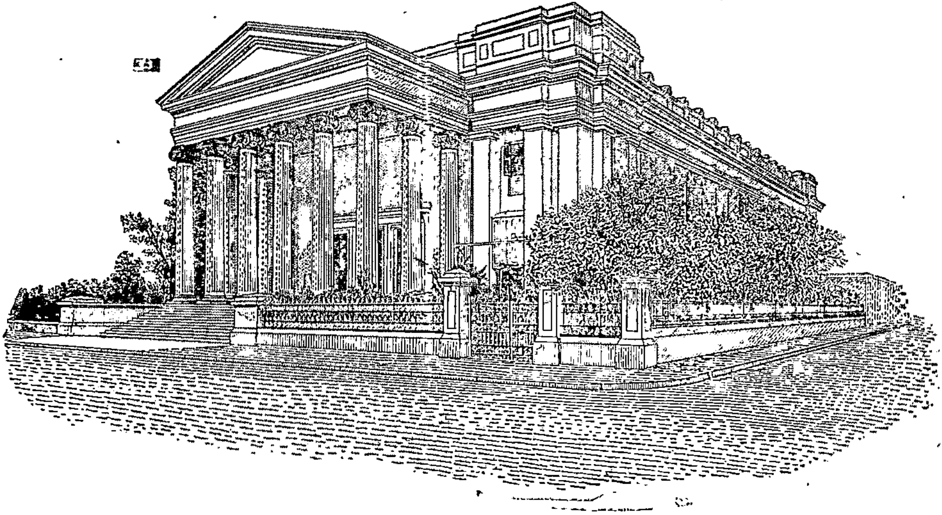
Bose's Institute



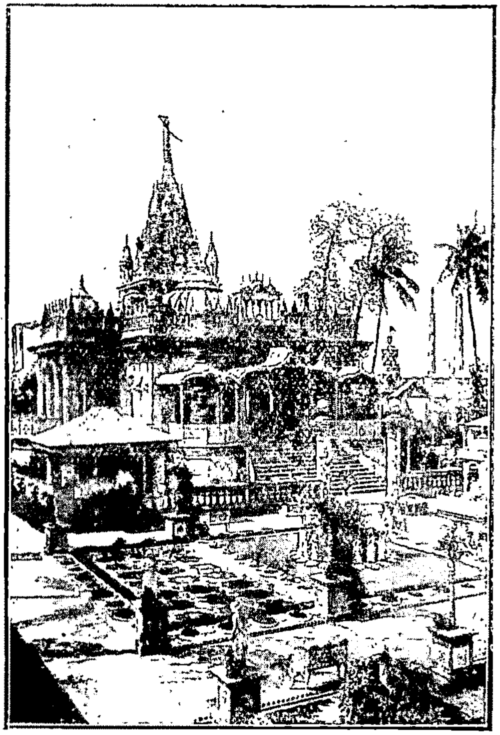
The Calcutta Medical College



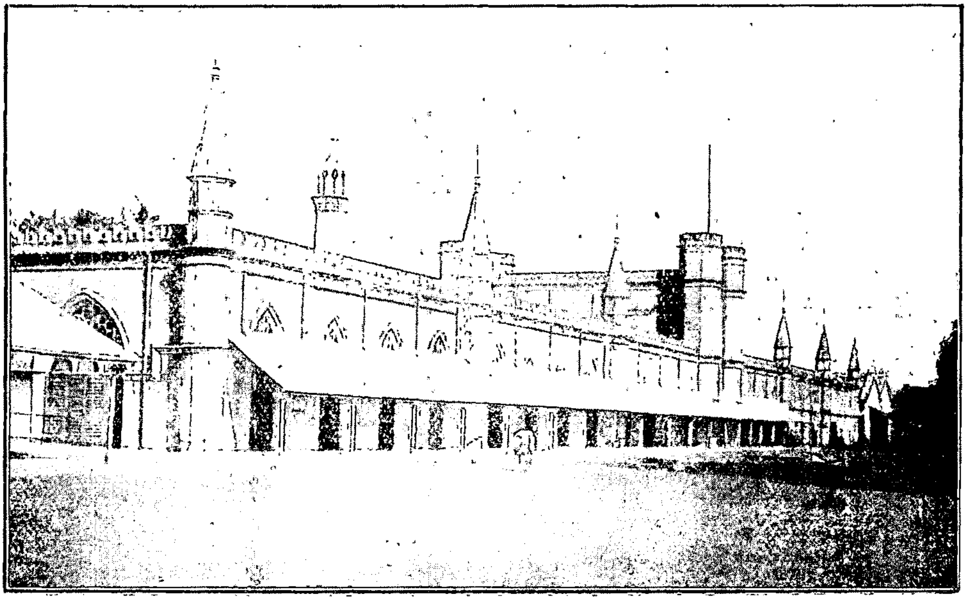
St. James' Church



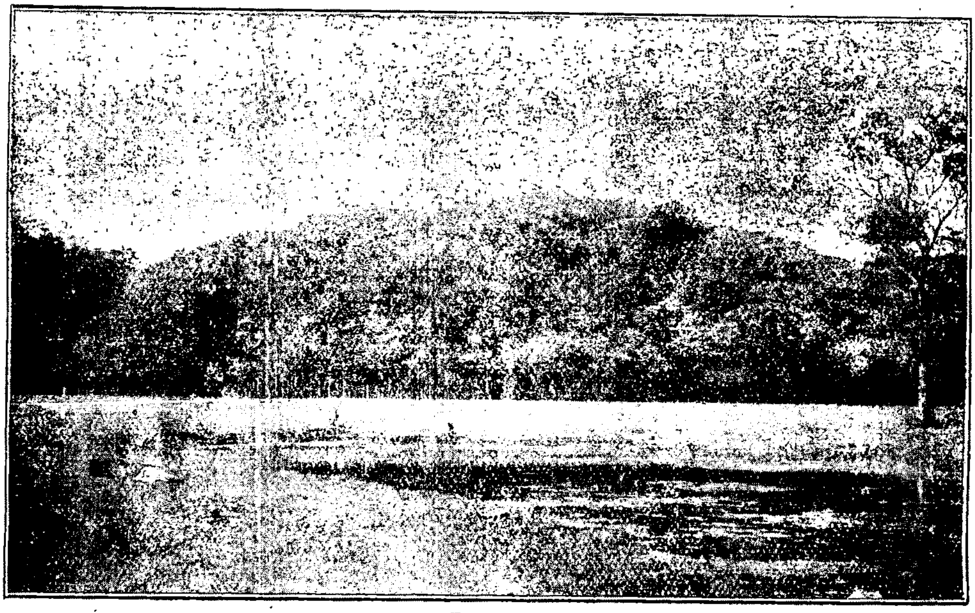
The Senate House



The Jain Temple



The Bengal Engineering College



Banyan Tree at the Botanical Gardens

THE LEGEND OF YIMA

A Reply

AIRYANA VĀEJO

I have read with great interest Dr. I. J. S. Taraporewalla's learned article on "The Legend of Yima and the Cradle Land of the Aryans" published in the December number of the *Calcutta Review* (Supplement No. 2). But I am sorry, I have not been able to agree with some of his arguments and conclusions. He seems to think with the late Mr. Tilak that *Airyana Vāejo* and the *Vara* were both situated in the Polar region. *Airyana Vāejo* having been threatened with destruction by an invasion of ice and snow, Yima, its ruler, was advised by Ahura Mazda to create a *Vara* or enclosure, and therein carry "the offspring of (small) animals and of (large) cattle, and of men, and of dogs, and of birds, and the seed of the fires brilliant (and) flaming," as well as "the seed of all trees which are upon this earth the tallest and the sweetest-scented" and "the seed of all fruits which are upon this earth the least of savour, and the sweetest-scented." With regard to the situation of the *Vara* in the Polar region there can be no doubt, for, according to Ahura Mazda's own description, there "only once (in the year) the stars and the moon and the sun are seen to set and rise; and they (the people of the *Vara*) think what (is) a year (to be) a day." But where does Dr. Taraporewalla find that this description was also applicable to *Airyana Vāejo*? There is simply a reference to the destruction of "the cradle of the Aryans" by an invasion of ice and snow. Was this identical with the great glaciation that destroyed the Polar region and made it uninhabitable? If that was so, how was it that the *Vara* which was admittedly situated in that region escaped this universal catastrophe, and enabled the men, women and beasts, nay the plants and trees whose seed Yima had carried with him, to live and flourish there for generations without being in any way affected by the glaciation? Was the *Vara* merely a gigantic barricade, enclosing a ground about four square miles in area, with the overhead sky visible and open, as the fact of the sun, the moon and the stars being *seen* to set and rise only once a year would seem to imply? Or, was it probably the biggest building ever constructed on Earth with a mammoth roof to keep out the snow, driving sleet and blinding blizzards with which the idea of glaciation is generally associated? If it was the former, how could the *Vara* escape the general ruin that overtook *Airyana Vāejo* and the rest of the Polar region? And if it was a gigantic shed intended for the protection of animal and plant life, how was it that it was not buried under snow which must have been hundreds of feet deep at places, and how was it again that plants and trees, shut out from air and sun-light, could grow and flourish therein? Dr. Taraporewalla says that "the legend does not contemplate only a few weeks' stay in the place, but of many generations. The continuation of this virile stock (of men, animals and plants) is also assured during many generations." If that was so, how could there be a water-course one *hāthra* in length in the enclosure without the water being frozen, and how could there be fields, assuring a constant supply of "golden-hued" grain unless we regard the *Vara* to be the biggest hot-house in the world, ancient or modern? The description of the sun, the moon and the stars being *seen* to rise and set only once a year in the *Vara* lends strong colour to the view that it was merely an enclosure with the sky open and visible overhead, that it possessed a genial climate, such as prevailed in the Polar region in an inter-glacial epoch, that *Airyana Vāejo* was situated in any other place than the Polar region and that its invasion by ice and snow was due to local causes and not to glaciation of the Polar region.

If it be permissible to refer to a personal matter, I may point out to the learned Doctor that I have ventured to deal at some length with this very subject in my book *Rig-Vedic India* from which the following extracts are made:

"It has been mentioned in the second Fargard of the Vendidad that fatal winters fell on this happy land (Airyana Vāejo) which was consequently invaded by snow and ice, and thus made unfit for human habitation. Yima, the ruler of the land, had been previously warned by Ahura Mazda about this impending calamity and advised to remove to another place with 'the seeds of sheep and oxen, of men, of dogs, of birds and of red blazing fire,' and create a *Vara* or enclosure there for their protection. Mr. B. G. Tilak thinks that Airyana Vāejo was situated in the Arctic region, the climate of which was genial before the advent of the last Glacial epoch about 10,000 years ago, and the destruction of his happy land was caused by the invasion of ice and snow when that epoch came. He is further of opinion 'that Airyana Vāejo was so situated that the inhabitants of Yima's Vara therein regarded the year only as a day, and saw the sun rise only once a year.' This, according to him, points to the situation of Airyana Vāejo in the Arctic region. The Vara was undoubtedly situated in the Arctic or circumpolar region, because the year there was only a day, and the sun rose only once a year. But where is the evidence to show that these were also the physical phenomena and characteristics of Airyana Vāejo? When Ahura Mazda first informed Yima of the impending calamity that was to overtake the country, and advised him to remove to the Vara with the seeds of birds, beasts, men and the blazing fire, the latter naturally asked Ahura Mazda: 'O Maker of the material world, thou Holy One, what lights are there to give light in the Vara which Yima made?' Ahura Mazda answered: 'There are uncreated lights and created lights. There the stars, the moon and the sun are only once (a year) seen to rise and set, and a year seems as a day.' These, then, were the physical characteristics of the Vara whither Yima was advised to go, and not of Airyana Vāejo, as wrongly concluded by Mr. Tilak. The physical characteristics of the Vara were so entirely different from those of Airyana Vāejo that Ahura Mazda had to take the trouble of mentioning them *in extenso* for Yima's enlightenment. If they were similar to those of Airyana Vāejo, he would have said so very briefly without going into details. Then, again, if the Vara were situated within Airyana Vāejo, the mere creation of an enclosure would not have saved it from the invasion of ice that overtook the whole country. If there is any truth in this story, the fact probably was that Yima migrated from Airyana Vāejo to the circumpolar region, the climate of which was genial in the Inter-glacial period, and there created an enclosure for the protection of his beasts and men, not against the invasion of ice, but of indigenous savages." (Pp. 174-75.)

To prove the Polar home of the Aryans Dr. Taraporewalla quotes among other Avestic evidences Ahura Mazda's directions for preserving the dead body during the winter season, and says: "Special rooms are to be built for taking in these dead bodies and the lifeless bodies are 'to lie there, for two nights, or for three nights or a month long, until the birds begin to fly, the plants to grow, the hidden floods to flow, and the wind to dry up the earth.' The last four conditions could certainly not apply to a land in temperate regions. Nor would a winter blizzard usually last for a month or more at a time. The essential element of the Zoroastrian disposal of the dead is exposure to the sun, and this was not possible in the long night of an arctic winter."

As this subject has also been discussed in my book, I will make no apology to the reader for making the following extracts therefrom:

"It should be borne in mind that in ancient Airyana Vāejo, there were only two seasons, *viz.*, summer and winter, the former lasting for two months and the latter for ten months. (Vend. Farg. 1. 4). The long winter, therefore, included the rainy season also, which followed summer. There was a custom among the followers of Ahura Mazda not to dispose of a corpse during the night, or when the sun was not visible on the sky in consequence of clouds over-spreading it, because they believed that the corpse needed to be purified by its exposure to the sun before being finally disposed of. There is a passage in Fargard V. 10 (34) where Ahura Mazda is asked: 'If the summer is passed and the winter has come, what shall the worshippers of Mazda do?' To which Ahura Mazda answers: 'In every house, in every borough, they shall raise three *katas* for the dead, large enough not to strike the skull or the feet or the hands of the man * * * and they shall let the lifeless body lie there for two nights, three nights or a month long, until the birds begin to fly, the plants to grow, the floods to flow, and the wind to dry up the waters from off the earth; then the worshippers of Mazda shall lay down the dead (on the Dakhma), his eyes towards the sun.' From this Mr. Tilak draws two inferences: (1) that the movement of the sun was correlated with the flow of aerial waters, and (2) that the sun not being visible for two nights, three nights, or even a month, there was long continuous night for these periods, indicating arctic characteristics. I have said above that summer was followed by winter in Airyana Vāejo, as there were only two marked seasons in the land; but the first part of winter, which followed the hot days of summer, was probably rainy; and if there was a spell of rainy weather for two nights (days), three nights (days), or a month, the sun remained hidden behind clouds. Against the occurrence of such a contingency, Ahura Mazda advised his worshippers to raise a *kata*, and deposit the dead body there, till the vultures and other birds of prey that feasted on the corpse began to fly, the plants to grow by drawing fresh sap from the ground, saturated with rain-water, and the rain-waters, collected in the channels leading to the rivers, caused a flood therein, and the wind 'dried up the waters from off the earth.' These waters, therefore, were not aerial waters, but liquid water as we see and ordinarily use. The mention of rain and floods unmistakably points to the existence of rain and clouds that obstructed the appearance of the sun and the sky. Mr. Tilak admits that 'the passage from Fargard V. quoted above makes no mention of darkness'; but he infers it 'from the statement that the body is at last to be taken out and laid down on the Dakhma with its eyes towards the sun, evidently meaning that the ceremony was impossible to be performed during the time the dead body was kept up in the house.' The contingency of clouds concealing the sun for these days does not seem to have struck Mr. Tilak at all."

It would thus appear that there is no evidence in the Avesta of Airyana Vāejo having ever been situated in the Arctic region. It was situated either on the table-land of Pamir and Khokand, or in the farthest east of the Iranian plateau. There is geological evidence of climatic changes having taken place both in Airyana Vāejo and Sapta-Sindhu or Hapta-Hendu. It has been related in the first Fargand of the Vendidad that Angra Mainyu, the destroyer, destroyed, in opposition to the creation of Ahura Mazda, the genial climate of Airyana Vāejo by bringing in severe winter; and he also destroyed the genial climate of Hapta-Hendu by bringing in "pernicious heat." It is a geological fact that the climate of Sapta-Sindhu was originally very cold, and the Rig-Veda bears testimony to it by naming the year by the word *hima* or winter. This climate was subsequently changed into hot through physical causes which I need not discuss here. Similarly, through other causes there was a change of climate in Airyana Vāejo also from temperate into extremely cold and the land became uninhabitable in consequence of its invasion by ice.[1] It was immediately before the advent of this catastrophe that Yima was advised by Ahura Mazda to emigrate from this country to the Arctic region which then possessed an equable climate, and there create a Vara for the protection of the men and animals that he took with him. The Vara was undoubtedly situated in the Arctic region, but Airyana Vāejo was situated either on the tableland of Pamir and Khokand or in the farthest east of the Iranian plateau, not far off from Sapta-Sindhu.

ABINAS CHANDRA DAS

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[1] "At many parts of the Himalaya there are indications of an extensive glaciation in the immediate past, and that the present glaciers, though some of them are among the largest in the world, are merely the shrunken remnants of those which flourished in the Pleistocene age." Wadia's *Geology of India* p. 245.

Reviews

Sixty Years of Indian Finance.—By K. T. Shah (Bombay Chronicle Press, Price Rs. 10).

As the opening chapter of this work tells us, the East India Comany, and later on, the Government of India under the British Crown have brought into being many men of military renown and administrative eminence, but we have been singularly unfortunate in having no financial genius to bring order and method into the management of the country's finances. Whether we consider the story of our currency organisation; whether we look to the tale of recurrent borrowing and the consequent additions to the interest charge; whether we think of the long series of disputes between the Government of this country and the War Office in England in connection with the most important item in the Home charges;—everywhere we find the same picture of unmitigated misfortune for India in the long run.

The study of the finances of India under the various aspects of Revenue and Expenditure, the Debt and Interest, of Currency and of Banking, of local and central finances reveals the one astounding fact that all through the century and half of the British occupation and government of this country there has been no one who has endeavoured to make a system and a science out of the welter and chaos of regulations and ordinances affecting the financial organisation of this country.

Sixty Years of Indian Finance recently published by Mr. K. T. Shah is an effort in the right direction. It is a systematic study on the most up-to-date scientific lines of the finances of this country, as much from the administrative side as from a theoretical standpoint with practical applications. In a general survey of the book one necessarily feels the absence of a fuller, clearer description of the administrative organisation, which is possibly explained by the author's want of familiarity with administrative routine. Perhaps, also, the scope of the book would have been unduly enlarged, and its utility very considerably marred if the author had endeavoured to summarise the many bulky volumes containing the rules and regulations of the Accountant General's Office for the accounting and auditing of the Government accounts under the various Civil and Military departments of the Government of India. For a complete picture of the finances of India, the carping critic might also notice the absence of any treatment of the finances of the Native States, but this absence the author has also noted; and we hope in a subsequent work or new edition he will find time and material to incorporate a similar study of the Native States Finances in this exceedingly useful volume. The chapters relating to Provincial Finances are also more critical than descriptive and analytical, necessarily presupposing a considerable intimacy on the part of the reader with the elements of financial decentralisation as it prevails in India. In this connection, we may note in passing, that the author inclines towards a strong independent central final authority—a conclusion which seems at variance with the general trend of his opinion in the other parts of his work. The one conclusion which a reader draws from a perusal of this book as a whole, will make him believe the author to be an out-and-out Home-Ruler. But in this instance his bias is notably different from the accepted opinion of the leaders of this country, thus exhibiting his striking independence of thought and deduction. The tale of the defects, apparent or real, of this book may be completed by observing that the work also omits to give an adequate account of the finances of local bodies, such as Municipalities, District Boards, Village Communities,—an omission of which the author himself seems to be perfectly aware; and we trust, at the next opportunity he will make good the defect and complete the picture, which must necessarily be of abiding interest to every one concerned with the study of Indian Finances.

Among the merits of Mr. Shah's work mention must be made in the first place of the constructive suggestions in which the work abounds in almost every chapter. The author has adopted the system of giving first a historical outline of the subject-matter of each chapter, following it up with a description of the existing situation. Next he points out the defects in principle or in practice appearing to him from a study of the existing situation; and finally offers his own constructive suggestions, for not only meeting the defects he has observed, but for putting the financial administration of the country on a more scientific basis. The ideal adopted by Mr. Shah seems to be (though it is nowhere explicitly stated) that of a moderate collectivist, a socialist, *i.e.*, who believes in the all-embracing activity of the State to do away with the existing inequalities and to bring about a more equal distribution of wealth, and a more comfortable and happy existence for mankind. It is this ideal which prompts him, for instance, to add a chapter on the possible sources of new taxation in Part III, a chapter as instructive as it is original both with regard to the sources of taxation mentioned and the amount of yield expected from each source. We cannot do better than recommend earnestly this and similar chapters to the careful notice and study of impecunious financiers and indigenous politicians. It is also this ideal which, strange as it may seem, suggests to the author the expedient of a compulsory military service in India, not only because it is the least expensive relatively speaking; but because it would, by equalising burdens, create the greatest possible incentive for the maintenance of the peace. We wonder if this would not be a double-edged sword. We leave it to our statesmen and politicians to say whether the expedient suggested by Mr. Shah is best calculated to remedy the disproportionately heavy burden of military expenditure in this country. For our part, we can only say that the study of the entire section of this book relating to the expenditure of public bodies in our country, leaves us with a feeling of great discontent. We wish the author had inserted at the end of each chapter a section containing summary of his conclusions and suggestions for the benefit of the ordinary reader who cannot afford time for a more scientific study. Mr. Shah has indeed put forward in the appendix a bill codifying his suggestions in regard to the reform of Currency and Banking organisation in India. A similar attempt in all other sections such as those relating to Expenditure, Revenue, Debt and Interest would have been equally welcome even though it would have very considerably added to the bulk of the book.

Considering this book in detail, we are afraid the printing is not all that could be desired. There are obvious errors due to the carelessness of the printer both in the substance of the book and in such necessary adjuncts to the general argument of the book as the numerous tables and foot-notes scattered all through the work. The foot-notes and figures are, indeed, a great feature of Mr. Shah's work, the former containing some of the most interesting suggestions of the author, which for one reason or other he has not thought fit to include in the text, or quotations from the works of recognised authorities. The latter afford the best means of comparing results and lend point and accuracy to the argument. The work is useful equally to the statesman, the student, the journalist and the politician. Though this work, inspite of these defects, is an effort of an original mind gifted with a clear perspicacity and strengthened by sustained scientific labour, it will perhaps not meet with that recognition and support which a similar production of an English writer might have obtained. But we trust such considerations will not prevent Mr. Shah from seeing to those defects which partially disfigure his great work. We hope, that the growing consciousness of national self-respect will afford proper recognition to a work of such outstanding merits and indisputable value in critical as well as constructive statesmanship.

X.Y.Z.

Poets of John Company selected and arranged by T. O. D. Dunn M. A., D. Litt. (pp. xvii and 134: Thacker Spink and Co., Calcutta, price Rs. 5).

This is an exceedingly interesting volume by one who is entitled on account of his sympathetic and long-continued study of his subject to speak with authority. Dr. Dunn has performed his task very well indeed and he makes us, like Oliver, ask for more. There are many pieces here which have had an occasional interest, and that occasion is long past. The modern reader, even the Englishman would occasionally find it difficult to understand some of the allusions. But all of it is pleasant reading and the reviewer gratefully acknowledges several hours of intense delight over this book.

The Introduction is a valuable bit of literary history and criticism. As is rightly pointed out the best of these poets "sought to interpret Eastern life and thought through the medium of English poetry, and so to assimilate their knowledge and experience of India as to enrich the literary inheritance of their countrymen." This is certainly true of Sir W. Jones, Wilson, Griffith, Sir Edwin Arnold and Sir Alfred Lyall. The "Hymn to *Narayana*" by the first named and the "*Siva*" of the last one may be styled really first class poetry and they truly interpret the Indian point of view, though the setting is foreign.

There is plenty in this selection to interest the casual reader. The quaint humour of the Englishman in what are often to him uncongenial surroundings is very refreshing though perhaps a sensitive Indian reader may object to his Motherland being called "the Land of Regrets." But such pieces as "The Jogi's Address to the Ganges" and "The Rajpoot's Lament" should make ample amends, while the sparkling wit and freshness of "John Company" (by Warren Hastings) or "Ode to an

Indian Gold Coin" or the anonymous "Calcutta, a Poem" would be acceptable to any reader. The section on "Insects" in the last named is delightful and we feel that the writer is almost the twin-soul of the late lamented "Eha."

The get up and print are as excellent as the contents are rich and varied, and the volume should find a place on the shelves of all good students of literature as well as of all those who believe in interpreting the East to the West and the West to the East.

POST-GRADUATE

The Meeting of the East and the West—By C. Jinarajadasa (Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras).

This is the third volume in the Asian Library being now published by the T.P.H. Mr. Jinarajadasa is a writer of great ability with an international fame, and any message he has to give, should command respectful hearing. The book is distinctly a book with a message—a message of vital importance to the world of to-day. The oft-misquoted line of Kipling about the East and West never meeting are to be restored to their original context, where Kipling has added that "there is neither east nor west, border nor bread nor birth when two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the ends of the earth."

During all these years the East was not supposed to be "strong" enough, she was yet in her "childhood" as far as modern institutions for self-government were concerned. But now the East has found her strength and the two strong men—from the West and from the East are standing face to face to-day. The meeting is fraught with the most momentous consequences for the future of the world and the well-being of humanity. The psychological moment has arrived when the equality of both should be recognised not merely by the lips alone, but in the heart of hearts.

Mr. Jinarajadasa is the typical strong man of the East, not in the body perhaps, but in the deeper strength of intellect and soul. And, therefore, he is specially well-fitted to represent the East. He has also got a very special fitness for the task he has undertaken, which is not always found in many of our representative men. He knows the thought and the language of the West so thoroughly well that he can speak to the "strong man" of the West in his own language.

But the task performed by Mr. Jinarajadasa has got another side. Not only does he explain the East to the West but also the West to the East. That is the two-fold message of this little book. Each chapter of this volume has got its own special value in the work before us, and each reader will find his or her favourite theme among them. The book is one of the most inspiring of those recently published. The whole is good in every part, but the very best of all, is the last chapter, "The Gift of India to all Nations." In these days of strife and strike and mutual invective, when all the old order seems to be going to the dogs, it is well to have some hope for a better conclusion than a mere mass of ruins left to mark the older civilisations. This hope lies in the drawing together of the "two strong men from the ends of the earth," for they between them will regenerate the earth and give a larger, loftier civilisation than our planet hath yet witnessed. It is on this hope for the future that this wonderful little book ends and our feelings in putting it down are those of thankfulness that we are living to witness the glorious dawn of such a glorious day.

I. J. S. T.

Ourselves

Sir Asutosh Mookerjee at Bangalore and at Lahore

The position of one of His Majesty's Judges in the High Court, of Vice-Chancellor of the largest University in the world, of President of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, of the Board of Management of the Imperial Library and of the Indian Museum does not seem to satisfy the inordinate craving for work of Sir Asutosh Mookerjee. In the course of six weeks he travelled six thousand miles and finished his labours on the committee of enquiry into the condition of the Institute at Bangalore, appointed by the Government of India by a Resolution dated November 21, 1921. What strikes a superficial observer most is that during the last ten years of its activity the authorities of the Institute have been more alive to researches of a commercial or semi-commercial nature—the professors having secured patents in their names—rather than to a sound development of the Institute on healthy educational lines. The current expenditure of the Institute in 1911-12 with 24 students on its rolls amounted to Rs. 1,49,155. In 1920-21, 84 students cost the Institute Rs. 3,34,201. The total amount thus spent in the last ten years was 24 lacs. During this period 14 Associates and 42 Certificate-holders have received the hall-mark of the Institute. Thus each student has cost the Institute in the estimate of Dr. Moos, 43,000 rupees. And what has been the net result ? The Professoriate is entirely non-Indian, the patents no doubt are great assets to the Institute, but they have been secured by the professors themselves ; the *alumni* of the Institute, it has been shown, are generally employed on salaries ranging from 100 to 300 rupees a month. Such is the fate of a purely

Research Institute run on "English lines" and we are anxiously awaiting the result of the Committee of Enquiry.

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The Chancellor, the Vice-Chancellor and the Syndicate of the University of the Punjab invited Sir Asutosh Mookerjee to address a Convocation of their University last year. Sudden illness compelled Sir Asutosh to abandon the visit to Lahore. The invitation having been renewed this year, Sir Asutosh delivered his Address on the 3rd of January last. Great importance was attached to the speech of an eminent educationist from outside, invited for the first time in the history of that University, particularly at a time when the political atmosphere of the Punjab was surcharged with electricity and when the student-world was in a state of unparalleled excitement. Lahore, like Calcutta, was experiencing the same bitterness of controversy between two schools of thought namely, centralisation *vs.* de-centralisation. Sir John Maynard, the sympathetic civilian-Vice-Chancellor of the Punjab University, mooted the idea of Honours Schools but found very little response in the Senate, and Sir Asutosh Mookerjee was called upon to solve all these problems in a single day. We quote his remarkable "thought-provoking" speech in extenso.

MR. VICE-CHANCELLOR, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

My first duty on this occasion is to express my warmest thanks to the members of this University for the opportunity they have afforded me to address this distinguished gathering of representatives of the wealth and intelligence of one of the most remarkable provinces of India. To me personally, it was a source of keen disappointment when I found myself unable, by reason of accidental circumstances beyond my control, to enjoy your hospitality at the time of the last Convocation. There were manifold reasons which called forth my gratitude when I received your kind invitation. I felt attracted towards your University, as I was aware that you had made considerable progress in the way of academic development under the guidance of your sympathetic Chancellor and far-sighted Vice-Chancellor. I felt attracted also by reason of the fact that your University, the first established within what was the original jurisdiction of my Alma Mater, had by its striking success, fully justified the wisdom of its founders. Finally, I felt irresistibly drawn towards the University of the province which had been the primitive home of all Indian culture and civilisation and had in successive generations been affected by extraneous influences of the most diverse types, Persian, Greek, Chinese, Mongolian, Tartar and Afghan. The Land of the Five Rivers had indeed been the scene, as no other province of India had been, of the conflict of races, the conflict of religions, the conflict of languages, the conflict of ideals of art and sculpture, the conflict, in fact, of all those elements which constitute the manifestations of the genius of a people. Here, then, was the ideal place for the creation of an intellectual centre, amidst historic environments and living forces which help to mould the character of a nation, and I admire the wisdom of the administrators who chose the capital of the Punjab as the seat of a University with new hopes and aspirations. The possibilities of a University, founded, maintained and developed amidst such surroundings, deserve the careful attention of all interested in education in this country, and I venture to express the hope that you will listen to me with indulgent consideration when I tell you in brief outline, what would have been my ideal as to the future of this University if I had the privilege to be one of its active members.

To remove the possibility of misapprehension, let me assure you at the outset that I would not desire your University to be developed exactly on the model of any other academic institution, however efficient, however famous. You may call it, if you so choose, a truism, but it is not by any means a truism of no account, that all Universities, even in one country, should not, if they are to render the highest service to the community, be cast in the same mould. We should not expect them to be uniform in character, for each institution must meet the varying and growing needs of the people, and consequently the ideals and activities of a University must change, not only from place to place, but also from time to time. Indeed, in the life of a single University, fundamental questions, by no means easy to answer, may repeatedly arise and stand in need of solution. There may be, to take one example only, a rivalry amongst competing subjects of study. We are all familiar with the perpetual controversy as to the relative claims of ancient and modern languages. There, again, has been controversy in recent times as to the relative utility of Pure Science and Applied Science, of liberal education and technical instruction. These and many other questions do arise in every progressive University in all communities advancing with rapid strides. They are answered when they arise, and the answers vary from time to time, from institution to institution. But this possible and necessary diversity in the activities of Universities does not justify the inference that there is no community of ideal and similarity of obligation amongst institutions of University type. Let me here warn you, however, that in order to establish that a fundamental unity pervades an apparent diversity, we need not embark upon a bold attempt to frame an exhaustive definition of a University; such an effort is likely to meet with as much success as the famous performance of a dozen blind men who could, by touch alone, perceive different parts of the body of an elephant, and yet proceeded to give a description of the animal. At the same time, even without a complete enumeration of all the characteristics of a University, one may fairly attempt to indicate with sufficient precision two vital points, namely, the scope of University teaching and the spirit of University training. Once we realise the full significance of these two basic elements in the conception of a University, there will be little danger that we may be led astray in the difficult and laborious task of constructing or re-constructing a University.

Let me then indicate in the broadest outline the scope of teaching in the University which it is my aspiration to see established. To put the matter in the tersest possible form, the University will include all knowledge within its scope. It is of paramount necessity that in a University worthy of the name, the courses of instruction should cover the whole field of human thought and intellectual activity, so that, she may participate to the fullest extent in the diffusion and extension of knowledge. The University will be a corporation of teachers and students, banded together for the pursuit of learning, which may be amplified to signify the acquisition and increase, the conservation and extension of knowledge. This I deem essential, as a University designed to vitalise the nation must be thrown open to all duly qualified persons, without restrictions of sex, caste, station in life, intellectual belief, religious persuasion and political faith. Every aspirant for admission to the status of a University student must, no doubt, have been previously provided with the elements of such intellectual interests as would qualify him to profit by a further training in a course of University study. Subject, however, to this pre-requisite of an intellectual discipline, the University must have an ample and continuous supply of students, of what may be called normal ability, in order that it may attain prosperity and work out its beneficent purpose. Besides this, the University should have more than a sprinkling of students with abilities well above the average. I am not unmindful of the views of a class of educationists who favour the policy of restriction of academic facilities and who desire to raise a high wall in front of the portals of the University which few can successfully scale. I respectfully dissent from this opinion, and I do not admire the attitude of mind which dictates the underlying policy. The University, to be worthy of its name, should be in a position to satisfy the requirements of all the students who will eagerly flock to her gates actuated by various kinds of needs and desires. There may be, I trust there will be, in ever-increasing numbers, students who will seek training, not merely for the public services and the learned professions, but also for technical callings, and the University should so arrange the courses as to render it possible for all the services, all the professions, all the callings to be recruited from amongst her trained students. There may, again, be a large body of students who may not intend to use their University education in the pursuit of professions and callings, but only as a preparation to qualify them for an honourable place in the ever-widening sphere of public life of the country and in maintaining and elevating the tone of the community. Another section of the students may cherish the ambition ultimately to dedicate themselves to a life of learning, by preference to an intellectual career in the service of their own University. Finally, there will be, I fervently hope, amongst the students, some young men of genius, yet unknown and unsung, who will receive in the University that training which will gradually reveal to them their hidden powers and that stimulus which will inspire them to the highest service of the human race as the foremost discoverers and thinkers of their generation. If the University is to fulfil its obligations to the nation, it must provide all these students with the means and opportunities of obtaining all the knowledge, all the skill requisite to satisfy their intellectual aspirations. No University can thus be regarded as a potent agency for the enrichment of national life in the fullest measure, by the diffusion and extension of knowledge, unless the courses of possible instruction cover the whole field of human thought and intellectual activity.

Let me pass on now from the scope of University teaching to the spirit of University training. Here it is of paramount importance to remember that University education is more comprehensive than laborious and creditable absorption of knowledge. We may usefully recall in this connection the ideal of education as formulated by one who stands in the front rank of educationists and administrators of this generation. He conceives of education as the art of drawing out of a man all that is best and useful in him, so that it may be employed to the advantage of the community and to the benefit of himself as one of its members. We must regard it not as bearing fruit in the science and art of earning a livelihood alone, but as yielding the science and art of living. It is the means by which the individual citizen may be trained to make the best use of his innate qualities; it is equally the means by which the State may be enabled to make the best use of its citizens. Spiritually conceived, it is Plato's turning of the soul towards the light ; materially conceived, it is Napoleon's open career to talent. The substance of the matter is that the spirit of University training implies not merely education of mind, but also education of character, and both may be simultaneously achieved if studies are properly conducted. Thus, University education which does not foster the spirit of enquiry fails in the achievement of its purpose. Thoroughness must be the predominant quality of every study. Difficulties which face the student must be solved by him and not evaded. Assertions must be rigorously examined. Theories must be discarded unless they are clearly comprehended, and proofs must be rejected unless they are found valid on searching criticism. The student must be dominated by the idea that truth is the sole object of his search and that nothing debases the human mind so radically as what has been appropriately called intellectual dishonesty. He must scrupulously repudiate specious doctrines, which are all the more deceptive and captivating, when convenient and comfortable. A student has not really profited by a course of University training, if he has not acquired the habit to disdain intellectual duplicity as readily as he contemptuously scorns dishonesty in his dealings with his neighbours.

I have emphasised the importance of realising the true spirit of University training, because the advantage which flows from it is not evanescent or temporary, but leaves an indelible impression on the character of the student throughout his life and heightens his usefulness as a member of civilized society. The spirit of enquiry which thus imbues the student, will influence him in a special manner, if re-enforced and supplemented by stimulus to the imagination, and this will be achieved, if, whatever be the study undertaken, it is honestly and thoroughly pursued. For the attainment of this invaluable result, it is essential that instruction should not be mechanical, in other words, that there should be what has been called the play of intellect between the master and his disciple, and that the students should have liberty of thought and reason among themselves. I do not suggest that this may be achieved by the wisest of regulations or the richest of endowments. The type of instruction I have in view is perhaps a product of the spirit of the place, perhaps of the spirit of the time, but once established, whether as a custom or as a tradition, is a treasure of priceless value. A student whose mental faculties have been stimulated, expanded and enriched in this manner will be ready for full appreciation of the true seriousness of life ; he will have acquired the most valuable assets requisite for good citizenship, habit of self-reliance, spirit of toleration, steadiness of conduct and sobriety of judgment. If a University fails to secure this end, the education it provides may justly be characterised as inadequate and ineffectual to create in its alumni a sentiment of respect and affection.

It is needless to establish by ordered sequence of reasoning that if a University of this type is to be created and maintained in a state of efficiency, it will be necessary to bring together such an assembly of teachers of the highest eminence that a student may obtain instruction in any department of knowledge and may be trained in the use of any method by which knowledge is acquired. All sources of knowledge must be opened up to all students, and the University must foster alike the liberal and the useful studies. The University will thus be a treasure-house of all ascertained knowledge, to be given without stint to all qualified students clamouring for its wealth, and the distributors of this wealth, which as an ancient sage has felicitously observed, is not exhausted, not even diminished by distribution, will be the teachers of the University. In the process of distribution, they will take care to stimulate the reason and the imagination of the recipient ; but it would be a grievous error to suppose that this duty, however assiduously discharged, is the sole duty of those who deservedly take rank as high priests in the Temple of Truth. The ranges of study cannot be confined to crystallised antique knowledge. The student must be brought into contact with living, growing and increasing knowledge, whose very vitality will be the greatest stimulus to his ardent mind. The University cannot degenerate into a museum of fossils, for progress is the very breath of its life. Every teacher in the University must consequently assimilate new facts as they come and submit them to those testing, sifting, refining and concentrating processes which make the residual product some contribution to truth. If the teacher is saturated with what may be called the true University spirit, he will, in the accomplishment of this intellectual process, also strive to contribute to the increase of knowledge and to the advancement of truth ; unless his mental faculties are dead and inert, the operation cannot be all absorption and no radiation, all reception and no production. But do not imagine that I consider it possible that all teachers in the University will be capable of research and engaged in the discovery of new truths. There will be many a teacher who will devote himself to the performance of exacting administrative duties ; there will be many more who will help in the spread of that humanising social influence which is so essential to enrich and ameliorate life in a University. The labours of all such men ensure a quickened vitality for the institution. But beyond all this, let me hope, there will be a band of teachers who take to research, not because it is a duty imposed on them by the regulations, but because they love the quest of truth which is higher than the quest of fact; for although we cannot exact research from every teacher, the University cannot prosper as a corporation unless there is a substantial amount of research produced by the aggregate of teachers. The University will flourish as a vigorous seat of learning, if the teachers in the varied departments of intellectual activity will regularly contribute their share in the cause of the advancement of learning; the University will languish if such contributions be long intermitted, and the University will die away as a centre of light if research shall entirely cease. If the teachers of the University cease to contribute to the increase of knowledge and to the advancement of truth, they will also cease to exercise that stimulus and inspiration, which after all is the profoundest of all influences, upon those earnest students who will be privileged later in life to carry on the torch of learning. University teaching thus imposes an obligation on the teachers to foster the spirit of enquiry, not so much to pour into the mind of the student distilled knowledge as to stimulate his reason and imagination; and this will be best accomplished by those who make it their life-long endeavour to contribute not merely to the diffusion of knowledge, but also to the advancement of learning.

A University of the type I have so imperfectly sketched thus implies for its existence and development that we should enlist the services of men and, let me add, women of the highest talent and ability, who will make it the ambition of their lives to widen the scope of University teaching and ennoble the spirit of University training. Teachers of this description do not exist in abundance in this country. This renders it inevitable that the highest academic teaching should be effectively carried out by the University, only by a specially organised body of teachers discharging their duties under a proper constitution. We must consequently abandon, even though with keen regret, what has hitherto been a favourite idea prevalent in academic circles that University teaching of the kind I have described may be imparted by Colleges segregated from each other as distinct self-contained entities, each by itself a University in miniature. If the activities of the University are to be comprehensive in scope, if the training available therein is to be saturated with true University spirit, we require a combination of all the talent available, and a unification of all our resources; each student must have the benefit of association with all the teachers who have specialised in his subject; and each teacher, however eminent, should have the opportunity to stimulate the intellectual development of all the able students who are qualified to receive inspiration from him. It is needless for me to emphasise that such an army of teachers cannot be expected to discharge their academic duties under the dominance of non-academic administrators, however distinguished. Let me urge, therefore, without the fear of contradiction, the need for a new organisation where, in respect of academic work, the teachers will have the paramount voice; adopt the policy dictated by prudence and justified by experience, namely, select your teachers with the utmost circumspection, but trust them after they have been appointed. This is essential for the development of the University, but there are other elements equally material which cannot be rightly ignored or safely overlooked. The University must be free from external control over range of subjects of study and methods of teaching and research. We have to keep it equally free from trammels in other directions—political fetters from the State, ecclesiastical fetters from religious corporations, civic fetters from the community and pedantic fetters from what may be called the corporate repressive action of the University itself. The University must have the fullest independence and the amplest powers in working out its intellectual salvation. There need be no anxiety as to the future of the University if a constitution is wisely planned on these principles, and the exercise of power is entrusted to academic bodies composed of qualified persons—not so large in size as to lose in efficiency, yet large enough to prevent degeneration into intellectual cliques; neither eternally unchangeable so as to resist all progress, nor so rapidly changing as to destroy continuity, yet varying sufficiently from time to time to prevent the dominance of personal policies; and, finally, representative enough to be in touch alike with the experience of the past and the aspirations of the future.

Let me urge one final point of supreme importance for the future |progress of the University I have in my mind. It is a self-evident truth that notwithstanding the richest endowments, the noblest edifices, the best equipped laboratories and the most extensive libraries, illustrious teachers, the pioneers of learning, will fail in their efforts to make the University an inspiring home of study in every field of intellectual activity, if we have not in abundance devoted students who may be stimulated along the paths which lead to the temple of new knowledge. The University cannot be saved from inevitable decay and destruction, if the students allow the pursuit of their studies to be disturbed by extra-academic elements. Let them, therefore, even amidst dreadful trials and tribulations, strive to attain that complete self-control, that *atma-sanyama*, which purified and ennobled the life of the Indian student in glorious ages past, and which has called forth wonder and admiration in all civilised centres where the ideals of the East are still held in honour and reverence. While I earnestly press this point of view upon the younger members of this University, I do not fail to realise that I am widely separated from them in the scale of years and that to me much of that is past which to them is as yet future ; but let me assure them that there is a common bond which unites us, namely, the welfare of the University as a great organ of preparation for life. It is my deepest conviction that the normal task of the University student, so long as he is under the influence of the true spirit of University training I have attempted to sketch, is to devote himself to the quiet and steady acquisition of physical, intellectual and moral habits, to arm himself fully for the efforts and trials of his career, and not to attempt to be conspicuous prematurely in the activities of life, political, social or religious. Let him realise that he has not yet acquired that prudent firmness, that ripe experience, that soundness of judgment in human affairs, which is essential for good citizenship, and will be attained by him only in the battle of life, in the professions and in responsible positions. Let him train himself with an ever open mind in Political Economy, Political Philosophy, Jurisprudence and Constitutional Law ; let him acquire an intelligent comprehension of the great lessons of History, studied in conjunction with Sociology and Comparative Religion. But let him not delude himself in his youthful enthusiasm that the complex machinery by which a State is governed, the operation of the hidden forces by which the future of nations is moulded, may be usefully criticised or successfully explored without adequate training, prolonged study and laborious preparation. Let him remember that the priceless possession of the student at a University is the right to discover the truth, to doubt, to test, to see everything with his own eyes. If he affiliates himself with a party and adopts its dogmas, whilst he is still a student at the University, he abandons his invaluable privilege, submits to intellectual slavery, and deprives himself of that academic freedom which is a pre-requisite to self-education, self-knowledge, self-control and self-reverence. Though pervaded by an atmosphere of laudable patriotic aspiration, let him not act under the illusion that the formative period of his life spent in the University in quest of truth under the guiding advice of his teachers, based upon their knowledge and experience, will be wasted. Let him not imagine that if he resolutely withstands the allurements of distracting and misleading influences and declines to be dragged into the field of political strife or impressed into the service of partisan contention, he will be too late for the service of his motherland and of humanity at large. When he leaves the University and emerges into the battlefield of life, he will find duties in abundance awaiting him, making imperious calls on his best energies for the increase of the capital of the race. He will then realise that

"New occasions teach new duties; time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward, who would keep abreast of truth."

Young men of this type instructed in the lessons of History, Science and Philosophy are bound to be animated by the spirit of sacrifice and should be ever ready to contribute their knowledge to the service of society—that unremunerated service which an educated man may render to society if he is thoughtful and will help other men to think. Consider for a moment the immense influence for good which men of their natural talent and sharpened intelligence may exercise in the country, if they only put their culture to the right use. Half the troubles of mankind comes from ignorance, that ignorance which consists less in not knowing things than in ignoring the things already known. The men of thought and culture in the community should be an antidote to the dangerous results of ignorance; it is for them to bring wild theories to the crucible of reason and to withstand rash experiments with obstinate prudence. They have had mental training and plenty of instruction in various branches of learning; they should be full of intelligence. They have had moral discipline and the influences of good example have been steadily brought to bear upon them; they should thus be full of principle. They have had religious inspiration in their homes, if not in their seminaries; they should be full of faith. Nurtured by their Alma Mater, they may well be asked by her, what do you propose to do with your intelligence, with your principle, with your faith. Let them respond in no uncertain voice that they will use them for the seasoning, the cleansing and the saving of their motherland.

Do not imagine for a moment that I am an advocate of the doctrine that the love of a man for his country should be in an inverse ratio to the education he has received. On the other hand, I maintain that the culture which leaves a man without true patriotism is only one degree less miserable than that which leaves him without a God. Yet remember that to be full of enthusiasm and overflowing with criticism, without constructive skill, may be a sign not of dynamic energy but of palsied enervation. The best learning is that which intensifies a man's patriotism as well as clarifies it; the finest education is that which puts a man in closest touch with his fellowmen. While, therefore, the men whom the University sends forth to the world should, on the one hand, be fearless in honest criticism of the actions of those in authority and in stern disapproval of national wrongs, they should, on the other hand, remember that the fermenting activity of ignorance is incessant and that sobriety and self-possession constitute the price of social safety. I recognise legitimate differences of opinion touching governmental policies and would by no means control or limit the utmost freedom in their discussion. The time has long since passed when politics was regarded as an unclean thing to be avoided by those claiming to be educated or respectable; it would be strange, indeed, if controversies relative to the administration of our government or the welfare of our nation could be essentially degrading and unworthy of the touch of the wisest and best of the citizens. Still the staunchest advocate of the liberty of speech and freedom of public criticism must concede that wisdom, warned by the prospect of popular rashness and excess, fixes the bounds of wholesome discussion and sets a limit to political strife. To my mind, the influence of our educated men should lie in the direction of purifying and steadying political sentiment, and when the excitement of bitter controversies presses dangerously near national revolution, I would, without hesitation, ask them to warn all the contestants in impressive tones against the perils of a breach impossible to repair. The products of our University should be conservatives, not as thoughtless opponents of that progress which has been the guiding star of civilisation, the animating and controlling ideal of humanity, but as men who conserve society and save its structure from the smouldering fire of revolution which occasionally bursts out into flames, threatening to destroy to its very foundations the edifice of civilization constructed by the labours of mankind for centuries. I look forward to them to strengthen those mighty forces without whose constant silent action no nation can achieve true stability, greatness and well-being—the forces of respect for order, reverence for law and good custom, loyalty to established authority. Let the men trained by the University be the leaders in a mighty movement to educate and elevate the masses, making them rational and powerful coadjutors in the task of social and political reconstruction, and thereby to help to banish passion and fanaticism from the field of politics, leaving it the exclusive domain of reason and judgment. They will then be seen marching triumphantly on, towards that self-determination which is the bright height of our national destiny. They will then justify their position not only as the councillors of their fellow countrymen, but also as the tribunes of the people—fully appreciating every condition that presses upon their daily life, sympathetic in every untoward situation, quick and earnest in every effort to advance their happiness and welfare, and yet prompt and sturdy in the defence of all their rights. In the discharge of this noble duty, let them take as their motto the beautiful words of the poet—

"Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed."

If you, my young friends, are prepared to take this as your ideal, I can confidently call upon you to take rank, not with the idle, the frivolous, the faithless, the selfish, the gilded youth, but with the earnest, the manly, the devout, the devoted, the golden youth, so that you may have your legitimate share in the renaissance of our motherland. The struggle, let me assure you, will be prolonged and intense, but if you succeed with a mighty effort, my earnest prayer for the welfare of your University will not be in vain—

"Live this University,
Men that learning nourish,
Live each member of the same,
Long live all that bear its name,
Let them ever flourish."

And,—let these be my last words—from the depths of my soul there rises a fervent prayer for the perennial welfare not only of your Alma Mater but also of that greater parental divinity to whom even the greatest of Universities is a mere handmaiden as it were—our beloved motherland:

वन्दे मातरम् ।
सुजलां सुफलां मलयजशीतलाम्
शस्य-श्यामलां मातरम् ।

शुभ्रज्योत्स्ना-पुलकित-यामिनीम्
फुल्लकुसुमित-द्रुमदलशोभिनीम्
सुहासिनीं सुमधुरभाषिणीम्
सुखदां वरदां मातरम् ।
वहुवलधारिणीं नमामि तारिणीं
रिपुदलवारिणीं मातरम् ।
त्वं हि दुर्गा दशप्रहरण-धारिणी
कमला कमलदल-विहारिणी
वाणी विद्यादायिनी
नमामि त्वां ।
नमामि कमलां अमलां अतुलाम्
सुजलां सुफलां मातरम्
वन्दे मातरम् ।
श्यामलां सरलां सुस्मितां भूषितां
धरणीं भरणीं मातरम् ।

The speech was appreciated throughout the length and breadth of India. Even the students at the Convocation, who had rent the skies with shouts of "*Gandhi Maharaj ki jai,*" and interrupting the proceedings, listened with rapt attention, and when the closing song of *Bande Mataram* came, they cheered the speaker at the top of their voice. A "Friend of India," not often very friendly either to the University or to its Vice-Chancellor, for once at any rate, acclaimed the speaker in the following lines—

> "Perhaps the highest praise that can be given to the address delivered by Sir Asutosh Mookerjee at the Convocation of the Punjab University, at Lahore, is to say that it was characteristic of the man. Sir Asutosh Mookerjee is by universal consent one of the ablest Indians of his time. In force of character, in intellectual energy, in scholastic attainments, and in political sagacity he towers above most or all of his contemporaries. Whatever criticism may be levelled against his administration of the University of Calcutta, he has done the work of a giant during the ten

years over which his Vice-Chancellorship has, with a brief interval extended. Few other seats of learning in the world to-day have been served so devotedly and with such consummate ability; indeed, he has so identified himself with its interests as to have suggested the saying that the Vice-Chancellor and the University are interchangeable terms. Sir Asutosh Mookerjee is therefore qualified in no ordinary degree to offer counsel to the *alumni* of the sister University in Lahore, and it may be hoped that his words will be duly laid to heart by the rising generation. 'The University cannot be saved from inevitable decay and destruction,' he said, 'if students allow the pursuit of their studies to be disturbed by extra-academic elements. Do not imagine for a moment that I am an advocate of the doctrine that the love of a man for his country should be in inverse ratio to the education he has received. On the other hand, I maintain that the culture which leaves a man without true patriotism is only one degree less miserable than that which leaves him without a God." Speaking next of the distinction between real and sham patriotism, he warned his hearers that 'to be full of enthusiasm and overflowing with criticism, without constructive skill, may be a sign not of energy but of enervation * * While, therefore, the men whom the University sends forth to the world should be fearless alike in honest criticism of the actions of those in authority and in stern disapproval of national wrongs, they should never forget that sobriety and self-possession are the price of social safety.' Not only the student community but their seniors all over India would do well to ponder these words. The present political tension has produced an orgy of criticism in which the Moderate has vied with the Extremist in denouncing the acts of the Government, but few of their heated utterances have shown any evidence of what the Vice-Chancellor calls 'constructive skill.'. Proceeding to outline his ideal of what a liberal education ought to do for those who have benefited by it, Sir Asutosh Mookerjee struck a yet loftier note. 'Let the men trained by the University,' he said, 'be leaders in a mighty movement to educate and elevate the masses, making them powerful co-adjutors in the task of social and political reconstruction, and thereby help to banish passion and fanaticism from the field of politics, leaving it free for the exercise of reason and judgment. Then will they march triumphantly on towards self-determination!' Apart from its truth and eloquence, is it unfair to read into this passage the orator's *apologia pro vita sua*? Why, it has often been asked, has this most brilliant lawyer and scholar chosen to stand aside from politics and devote himself entirely to academic and judicial affairs? He would probably reply that more good can be done by training the young to do right than by preventing the old from doing wrong. Nevertheless, that one of the few strong men in India should abstain from joining in a fight upon which so much depends, and in which he is capable of rendering such invaluable service, must be a matter of profound regret to all well-wishers of their country."

On a previous occasion, the same journal observed as follows:—

> Sir Asutosh Mookerjee is a man of such astounding versatility that it is not surprising to find him assuming the characteristics of another nationality as easily as he can acquire its language. This being conceded, indeed whether it be conceded or not, there can be no question as to the nationality he put on for the nonce in addressing my lords of Convocation on Saturday last. There is only one English-speaking race which is capable of such mellifluous periods as those which flowed from the learned Judge's lips while he brought forward one candidate after another for academic honours, and patted them kindly on the head. Sir Asutosh may not actually have kissed the Blarney stone, but through his rounded periods you could hear the finest Milesian Crogue " flooding the crimson twilight " as Miss Procter expresses it " like the close of an Angel's psalm."

Election of Fellows.

The Olympic game of the Calcutta University known as the Election of Fellows, is just over. There were 12 candidates in the contest. The result of the voting was as follows :

		Votes.
1.	Mr. Jatindranath Maitra, M.B., M.L.C. ...	350
2.	Dr. Pramathanath Nandi, M.D. ...	344
3.	Mr. Khagendranath Mitra, M.A., M.L.A. ...	343
4.	Mr. Charuchandra Biswas, M.A., B.L. ...	158
5.	Mr. Satischandra Mukerjee, M.A., B.L., M.L.C.	124
6.	Dr. Hemendrakumar Sen, M.A., D.Sc. ...	78
7.	Mr. M. N. Kanjilal, M.A., LL.B. ...	66
8.	Mr. Rupendrakumar Mitra, M.Sc., M.L. ...	63
9.	Dr. Jadunath Kanjilal, M.A., D.L. ...	43
10.	Dr. Harendranath Das, M.A., M.D. ...	33
11.	Kumar Saratkumar Ray, M.A. ...	23
12.	Mr. Nibaranchandra Ray, M.A., B.L. ...	15

672 voting papers had been issued. 609 voting papers were received back; two of these were not in order and were accordingly rejected.

Our congratulations to the successful candidates.

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Medical Education in India and in England.

Some of our friends in England, so anxious to vilify our students and the system of our medical education in India, have lost no time in attempting to discredit us in the eyes of the medical men in England. The perennial cry of a low standard has again been raised. The matter is under the consideration of our Medical Faculty and we reserve our comment for the future.

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University and Finance.

So the Government of Bengal has after a lapse of thirteen months found time to reply to the letter of the Registrar, Calcutta University, for financial assistance. As usual, the Government has expressed its *inability* and not its *unwillingness.* Now that the Additional Taxation Bill, enhancing the income of the Province by *only* a crore and a half, is about to find its place in the Statute Book, we are hoping for some relief from Government.

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The Calcutta University Corps.

The Calcutta University Corps which has hitherto won very little popular sympathy, is in the throes of a great financial peril. Unless money is forthcoming, either from the State or from the public, the corps will soon disappear. Mr. Justice Rankin, the head of the Corps, appeals to Government for an assistance of 3,000 Rupees. We trust his appeal will not go in vain.

The Second Oriental Conference.

The Second Session of the Oriental Conference began its sittings from the 28th of January last at the Senate House, on an invitation from the President and the Members of the Council of Post-Graduate Teaching in Arts. The first sitting of this Conference was held at Poona in 1919, under the auspices of the Bhandarkar Institute there, and it is in the fitness of things that the second session should take place in the erstwhile capital of the British Empire and now the intellectual centre of India, after its dethronement from that titular dignity as also because the Post-Graduate Department is closely associated with the inheritor of the genius of that great man whose memory has been rendered sacred by the inhabitants of Poona as the founder of the Institute. It is still more appropriate perhaps, that the welcome should come from the present Vice-Chancellor whose efforts in the direction of a revival of ancient Indian learning are so well-known that they do not require any recapitulation or any words of commendation from us. We can merely use the felicitous expression of Professor Levi; " I am well aware that, just here, in Calcutta and only here, the superhuman activity of Sir Asutosh Mookerjee is striving to make up an interest in these neglected fields; owing to his exertions, the Calcutta University has Tibetan, Chinese, Japanese classes......"

The patron of the Conference, His Excellency Lord Ronaldshay, in an impressive speech clearly pointed out that the East and the West have ever met for the discovery of Truth and that neither a study of the civilisation of the East nor of the West alone maketh a perfect scholar. Lord Ronaldshay's style was free from cant and was simple and straightforward and was as true as truth itself. We make no apologies whatever for quoting his speech in full :-

"It gives me the greatest possible satisfaction to welcome to Calcutta so large a gathering of distinguished Orientalists.

I have looked through the programme of the subjects upon which papers will be read during the next few days; and I can well understand the keenness of appetite, if I may apply to the intellect a metaphor culled from the things of the flesh, with which you are about to take your seats at the feast which has been prepared for you. For the alluring prospect which lies before you, you are indebted to Sir Asutosh Mookerjee and those associated with him; and great, if I may say so, is your debt. In particular I should like to mention the splendid work done for this Conference by the Joint Secretaries, Mr. Gourlay, Dr. Bhandarkar and Mr. Ramaprasad Chanda, and the Chairman of the different subcommittees, Sir Rajendranath Mookerjee, Messrs. A. H. Harley, Saratkumar Roy, P. N. Tagore, Satischandra Ghosh, and Registrar of the University, Mr. Jnanchandra Ghosh.

It is perhaps not inappropriate that in opening the Conference I should ask a question which at first sight may appear to some of you superfluous or even foolish, namely, what is the object with which such Conferences as these are held. The immediate object is doubtless clear enough; it is to trace the threads which in the past have gone to the making of the splendid and variegated tapestry of Indian civilisation. Much in the detail of the pattern of the tapestry has been obliterated by the hand of time; and the immediate and conscious task of those who take part in the proceedings of these Conferences is to make known the extent to which progress has been made in rescuing such details from oblivion. Look at the titles of the various papers and you can see at once that they are the work of men who have dived deep into the past and who are laying before us to-day the results of their researches. Very well, then, we have a number of scholars each working in his own particular department to bring before us of the present day the modes of thought, the beliefs, the hopes and the fears, and finally the achievements of the men of a past age. So that when we have brought together at a Conference such as this the results of their several labours we are able to see with increasing clearness as the work of research proceeds the genera nature of the pattern of which the tapestry of Indian civilization consists. Yes ; but to what end? Is the object of such research nothing more than the intellectual satisfaction of the individual scholar? Or again, is this fascinating though difficult task of reconstructing the past, being undertaken simply to gratify the national vanity of a people by recalling to them the greatness of that which they have inherited from their ancestors? Surely not. The ultimate object which consciously or unconsciously those who attend these Conferences are pursuing, is something more than that. The ultimate object, surely, is the speeding of the corporate mind of India along the path of its natural development so that it may contribute its special share to the shaping of the destiny of the human race.

The intellectual life of a people seldom proceeds with undisturbed uniformity. It has its periods of activity and of stagnation. Who can doubt that India has again started on one of its periods of activity? Here in Bengal there are ample indications of a fresh stirring in the world of thought. You will find them in the proceedings of the post-graduate work of the Calcutta University; in the operations of the Varendra Research Society—a purely non-official body in Northern Bengal; in the modern school of Indian painting inspired by the genius of Abanindra and Gaganendra Nath Tagore; or again in the achievements of the Bose Institute whose founder and director, Sir Jagadish Bose, has combined with such success the analytical methods of the West with the imaginative insight of the East. And finally, you will find it in the systematised effort to reconstruct a comprehensive picture of all that the mind of India has stood for in the past of which this Conference is an illustration, and in which it is easy to perceive an instructive process of preparation for a fresh advance. The ground won by past generations is being consolidated to provide a sure foundation for the next step forward.

"I am well aware of the danger of generalising; but if I now asked what seemed to me to be the distinctive characteristics of the thought of Europe and of India respectively, I should certainly reply, a tendency to direct and analyse phenomena in the one case and to look behind phenomena in the other; or to express myself somewhat differently, I should describe the outstanding feature of Western thought to be its achievements along the pathway of natural science, while I should on the contrary, describe the outstanding feature of Indian thought to be the success with which it has resisted the natural tendency of mankind to accept the phenomenal universe at its face-value. As an observer from the West, I have found this idealism in its art and literature alike, particularly in its philosophic speculations. It is the substance behind the shadow, the reality behind the appearance that the mind of India is ceaselessly striving to grasp.

We may then ask ourselves if this fact—namely, that the mind of one great section of the human race is working along one particular channel and the mind of another great section is following another channel—has any particular significance for us? I think it has. It will not be disputed, I suppose, that the ultimate goal towards which humanity is struggling, is truth. Nor will it be disputed that the stronghold of absolute truth will not fall to anything but strenuous and dogged attack. Very well, then, it is obvious that there are great advantages in attacking from different directions; or to change the metaphor slightly, in pushing our advance towards the goal by different methods. One of the great advantages is that the conclusions reached by one act as a check upon those reached by the other. If the conclusions reached by both methods agree, our confidence in the correctness of the conclusions is immensely strengthened.

May I try to give you an example? I take a case in which it seems to me that the conclusions arrived at along the road of Indian metaphysics are being confirmed by the discoveries made in Europe in the domain of physics. There are many *Vedantins*, who in agreement with Sankara, hold the view that the universe as we perceive it cannot be said to possess the quality either of "being" or of "non-being." Those holding this view would I think apply to the universe as we perceive it, the much debated Sanskrit term "*Maya*." Here I must pause for a moment to ask what exactly is meant when it is said of anything that it does not possess the quality either of "being" or of "non-being"? The late Professor Benoyendra Nath Sen has pointed out that, the characteristic of all knowledge of the universe is that it rests upon the super-imposition of a concept upon the object which attempts but is unable to express its true being. Hence it becomes necessary to change the concept the moment it seems that a truer realization of the object has been attained; but this again has to be given up like the first and thus the process of super-imposition after super-imposition goes on because the true "being" of the object is never reached. If now we consider the nature of manifested things the meaning of this becomes clear. Let us ask ourselves, for example, if the name or form under which a thing presents itself to us is rigid and constant? The material objects which we see around us, such for example, as this building or this chair, present themselves to us in the form of solid and inert mass and under names appropriate to objects so constituted. And prior to certain recent discoveries in physical science, we should have been justified in saying of these names and forms, that they possessed the quality of "being," that is, the assumption that they corresponded to the objects with which they were associated, was valid. Recent progress in physical science has shown, however, that the smallest particle of the so-called solid matter is a universe of infinitely minute entities in violent motion and we now see, therefore, that the name and form which previously possessed for us the quality of "being," that is to say validity, no longer do so and in the light of present knowledge would have to be characterized as "non-being" that is, invalid. And when we begin to think about it, we perceive that what we are in the habit of regarding as absolutely true is, in reality, only relatively true. Take as an example, our bodily sensations. We label them with names such as heat and cold. Have these names any real validity? Is cold anything more than an absence of heat? and where precisely is the dividing line between the two? Can we mark any particular point on a thermometer at which we can say that heat exists, that is to say, can be characterized as "being" or ceases to exist, that is, must be described as "non-being"? And would the denizen of the polar regions be in agreement with the inhabitant of Bengal on the point?

Even in those regions of knowledge in which until quite recently we were wont to think that we had laid hold of truths which were absolute, we are now learning that the foundations on which we had built up vast and elaborate structures under the belief that they were of immovable rock are in reality nothing but shifting sand. Professor Einstein has, I believe, convinced a large and important section of the scientific world that laws hitherto regarded as absolute, such as Newton's Law of Gravitation and the Laws of Geometry formulated by Euclid, are in fact, only relatively true. And it certainly seems to me that from the point of view from which I have been looking at the matter the conclusions as to the nature of things arrived at by Professor Einstein and his fellow-workers in the domain of Physics bear a remarkable resemblance to those arrived at by the sages of India in the domain of metaphysics.

From the mechanical I could pass on to the moral sphere and ask if it is possible to lay down any absolute line between good and evil. But to do so would lead me into a discussion of unconscionable length and I have already taken much time in my endeavour to illustrate my main contention, namely, that the mode of thought of East and of West are complementary to one another and that it is of the utmost advantage to mankind that each should develop on its own characteristic lines. If I have succeeded in making this my belief clear to you, it is hardly necessary for me to add that when I say that I wish this Conference and those which will undoubtedly succeed it all possible success, I am giving expression to something more than the conventional phrases which etiquette demands of the person who happens to occupy the honorary position of Patron of the Conference. I am giving expression to a very real and deeply felt hope that this Conference will facilitate that further advance along the characteristic lines of Indian thought for which, I believe, the times are ripe. And it is in the confident belief that it is this same hope and determination that will serve as a beacon light to guide and inspire you in all your labours, that I now declare this Conference open."

Sir Asutosh Mookerjee, the Chairman of the Reception Committee, in his usual style took a rapid survey of the work done in every department of Oriental studies and made many suggestions which Orientalists will do well to remember in carrying on their conquests into the domain of the unknown. Thus said the Vice-Chancellor:

"YOUR EXCELLENCY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

I rise to discharge the pleasant duty assigned to me as Chairman of the Reception Committee, and to extend a cordial welcome to this distinguished gathering of oriental scholars and patrons and promoters of oriental studies. More than two years ago when, as the spokesman of the Teachers of this University who constitute the Council of Post-Graduate Teaching in Arts, I was privileged to invite the Oriental

Conference, then assembled in the historic city dear to patriotic Mahrattas, to meet on the next occasion in the capital of Bengal, I did so, not altogether without hesitation and misgiving. But we felt assured of the inspiring sympathy of Your Excellency as our Chancellor as also of the invaluable co-operation of Mr. Gourlay who has himself long been an assiduous and a discerning student of Indian history. The invitation thus sent out from our University was, I venture to think, eminently befitting, and was warmly accepted. This University has been the first, in academic circles, to recognise the supreme value of oriental studies, by the foundation of a Chair in Ancient Indian History and Culture, by the establishment of a new department for advanced instruction and research in that fascinating domain, and by the institution of a special degree for the encouragement of meritorious students. I trust you will thus not deem it unbecoming on my part when you find me ready to emphasise the importance, and if need be, to defend the cause of the studies which have been pursued by many of you with lifelong devotion.

Let me frankly acknowledge at the outset our never-failing gratitude to our European friends who have undeniably taken the lead in the field of Indology. They have had the advantage of approaching problems in an attitude of detachment, though this very circumstance may have, in some instances, operated as a drawback, rendering it impossible for them to appreciate the full significance of traditional teachings; yet it cannot be disputed that the progress which has been hitherto achieved in various branches of the subject has been, in a substantial measure, due to their persistent efforts. The bright example set by them has not been lost upon Indian scholars, who have come forward, in steadily increasing numbers, to undertake investigations of a high order in every department of Indo-Aryan research. The result has been a growing recognition in recent years of the benefits likely to follow from scholarly co-operation between India and the

West. It cannot but be a matter of regret, however, that the chief impediment in our way is the remarkable lack of unity, in this country, even in the limited circle of votaries of the subject of Ancient Indian History and Culture. I hope you will bear with me indulgently, if I avail myself of this occasion to take a rapid survey of what has been achieved in recent years and thereby to indicate in the briefest outline the magnitude, the variety, the complexity of what still remains to be explored. This alone can make us realise the imperative need for constant mutual co-operation amongst our scholars, such as can be most effectively secured by regular periodical conferences, held from time to time, in the chief centres of intellectual activity.

Let me place, in the very forefront of our long catalogue of works urgently needed, of tasks not yet undertaken, a systematic and comprehensive survey of Ancient Indian History and Culture in its manifold aspects. Far be it from me to minimise the utility of the well-known volume on the Early History of India by the late Dr. Vincent Smith, for though its short compass made it impossible for the author to do full justice to all the topics, yet in it as a whole, we have the first attempt at a systematic political history of both Northern and Southern India. What is equally to its credit is the fact that it is a successful protest against the theory that the history of ancient India deserves no more than an introductory chapter in a college text-book, based on fact and fiction woven into an attractive texture. My aspiration, however, will not be satisfied till we are able to produce a treatise on Ancient Indian History and Culture, of the type of the encyclopædic surveys of modern and mediæval history prepared under the auspices of the University of Cambridge. For such a gigantic task, we require a continuous series of monographs, composed by a band of specialists and welded together into a homogeneous whole under the inspiring guidance of scholars with an appreciative vision of our past civilisation. I recall with pride that the pioneer in this field was our first president Sir Ramkrishna Bhandarkar, whose Early History Of The Deccan is the first critical account ever written of any province of India. With that striking work may be coupled the Dynasties of the Kanarese Districts by John Faithful Fleet and the History of Gujrat by Bhagwanlal Indraji. It is high time, however, that we should now make an organised attempt, on an extensive scale, to review the history of Ancient India, from century to century, from province to province, from movement to movement, so that we may be able to understand how the genius of the Indian people manifested itself in diverse regions of activity, intellectual and spiritual, political and social, how Indian Culture developed through the ages gone by, and wherein lies the keynote of our civilisation.

Let me emphasise in this connection the study of the Geography of Ancient India, and its influence on her history and development. It is to Sir Alexander Cunningham, the originator of the Archæological Survey, that we owe the first Geography of Ancient India. Though now largely out of date, it has not yet been surpassed, much less superseded, by any other treatise composed by an individual scholar, notwithstanding that important investigations have been carried on by the late Mr. Anandoram Barooah and Mr. Nundolal Dey. The former collected valuable materials in his Sanskrit Dictionary and the latter in his Dictionary of Ancient and Mediæval Geography of India which is now passing through its second edition in the Indian Antiquary. But a systematic work describing the gradual development of our knowledge of Indian Geography, specially in successive historical periods, is still a desideratum, and I hope the day is not far distant when an enterprising Indian scholar will attempt to describe the geography of ancient India, from the point of view not only of the geographer but also of the historian.

It is a truism to assert that the reconstruction of Ancient Indian History must be based on a study and investigation of Indian Archæology, which was established on a regular scientific footing when Lord Curzon reorganised the Archæological Department two decades ago. Whatever difference of opinion may prevail as to his other administrative activities, the beneficent results of his endeavour to widen the sphere of archæological research and to secure the preservation of ancient monuments, will be remembered with gratitude by generations yet unborn. But even before his time, commendable progress has been made in the same direction, chiefly through the efforts of scholars in Germany, France, England and America, while the achievements of some Indian scholars in the same field were of a highly creditable nature. To mention only a few, the pioneers in the difficult task of decipherment of ancient Indian inscriptions were Prinsep, Cunningham, Burnouf, Wilson, and Kern in Europe, and Bhau Daji and Rajendralala Mitra in this country. Amongst their successors, stand pre-eminent George Bühler, Frank Kielhorn, John Faithful Fleet, D. Hultsch, Sir Ramkrishna Bhandarkar, Bhagwanlal Indraji and Emilè Senart. There is not a branch of Indology in which Bühler was not an expert. The subject of Indian Epigraphy and Palæography received a great impetus at his hands. His critical edition of the inscriptions of Asoka is a lasting monument of his wonderful patience, while his masterly work on Indian Palæography, which has been made easily accessible in the English version by Dr. Fleet, contains the first systematic treatment of the origin, growth and development of the Indian alphabets. The memory of Kielhorn is still cherished in the Western Presidency as the Superintendent of Sanskrit studies in the Deccan College at Poona; but though his literary activities commenced as early as 1868, two years after his arrival in this country, his attention was attracted to our ancient inscriptions only after he had left India in 1881. The volumes of the Indian Antiquary between the years 1888 and 1896, contain in surprising abundance a formidable array of papers on Indian inscriptions contributed by him. All his writings are characterised by thoroughness and accuracy, and students of epigraphy will for ever remain grateful to him for his two lists of Northern and Southern Indian inscriptions published in the fifth and seventh volumes of the Epigraphia Indica. Dr. Fleet and Dr. Hultsch have, on the other hand, accomplished work of abiding value in the field of South Indian epigraphy. Dr. Fleet has further given us his Corpus of Gupta Inscriptions discovered up to the year 1888, while Dr. Hultsch has undertaken to re-edit the inscriptions of Asoka and thereby to modernise Cunningham's Corpus Inscriptionum Indicarum, which has already been rendered obsolete by lapse of time and progress of knowledge. Sir Ramkrishna Bhandarkar and Bhagwanlal Indraji have both contributed papers of great value, which have secured for them an honourable place in the Temple of Fame. The former was the first to edit the famous Nasik Cave inscriptions in the 'Transactions of the London Congress of Orientalists,' while the latter has to his credit the edition of the inscriptions on the 'Mathura Lion Capital,' now in the British Museum, and the inscriptions from Nepal. Prof. Sènart's epoch-making work, Inscriptions de Piyadasi, revealed to me an enchanting territory when I first acquainted myself with its contents which have justly made his name immortal. Of the numerous younger scholars, both Indian and European, who have made their mark in Epigraphy, we cannot forget Dr. Theodore Bloch, Professor Vögel, Professor Sten Konow, Professor Ludus, Professor Bhandarkar and Mr. Rakhaldas Banerjee. Among these, the accurate list of Brahmi Inscriptions by Ludus, the learned papers of Bhandarkar on the inscriptions of Asoka, the Rashtrakutas and the Chahamanas, and the editions by Banerjee, of various Northern Indian inscriptions, such as the Barrackpur grant of Vijayasena and the inscriptions of the Palas, are familiar to students of epigraphy and do not require detailed enumeration in a learned assembly.

I now turn for a moment to Numismatics which has already proved an attractive subject of study and research in our University. The pioneers in this field, even men of massive intellect like Prinsep, Thomas, and Wilson, did not venture upon a systematic survey of the subject and contented themselves with notes on various types of Indian Coinage; and it was left to their successors, Cunningham and Bhagwanlal Indraji, to place the study of Numismatics on a truly scientific basis. Cunningham's treatment of the Indo-Bactrian and Indo-Scythian coins and Bhagwanlal Indraji's description of the Kshatrapas are so fundamentally important that no numismatist even of the present day can afford to ignore them, notwithstanding that numismatic research has progressed with rapid strides in recent years. But the most scientific and systematic work in this field has been carried out by Percy Gardner, Von Sullet, Vincent Smith, Rapson, Allen, Whitehead, Nelson Wright and a host of others to whom we owe a series of excellent and reliable catalogues of the coins deposited in various museums in India and Europe. Professor Rapson, who is now perhaps the leading authority on the subject, has further earned the gratitude of students and laymen by his modest work called Indian Coins, which furnishes an intelligible and instructive account of the various types of Indian Coinage. A fuller treatise has been published in Bengali by Mr. Rakhaldas Banerjee, entitled the *Prachin Mudra*, which brings to a focus much valuable information and cannot fail to be highly useful to the novice. It is remarkable, however, that in spite of the labours of so many eminent scholars, little or no serious effort has been made, till quite recently, to investigate and describe, in a connected form, the origin and history of coinage in ancient India. This has, however, been now attempted, and with some degree of success, by Professor Bhandarkar, who delivered a course of attractive lectures on this subject last cold season; they have been published by this University and set forth many a debatable problem for critical study and investigation.

Let me pass on to another field not yet trodden by many a scholar, I mean Indian Iconography in its three sections so intimately connected with the study of Buddhism, Brahmanism and Jainism. The study of Buddhist Iconography, begun by Cunningham, pushed forward by James Burgess with the help of Bhagwanlal Indraji, first received a scientific treatment at the hands of the French *savant* Prof. Foucher, who conceived the idea of writing systematic treatises on Buddhist icons when he first visited India and lighted upon the manuscript of Sadhanamita discovered in Nepal and deposited in the library of the Asiatic Society. He was soon followed by Professors Grunwedel and Sergius d' Oldenbourg; but it must be conceded that though all these scholars have worked assiduously and unflaggingly, much remains yet to be accomplished by Indian scholars when they come forth to contribute their share to the advancement of the subject. Brahmanical iconography has, on the other hand, had a more fortunate career. The pioneers in this field, men like Cunningham, Burgess and Bhagwanlal Indraji, who never suspected the existence of works like Sadhanamita dealing with Brahmanical icons, were fortunately followed by Rajendralala Mitra whose penetrative intellect realised their value and utility, and his great work on the Antiquities of Orissa will remain a monument of his industry and scholarship. Professor Bhandarkar's Reports of Archæological Survey, Western Circle, also contain descriptions of many images in the light of these treatises. The subject, however, first received a systematic treatment at the hands of an investigator, too early snatched away from amongst us by the cruel hand of Death, the late Mr. Gopinath Rao, whose monumental work, "Elements of Hindu Iconography," no student or investigator can ever afford to ignore. He has been followed by Rao Bahadur Krishna Sastri who has rendered valuable service in this field, and I am delighted to find that a young scholar, Mr. Brindaban Chandra Bhattacharyya, has already furnished indication of his ability and willingness to explore a territory where so many schools and types had been developed in different ages. It is a matter of great regret, however, that nothing substantial has yet been achieved in the field of Jaina Iconography; for though we have had valuable notes and papers by the late Dr. Burgess and Bhagwanlal Indraji, and recently by Professor Bhandarkar, it cannot be denied that this subject has not yet received adequate attention.

I pass on to what may be called the Fine Arts section of Archæology. Many of us can recall a time when European Archæologists found little in Indian sculpture and Indian plastic arts which could call forth their enthusiasm and admiration. But thanks to Mr. Havell, Professor Abanindranath Tagore and Mr. Gaganendra Nath Tagore, there has been a silent revolution in this department, and we have learnt to evaluate the ideals which rendered possible the wonderful constructive skill of our predecessors in painting, sculpture and architecture. The intelligent interest which it has evoked in cultured circles is further indicated by the deserved success of periodicals like the *Rupam* and the *Indian Arts Journal*. The study of the subject has been facilitated by the History of Fine Arts in India and Ceylon by Dr. Vincent Smith, but much remains still to be investigated and interpreted, as has been amply shown by the strikingly original and thoughtful work of Sir John Marshall, specially relating to the Gupta period, which will command the attention and respect of scholars for many a year to come. This leads me on to the ancient architecture of India, which was first treated in a comprehensive manner by James Fergusson, whose works may rightly be regarded as of transcendent merit, when we recall the insuperable difficulties which beset his path. Since his death, however, not only have new materials been brought to light, both underground and on the surface, but new points of view have emerged for consideration. In such circumstances, what is urgently required is, not a mere revision of his work, as a mere guide-book, such as was undertaken by Burgess, but a fresh analysis, a new authoritative exposition of the subject in its manifold aspects.

It would not be right for me to pass away from the subject of Archæology without some mention of two other sections, namely, the excavation of ancient sites and the conservation of ancient monuments, which, it may be maintained without fear of contradiction, have been placed on a systematic and scientific basis by Sir John Marshall, the present Director General of Archæology. The work of excavation, before he came to India, was carried on by fits and starts, without an exhaustive programme for the extension of the sites of ancient cities and without a well thought-out plan to excavate them strata by strata. Various sites have, however, now been excavated or are in course of excavation, either under his direct supervision or under his advice and direction by distinguished scholars many of whom are well-trained Indians. Old Nalanda, the site of Buddhist Monasteries and University, Saranath, the place where Buddha first promulgated his religion, Kasia, where he attained his *Nirvana*, Sahet Mahet, the ancient Sravasti, Besnagar, the ancient Vidisa, are only a few of the important seats of ancient Indian civilisation, which have been thus restored to the sight of this generation. The site of paramount interest and supreme value is, however, Taxila, the old Takshasila, where centuries ago, the East and West met, where Hellenic and Indian cultures came into contact and acted and reacted, each on the other. This is a topic of perennial interest to all Indian minds and is the subject of a valuable thesis by Dr. Gauranganath

Banerjee; most important results have already been achieved, but they are, I doubt not, only an earnest of far more to come.

Let me next invite attention to a topic, which is of unquestionable interest, but has not yet been worthily treated. It is really surprising that though there is no paucity of materials for the reconstruction of the Social History of Ancient India, no scholar has yet attempted to write a comprehensive work on the subject. It has attracted considerable attention in recent years, since the discovery of Kautilya's *Arthasastra* by Dr. Shama Sastri, which throws considerable light on the state of society and administration in India in the fourth century before the Christian era. To Mr. Kashiprasad Jayaswal belongs the credit of bringing the subject of the ancient administrative History of India to the prominent notice of Orientalists, who have now long waited in anxious expectation of his treatise which, we know, abounds in fruitful and illuminating ideas. The subject and the literature bearing upon it have, meanwhile, been systematically treated by Professor Bhandarkar, in the first course of his Carmichael Lectures. Among those who have worked on the same lines and have given us their valuable contributions may be mentioned Dr. Pramathanath Banerjea, Minto Professor of Economics, Mr. Pramathanath Banerjee, University Lecturer in Comparative Politics, Mr. Narendranath Law, Mr. Jogendranath Samaddar of the University of Patna, Dr. Rameschandra Majumdar who has migrated from this University to the University of Dacca with a view to establish there a school of Indian History, and Dr. Radhakumud Mookerjee who has sown, what may prove to be fruitful seeds, successively at Benares, Mysore and Lucknow. These and other scholars have no doubt helped to increase the bounds of our knowledge of Ancient Indian Administration; but I call upon all who are engaged upon this branch of Indian studies to bring forth a comprehensive work on Indian Polity and Administration, not only of the days of Chandragupta but also of subsequent periods, utilising, for this purpose, all possible data and sources of information, whether they be embodied in literature, coins, inscriptions or monuments.

Another subject of paramount interest which has not yet received the full share of attention it deserves, is the history of Indian Religions. The subject is so vast and the materials are so manifold that a complete history cannot possibly be undertaken by a single scholar. The researches of Professors Max Muller, Oldenberg, Bloomfield and Leopold Von Schroeder have facilitated our understanding of the religion of the Vedic Aryas. The history of Buddhism has been recovered by Professors Oldenberg, Rhys Davids and Kern. But this religion, it is a truism to assert, did not and could not develop separated from the main current of Indian thought and culture ; and the background of Buddhism and its connection with the previously existing religious systems have now been carefully investigated by a thoughtful and erudite lecturer of our University, Dr. Benimadhab Barua, in his work on *Pre-Buddhistic Indian Philosophy.* A brief account of Jainism we owe to Professor Buhler and a more adequate treatment of Vaishnavism, Saivism and minor religious systems to Sir Ramkrishna Bhandarkar. But these books do not cover the whole field; there are materials that are yet untouched and problems that yet remain to be solved. The two books which attempt to give accounts of the principal religious systems are Religions de l'Inde by M. Barth and Religions of India by Professor Hopkins; they only serve to whet our appetite and do not profess to satisfy our needs. Here then is a domain of absorbing interest, worthy of the efforts of the acutest intellect, affording ample scope for critical and comparative study.

It is a matter for congratulation that much progress has been made in recent years in the domain of the History of Sanskrit Language and Literature. Prof. Max Muller, whose *History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature* was a work of unquestionable merit when first published in 1849, was followed by Prof. Weber who made the first systematic attempt to collect critical data from the contents of Indian literature, with a view to the establishment of its internal chronology and history. His *History of Indian Literature*, first published in 1852, was an improvement on its predecessor in more than one sense, as it took into account not only the Vedic and Post-Vedic Sanskrit literature but also works concerned with Buddhism. Prof. Schroeder, who came next, published his attractive work, *Indian Literature and Culture*, in 1887. In 1900, Professor Macdonell of Oxford brought out his useful compilation entitled "A History of Sanskrit Literature." But amongst the available historical works on the literary movements of the early period of our civilisation, the most authoritative, up-to-date and comprehensive is the truly great work of Prof. Winternitz, which fairly covers the entire field of ancient Indian Literature, dealing not only with Brahmanic literature, Vedic and Post-Vedic, but also with the literature of the Buddhists and of the Jainas. It is inexplicable why a systematic history of the entire range of Sanskrit Literature should not be attempted on this scale by a band of orientalists in India. While still on this topic, it is only fair that I should draw your attention to two monumental tasks recently undertaken by Indian scholars. The first of these is an encyclopædic History of Indian Philosophy in eight volumes supplemented by two volumes of sources and a general Index volume. Professors Belvalkar and Ranade of Poona, who have made themselves responsible for this laborious enterprise have already published a brief outline of their scheme of work, and there is little doubt that when the attempt fructifies, it will materially advance the world's knowledge of our philosophy. The second is a new and critical edition of the Mahabharata, undertaken by the Bhandarkar Oriental Research Institute of Poona and designed to be carried out by a band of Maharashtra scholars, the most conspicuous of whom is Mr. N. B. Utgikar. The need for a critical and reliable edition of the Mahabharata has been acutely felt for more than half a century, and if the Institute, under the inspiring and controlling presence of Sir Ramkrishna Bhandarkar, succeeds in its endeavour, it will do a real service to the cause of Indian scholarship; but the magnitude and complexity of the task, requiring as it does a minute study and comparison of all the editions and translations of the Mahabharata and Harivansa printed up till now and of all the manuscripts of the work known to be in existence, will make an exacting demand on our time and money. The members of the editorial committee have already issued a prospectus detailing their scheme of work and appealing for public support. I venture to hope that in view of the national importance of the undertaking, their appeal will meet with ready and adequate response.

It is impossible for me, within the limited time at my disposal, to take a peep into every department of the activities so dear to oriental scholars,—such as the history of Indian Mathematics and Astronomy which engaged the attention of profound scholars like Bapudeva Shastri, George Thibaut and Sudhakar Dvivedi; the history of Indian Sciences, Physical, Natural, and Socio-religious, which has occupied the thoughts of men like Sir Prafulla Chandra Ray, Dr. Brajendra Nath Seal and Prof. Benoy Kumar Sarkar; the history of Indian Medicine and Surgery which has drawn to its service men like the Thakore Saheb of Gondal and Girindranath Mookerjee; the history of Indian Grammar which has attracted men of the type of Kielhorn and Belvalkar; the history of Indian Philosophy which has called forth devotees of the type of George Thibaut and Ganganath Jha; Indian Lexicography which fascinated generations of scholars like Wilson, Bohtlingk, Roth, Goldstuker, Monier Williams, Macdonell, Anandoram Borooa and Taranath Tarkavachaspati; Philology of the Vernaculars which has enlisted in its cause men like Sir George Grierson, Hoernle, Tessitori and Bijaychandra Majumdar; Indian Race Origins which has roused the spirit of enquiry in men of such diverse types of intellectual interest as Bal Gangadhar Tilak, Sir Herbert Risley, Anantakrishna Aiyer, Herbert Bruce Hannah, Abinashchandra Das and Ramaprasad Chanda; the mysteries of South Indian History and the diversifying effects of Dravidian culture which have been so ably investigated by Professor Krishnaswamy Aiyangar and his pupils; and, last, but not the least, exploration in search of relics of Indian civilisation, which have fired the enthusiasm of men like Saratchandra Das and Sir Aurel Stein. The field, we all feel convinced, is limitless and the toilers innumerable; still I have not yet suggested other enchanting territories opened out in recent years—the problem, so dear to Prof. Sylvain Levi, of the extra-territorial influence of Indian Civilisation in far distant or inaccessible lands, Tibet, China, Japan, Central Asia, Siam, Annam, Cambodia, Java and the other Islands of the Indian Archæpelago, or the problem of investigation of the mutual influence of Aryan and Semitic civilisations within the very boundaries of this continent. I hasten to assure you that my omission to refer to workers in these directions is not due to lack of appreciation of the importance of their labours.

There is, however, one topic of absorbing interest, which cannot be here passed over in silence. During many years past, scholars have set themselves assiduously not only to study published and available works but also to discover manuscripts which had for centuries remained concealed from the eyes of Orientalists. The activities of private individuals in this field have been almost romantic and can be traced back to the last quarter of the eighteenth century. As early as 1774, Sir Robert Chambers, who was for some time Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and President of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, succeeded at an approximate cost of £25,000 sterling in collecting a vast and unique collection of Sanskrit manuscripts. This was purchased by the Prussian Government in 1842 and was subsequently deposited in the Imperial Library at Berlin. Similar attempts to collect manuscripts were made by Colonel Mackenzie, Sir William Jones, Horace Hayman Wilson and Thomas Edward Colebrooke. The idea of collecting manuscripts on behalf of the State and printing their lists or catalogues seems to have originated in a letter to that effect addressed to the Viceroy and Governor General of India in 1868 by Pandit Radhakrishna of Lahore. The suggestion was readily taken up by the Government of India who allotted an annual sum of Rs. 24,000 for that purpose for the whole of India. The task was entrusted, in this province, to the Asiatic Society of Bengal and a systematic search for ancient manuscripts was begun by the late Raja Rajendralala Mitra. After his death the work was ably continued by Professor Haraprasad Sastri. The Collection, which is deposited in the Library of the Asiatic Society, contains several unique manuscripts on Buddhism which are yet unedited, but are described in Dr. Mitra's Nepalese Buddhist Literature and Mr. Sastri's Descriptive Catalogue. Most valuable in this connection are Bendall's Catalogue of Manuscripts in the Cambridge University Library and Mr. Sastri's Catalogue of Palm-leaf Manuscripts in the Nepal Durbar Library. In Bombay, the work was undertaken by Dr. Bühler, Dr. Kielhorn, Sir Ramkrishna Bhandarkar, Dr. Peter Peterson and a band of other scholars, and it was due to their unceasing efforts that the Bombay collection can now claim to be one of the largest of its kind in the world. In the course of his search Dr. Bühler visited various places in Rajputana, Central India and Kashmere, and the result was the discovery of whole branches of literature till then scarcely known. In 1874, he searched the Library of Jesalmir and was the first to start a systematic search in the Jaina Bhandaras. His famous Detailed Report of a "Tour in search of Sanskrit Manuscripts," published from Bombay in 1877, is a mine of information and has become almost a classic with Sanskritists. The achievements of Sir Ramkrishna Bhandarkar in this field are no less conspicuous. Not only did he succeed in collecting almost twice the number of manuscripts purchased by his two predecessors together, but his reports, which give us scraps of historical information generally contained in the old manuscripts at the beginning and the close and also lucid summaries of works connected with Indian religions and philosophic systems, are marked by rare erudition and painstaking research. I should be failing in my duty if I were not to mention here two other great works, namely, Weber's Catalogue of Sanskrit Manuscripts in the Royal Library of Berlin which is the first full and scientific catalogue of Sanskrit Manuscripts, and Aufrecht's masterly Descriptive Catalogue of the Oriental Manuscripts in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. The Descriptive Catalogue of the Bombay Collection has been long delayed, and the volume recently published covers only a limited field. On the other hand, thanks to Mr. Seshagiri Sastri, Mr. Rangachari and Mr. Kuppuswami Sastri, the Descriptive Catalogue of the Madras Government Oriental Collection of Manuscripts has made rapid progress, and nearly thirty volumes are already in the hands of scholars.

Here I must bring to a close this inadequate and imperfect survey of the scope and result of the many-sided activities of oriental scholars, chiefly in this country, during the last half a century. The vistas they have opened out, in many a direction never before thought of, enable us to obtain a glimpse of a panorama, exceedingly beautiful and attractive. You will forgive me, if I feel tempted to enquire how exalted must have been the intellectual and spiritual attainments of the race that inhabited this vast continent during centuries past, which has left to mankind a legacy of inestimable value, so rich and varied as to have arrested the attention and excited the curiosity of successive generations of scholars in almost every civilized country of the modern world. Truly irresistible are the problems which are presented in ever-recurring sequence by the remnants of the contributions of Ancient India to Literature, Grammar, Philology, Lexicography, Poetics, Dramaturgy, Prosody, Phonetics, Metaphysics, Ethics, Religion, Sociology, Folklore, Polity, Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, Numismatics, Mathematics, Astronomy, Medicine, Surgery, Agriculture, Biology and other departments of knowledge essential for the progress of humanity. Do not pray misunderstand me and impute to me the untenable position that humanity has not advanced and thought has not developed since those precious contributions were made; but I do confess to an instinctive feeling that Indians of old had discovered the root-ideas in many a branch of human activity which the modern world has hitherto failed to appreciate and assimilate. Who, for instance, could have realised that the Doctrine of Unreality, so dear to the philosophic Indian, might have its counterpart in the all-pervading Theory of Relativity. But believe me, I do not refer to the achievements of our illustrious predecessors in a spirit of exultation due to patriotic sentiments. On the other hand, I venture to ask you, in all humility, to discover what mighty forces were in operation, perhaps silent and unperceived, which arrested the development of this ancient civilisation and helped to make it dormant. Such an investigation might have been only of academic interest if we had to study the remains of the civilisation of extinct races like those that flourished in Babylonia and Assyria in ages past and then faded away from human memory. But we are confronted here with the highest intellectual and spiritual manifestations of a nation which, we all trust and hope, still retains, though often unperceived and unrecognised, the indestructible germs of life that only require to be re-vivified so as to enable it to re-conquer for itself an honourable place in the front rank of the civilised peoples of the modern world. Let me, therefore, appeal to you, with all the emphasis at my command, not merely to content yourselves with the investigation of the facts of Ancient Indian History but also to make a supreme effort to ascertain their real significance, so as to illustrate that search after truth is after all far more ennobling than quest after facts. You will then have justly earned the ever-lasting gratitude of every man and woman in this vast continent, for you will have discovered and thereby helped us to eradicate the deadly causes of this intellectual stagnation. I now cordially extend to you the respectful welcome of all the cultured people of the Presidency of Bengal".

Professor Sylvain Levi, the prince of Indologists, requires no introduction to the cultured public. His speech will, we are confident, be read with interest by all cultured people.

" YOUR EXCELLENCY, SIR ASUTOSH MOOKERJEE AND MY DEAR *Confrères*, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

I first beg to thank you for electing me as President of the Oriental Conference. It is a great honour, the value of which I fully appreciate: the chief duty of a President is to keep silence and to listen. This is exactly my programme. I have come to India not to teach but to be taught. In the West, we have books, libraries, collections; but we have not the life moving before the eyes; we miss that intimate feeling of tradition which can reveal even to the simplest souls some deep truths which will escape the scholar working on texts at his desk. I had a clear instance of it a few months ago, first when reaching the soil of India. I had landed at Colombo for going to Calcutta. The night train took me through Ceylon to some ferry boat, and in the dawn light, as coming out of a dream, I saw before me Dhonashkoti, Rameswaram. These are names full of recollections for any Sanskrit scholar, and some of you may know that I have been myself working not such a long time ago on the Ramayana. I had happened to find out a Buddhist Sutra, and a very big one, the *Saddharmasmrity-upasthana Sutra*, the original of which has been lost for many centuries, but we have a Chinese translation, dated 6th century A. D., and a Tibetan translation later by four or five centuries. And there I had discovered a faithful copy of the description of the world as given by Sugriva to the monkeys sent in search of Sita; it came out that the text of the Sutra was rather in favour of the recension, and still more of the Kashmirian recension, and that the whole, comparison of all texts (including the Ramayanamanjari of Ksemendra, and even parts of the Harivansa), testified to an unexpected knowledge of the far eastern isles and seas. This is a work a scholar can do. But as the train began to run, I saw flocks of poor, obscure, unknown men who had come from far, far away, to worship the holy footsteps of Rama exactly as Fa Hian and Houen Tsang and Yi-tsing and many more anonymous pilgrims had been crossing long stretches of land and sea, over deserts, mountains and oceans, just to worship the holy footsteps of the Master who had, in a small remote corner of India, taught for the whole world lessons of mildness, bounty, sacrifice. Dimly, confusedly these poor anonymous pilgrims of Dhonashkoti and Rameswaram were holding up an old, noble tradition the secret of which they had suddenly revealed to me. They had come because they had to come, because the Aryan genius of India wanted somebody to come once for its "*jayasabda*," its cry of triumph after achieving its noble task. When after long strivings of missionaries and kings, the Aryan started from his northern home along the Ganges, and saw that he had reached the southernmost point of the country which had been allotted to him by Fate, he looked back with a feeling of pride to the task he had now accomplished. And he was right indeed in doing it, for his work had been magnificent: Having to deal with races less advanced in their culture, or even still wild, he had known how to reduce them without destroying them. He had won them through the prestige of a civilisation more complete more developed, and in the frames of the social order he had organised, he had managed for them regular, settled places where they could assist him in the maintenance of order or even rise up to a higher stand. It depended only on them, adopting the language of the Aryans or refining their own idioms in order to enable them to express new doctrines, new conceptions, richer and deeper. The growth of the Tamil literature, for instance, is an evidence which speaks highly in favour of the Aryan colonisation. Southern India did not lose anything of her own originality by this beneficent contact; she only gained from it.

Great civilisations do not grow in the narrow frames of a local culture; nothing is more childish, more false, more harmful than the mean conceits of a narrow nationalism which pretends to reject or to disown anything coming from outside. A civilisation is great on account of the part of humanity included in it, expressed by it and the larger is the part of humanity it could absorb, the more is it fit to appeal to general mankind. If the Greek civilisation has been great beyond any comparison, it owes this privilege to the richness and variety of elements which contributed to its shaping. Classical Greece has gathered the inheritance of all great civilisations of the past. Egypt, Assyria, Persia, Phœnicia, Crete, and many more in the Near East. I do not say nor mean that a civilisation is a kind of mosaic work artificially combined. It is necessary that mind transforms and assimilates the loaves just as the body grows stronger only by the food which is digested. It is necessary that with that infallibility which only instinct can confer, the nation, or rather the men of genius who make out a nation know how to draw out of accidental features what is the permanent, out of local features what is general, out of particulars what is universal: *nityasya nityatah praptih.* This is the inspiration under which the Aryan genius has made the greatness of India. And, as it usually happens in the turn where the genius of a nation reaches its utmost height, there came one of the obscure conscience of the multitude a poet to translate in words of art: Valmiki is the son of all-India; all-India has recognised herself in his Ramayana. The conqueror of the South is not the chief of an army, not an almighty emperor, Alexander or Napoleon. He is an exile, almost a vagrant: to assist him in his tremendous work he has only the devotion of a brother, the love of a wife; to surmount his long and awful trials he has only an unshaken faithfulness to duty. Even when the day comes when an audacious demon has by an ignominious trick endangered the world's order, he does not appeal to manly violence; he calls to his aid holy monkeys and bears of the forests, as if to show that the whole Nature has a joint responsibility in the order which man is striving so painfully to realise.

That is the deep lesson, the "*rahasya*" which was all at once revealed to me just when crossing these holy spots of pilgrimage. But, grand as it is, India's civilising work has gone far beyond these vast limits: it has extended its moral benefits to all the eastern half of the Asiatic Continent. Indian genius had its colonies, far larger than the huge metropolis; Indonesia, Indochina, Serindia are names which up to date record a past glory. But here we are facing the dark side of Indian genius. Your pilgrims have for a long time unlearned these roads, and pilgrims of the thought are still neglecting them. How many among India's educated people—I except of course professional scholars—are aware that Cambodia and Champa add a large and beautiful chapter to the epigraphic literature of Sanskrit *prasastis*, that no proper study of Mahabharata and Ramayana should be done without the help of Yavanese poetry, that China and Tibet are still keeping a large library of Indian works several thousands of them, and some of them as extensive as Mahabharata—the originals of which have disappeared likely for ever, but which a continuous effort of interpreters should give back to India as well as a continuous effort of interpreters, mainly come from India, had done them into Chinese and Tibetan? How many have heard, for instance, that we have still in our hands a Chinese-Sanskrit dictionary compiled by the celebrated pilgrim Yi-tsing? How many do know that Kothan, Kashgar, Kucha, Kharashar and many of the small oases scattered along the fearful sands of Central Asia, now the land of Turki dialects and of Islam, Chinese Turkistan as we are rightly used to call it, have been a magnificent home of Sanskrit learning, where grammar and books of India were read, translated, imitated, where Indian theatre had borne a sumptuous offshoot of religious plays, "*yatras*"? How many do know that the Turks of Mongolia, about the time of Houen Tsang, used to read in their own idiom the Hidimbavadha of Mahabharata? I am well aware that, just here, in Calcutta and only here, the superhuman activity of Sir Asutosh Mookerjee is striving to wake up an interest in these neglected fields; owing to his exertions, the Calcutta University has Tibetan, Chinese, Japanese classes; the publication of the Calcutta University contain papers and books which carry the horizon of India beyond present India. But I will be allowed to speak frankly and to state that these newly recovered domains have not yet come in real contact with your traditional and classical teaching.

The Calcutta University has published, in 1919, the Tibetan text and an English translation of an ethical work *Sesrabsdon bu*, that is *Prajnadanda*; according to the Tibetan translator, Nagarjuna is the author of this work. The English editor and translator fully endorses that statement; he goes even to say that Nagarjuna flourished above 100 B.C., a date which very few people will admit easily. That *Prajnadanda* had been selected as one of the text-books for Higher Proficiency Examination in Tibetan by the late Sarat Chandra Das who had given a first rough edition of the text. The new editor has spared no pains in preparing his text and translation. He gives a graphic description of his efforts, in the course of two years spent in Tibet, to seek assistance of monks and laymen. At last, he found some Head Master who had had the advantage of receiving a scholarly explanation of the first 102 verses from a learned Lama of Hrigatse, the Lama being able to give the meaning assigned by tradition to some of the passages which appear quite incomprehensible at first sight. Now let us turn to the text itself, and pick up some verses, say : verse 13, in the translation !

"If you sin in speech you will be damned—the parrot, the singing bird and the waterhen, the silent waterduck—which man does not catch,—their entire accomplishment is silence."

Well, it is fairly strange to find the parrot quoted as an instance of cautious silence. Let us try a literal translation of the Tibetan !

"By the sin of their mouth they are going to destruction, the parrot, the mountain bird and the *titira*. By not speaking, the waterduck does not perish. The total accomplishment is not to speak."

Is not any Sanskrit scholar just reminded of the well-known verse, "*atmano mukhadosena badhyante Sukasarikah, bakas tatra no vadhyante maunaur sarvarthasadhanaur* ?" Let us take another more, v. 41, the translation has :

"The fire which burned the forest—became the companion of the wind,—and that same extinguished the fire—So has the weak man no friends."

Again this is a well-known verse of Pançatantra :

Vanani dahato vahnch sakha bhowati marutah !
Sa eva dipanasaya krse kasyasti sauhrdem"

Instead of the "fire" in the third line, the Tibetan has faithfully *mar-me* "a lamp," just as the Sanskrit *dipa* in the Sanskrit original.

One verse has been particularly distressing for the English translator, that is verse 31. He first found there "a wicked man whose ear was filled with curds," and he adds a note where he refers to a desperate explanation afforded by the Lama. Later on, in the corrigenda, he substitutes: "O, Karna, evil-minded like curdled milk," an unexpected *upama* "comparison." The text has literally rendered "Bad mind curd-ear" and that "curd-ear" will tell every Sanskrit scholar of the well known *Dadhikarna* of the fable.

I am quite far from deprecating the work done by the translator or the publication edited by the University in a collection which is already so rich in excellent and original works. If we can improve the work it will be simply owing to the pain taken by the one and to the liberality of the other. I mean only to show you by a striking instance how Tibetan has to be taken in Indian University, in intimate connection with your own Indian texts. Instead of applying to Tibetan monks and laymen, should the translator have applied to an average Sanskrit scholar, he would have been immediately informed that the so-called work of Nagarjuna is only a *subhasita-sangraha*, an anthology of the regular type and collected at a fairly late date, centuries and centuries after 100 B.C. He would have got an easy explanation of so many riddles suddenly cleared up in the light of the Sanskrit original. And the same has to be said of Chinese, of Japanese, of Kuchean, of Khotanese, of so many languages foreign to India, but that have to centre round the Sanskrit scholarship for a proper study of Indian civilisation. And that is why I am so glad to see you congregated as in a common effort to dispel the darkness which still covers so much of your path in order to bring it to the healthy light of the day. *Nasti satyat paro dharma.* No duty is higher than truth. But while quoting that word of wisdom, I am suddenly reminded of another one which I have been reading a little before. *Maunam Sarvarthasadhanam* "Silence is universal accomplishment." My excuse will perhaps be that on account of some misunderstanding I was informed too late of the fact that my presidential duty before keeping silent implied an address to be delivered, and to put it in the words of a French classic, I made it too long because I had not time enough to make it shorter."

We desire to offer our warmest congratulations to all workers whose labours have made the Conference so successful and in particular, the three Secretaries, Mr. Gourlay, Dr. Bhandarkar and Mr. Ramaprasad Chanda. Mr. Gourlay's geniality of manners, his tact, his insight into the human character, have all contributed towards the great success of the Conference.

The following gentlemen were elected Presidents of the different Sections :

Vedic	Dr. S. K. Belvalkar, M.A., Ph.D.
Iranian	Shams-ul-Ulama Jivanji Jamsetjee Modi, C.I.E., Ph.D.
Buddhism	Rev. Anagarika Dhammapal.
Philology	Dr. I. J. S. Taraporewala, B.A., Ph.D.
Sanskrit and Prakrit Literature ...	Mahamahopadhyaya Haraprasad Sastri, M.A., C.I.E., F.A.S.B.
Persian and Arabic ...	Lieut.-Colonel. G. S. Rankin, M.A. M.D.
Philosophy and Religion	Kuppusvami Shastri, Esq.
Political History and Chronology ...	Rao Bahadur R. Narasimhachar, M.A.
Social and Religious History ...	Dr. R. Shama Sastry, B.A., Ph.D.
Ancient Geography ...	K. P. Jayaswal, Esq., M.A.

Archæology	Rao Bahadur H. Krishna Sastri, B.A.
Sciences	Rai Bahadur Joges Chandra Rai Vidyanidhi, M.A.
Ethnology and Folk-lore	Rao Bahadur L. K. Anantakrishna Iyer, B.A., L.T.

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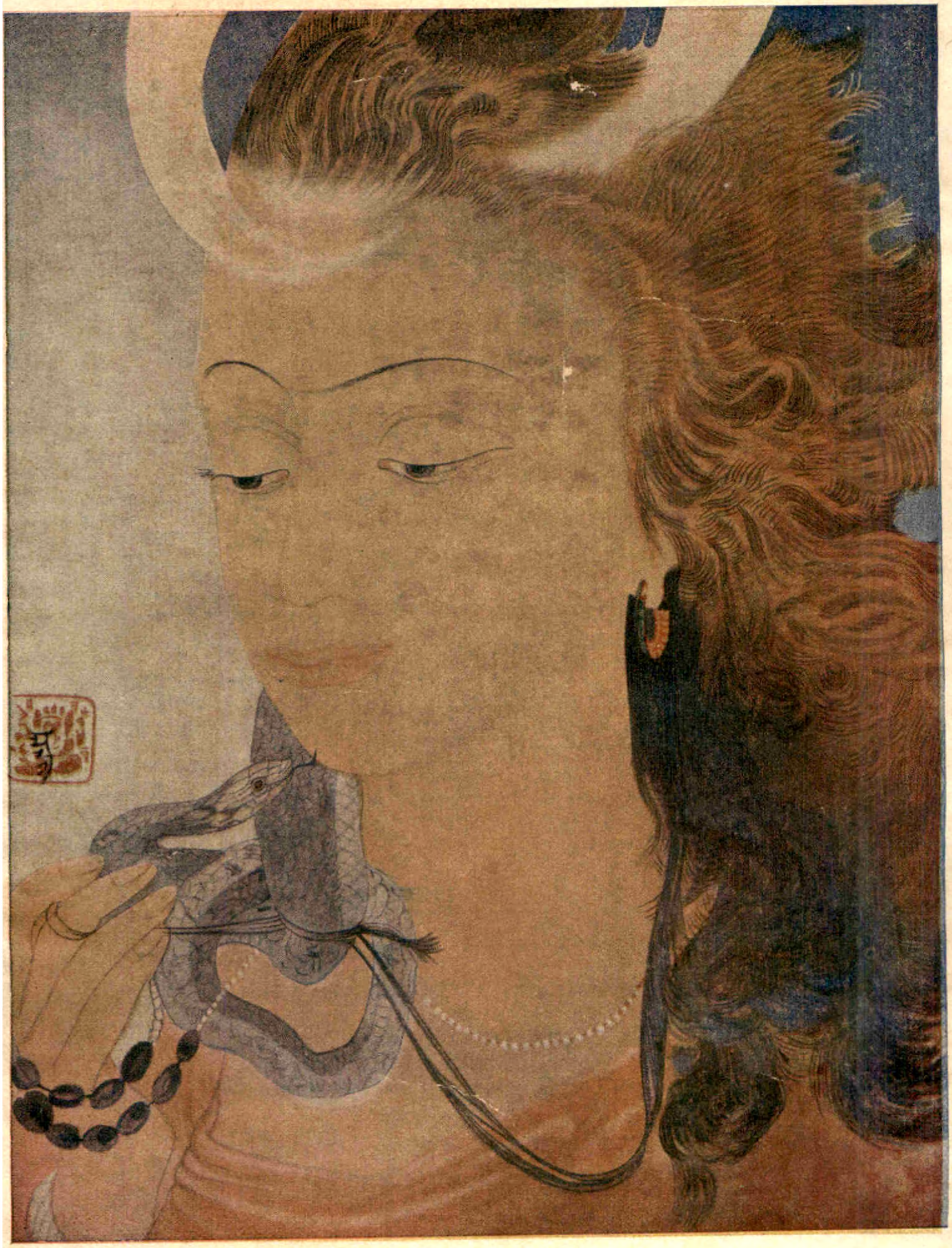

The Bride of Siva

(By courtesy of the '*Bangabani.*')

Prof. Abanindranath Tagore, C.I.E. D.Litt.

CALCUTTA UNIVERSITY.

THE CALCUTTA REVIEW

MARCH, 1922

THE DEWDROP

In the bliss, they say, of the love that laves
the skies and ocean and earth
All things hasten to lose, they say,
the grieving ripple of birth.
Why then ah ! do I tremble and pale
at the thought of thee, O Death
And shivering stand to take my plunge
in that infinite sea of breath ?
There are the lost joys of my life
far sunk beyond rave and fret,
There are the souls of dreams unflowered
and the roses of regret,
There is the sunken dreadful gold
of the Once that might have been,
Shipwrecked memory anchors there,
and my dead leaves there are green.
Why in the merge of all with all
by a plunge recoverable,
Desperate diver, shudder I
from all pearls in one shell ?

For O more precious than all things lost
is the one that I let fall,
One heart brimful of love for me,
her love that encasketed all.

Dear, like a trembling drop of dew
I held thee in my hand,
How of a sudden could I so spill
as to lose in the infinite sand?
As I stood madly secure of thee
as happy I looked my fill;
Thou from my jealous palm didst slide
and vanish in salt sea rill.
Now by the infinite shore I roam,
the bliss that all things laves;
Down bent, weeping I seek for thee
by a mournful music of waves.
Deaf to the grandeur and the roar
that hath washed thee away from me
In the streaming sands and my own salt tears
I wildly look for thee.
Thou with the freshness and the foam
art glorying borne away,
I, amid wreck and driftwood grope
and dally with all dismay.
Come back, tremulous heart, I sob,
heart's bliss, come back I cry;
Only the solemn ecstasy
of waters makes reply.

M. GHOSE

[illegible] UNIVERSITY

THE EMPERORS OF JAPAN

The recent visit of the Crown Prince of Japan to England was a memorable event. It not only awakened considerable interest, but it deepened Great Britain's friendly relations with the Land of the Rising Sun. Such an undertaking would not have been possible a few years ago when the Imperial House was really an Imperial Temple where the Emperor and his family were jealously guarded from the eyes of the people.

It has been said that the Mikado was an institution rather than a marked personality, and with a few exceptions this is true. Descended from the Sun Goddess, he was himself regarded as a god by his subjects. Too divine to rule *de facto,* he sat upon an altar rather than upon a throne. Had it not been for the coming of Commodore Perry, for the insistent demand of the West to break down the barriers of an island kingdom which Iyeyasu in his "Legacy" had hoped would be proof against all foreigners, the Mikado would be still a shadowy figure veiled behind a screen, whose subjects were worshippers and whose crown was a halo. With the Restoration of the Emperor and the opening of Japan to foreign trade and a fresh influx of social intercourse, the country entered upon a fresh lease of life. The vitality and initiative of Japan, after over two hundred and fifty years of complete isolation, are amazing. She conquered China and Russia, and drove the Germans from the Far East. As Great Britain's valued Ally she has generously fulfilled her pledges, and if the Anglo-Japanese Alliance is renewed, she will continue to fulfil them in the future. The reigning Emperor has thrown aside the most elaborate tradition of the divinity of kings ever conceived and become a man, the head of a Constitutional Government, Japanese history is the story of the rise and fall of great families. The majority of the Emperors were lulled to sleep with the incense of worship. They were glorified puppets on the Shogun's chess-board, kings to be moved more easily than castles. If, as sometimes happened, an Emperor displayed sufficient force of character to recognise Mikado-worship as another name for political intrigue, he was promptly made to abdicate in order to make room for a loyal but pliant nonentity. When this game of moving sovereigns was at its height there were no less than five emperors living at the same time! Under these circumstances it will cause no surprise to find that Japanese history is not remarkable for its accounts of the deeds of the Mikados. In the past men who usurped their power built the Japanese Empire, such men as Yoritomo, Nobunaga, Hideyoshi and Iyeyasu.

We turn to the *Nihongi* and *Kojiki* for an account of the early Emperors of Japan, and what these pages lack in veracity they make up for in a good deal of picturesque detail. The old chroniclers, when they were not giving their attention to tedious genealogies, seem to have revelled in fairy tales, but with all their shortcomings they succeeded now and again in depicting an Emperor, not as a god but as a man governed by very human passions.

Jimmu, the first Emperor of Japan, was a conqueror of no mean order. We are told that "he subdued and pacified the unsubmissive savages." He was aided in his conquests by the Sun Goddess, who appeared to him in dreams, overcame his enemies by the sudden creation of noxious vapours, not a little reminiscent of poison gas, and guided him with the "Eight-hand Crow."

The Emperor Chiuai is far less famous than his wife, the Empress Jingo. On one occasion, while he was playing his lute, the Empress became "possessed." She spoke of a land of treasure in the West, which she was prepared to bestow upon her husband. But the Emperor was a sceptic, and would never have believed in cultured pearls. He told her that if he were to climb to the top of a mountain, and look westward, he would observe no country but "only the great sea." He went further, for growing weary of what he considered his wife's buffoonery, he called the Gods liars, and angrily pushed aside his musical instrument. This remark and childish action provoked a sharp retort from the Empress. The Prime Minister, who happened to witness the scene, grew alarmed, and bade the Emperor continue to play his "great august lute," which he no doubt considered preferable to a domestic quarrel. The chroniclers write, with no little sense of the dramatic: "The Emperor slowly drew his august lute languidly to him. Almost immediately the sound of the august lute became inaudible. On their forthwith lifting a light and looking, the Heavenly Sovereign was dead." The land in the West was Korea, the country conquered by the indefatigable Empress Jingo. That is the story of old chroniclers. In all probability Korea was defeated later, and in a series of conflicts.

Nintoku is one of the most popular Emperors of Japan. It was his custom to climb a lofty tower, and when looking about him he discovered no smoke rising from the houses of his subjects and no singing of joyous songs, he came to the conclusion that the people were too poor to cook their food, and abolished taxation and forced labour for three years. At such times he practised rigid economies in his palace, a rain-soaked place where "starlight filtered through the crannies and exposed the bed-mats." "When Heaven establishes a Prince," he said, "it is for the sake of the people. The Prince must therefore make the people the foundation."

Unfortunately the Emperor's domestic affairs did not run smoothly. He fell in love with Kuhada no Kugahime, and concerning her he thus addressed one of his attendants: "It is our desire to bestow affection on this damsel, but, harassed by the Empress's jealousy, we have not been able to become united to her. Many years have passed. Why should she waste her years of bloom?" One named Hayamachi came forward, and in a brief song offered to wed the maiden, but having received royal favours she refused to have anything to do with deputy lover.

Nintoku also fell in love with the Princess Yata, and desired to make her his concubine. In a verse duologue Emperor and Empress discussed the matter, and it would seem that the Empress had the last word. Rather unwisely she went on a journey, and during his absence Nintoku lived with the Princess Yata in his palace, or, as the Japanese politely express it, "exchanged his pillow with her." At Naniwa the Empress heard of her lord's infidelity, and refused to be united to him in spite of the Emperor's fervid solicitations, also expressed in verse. Deeply incensed against her husband she shut herself off from the world in a palace at Yamashiro, and to this palace the Emperor sent Kuchiko, replete with many a repentant song invented by his sorrowful master. We read: "When the Grandee Kuchiko was repeating an august song to the Empress, it was raining heavily. Then upon his, without avoiding the rain, coming and prostrating himself at the front door of the palace, she on the contrary went out at the back door; and on his coming and prostrating himself at the back door of the palace, she on the contrary went out at the front door. Then, as he crept backwards and forwards on his knees in the middle of the court, the streams of water reached to his loins. Owing to the Grandee being clad in a garment dyed green and with a red cord, the streams of water brushed against the red cord, and the green changed into red." In spite of the chameleon performance of Kuchiko the Empress would not yield. Indeed, she remained obdurate when the Mikado pleaded in person. We read that "the Emperor resented the Empress's great indignation, but yet continued to love her."

There is the story of the fair Otohime, whose radiant beauty was said to shine through her raiment. She was loved by the Emperor Ingyo, and the Empress was aware of his amour and of his frequent visits to Chinu to see his mistress. The Empress's comment remains a model of dignity and wisdom. "Thy handmaiden," she said, "is not one whit jealous of her younger sister, but she fears that the people may be distressed by your Majesty's frequent visits to Chinu. I humbly pray thee to diminish the number of thy visits."

The most beautiful Japanese love poem was written by one of the Court ladies after the death of the Emperor Tenchi. How she had secretly loved him is summed up in the following lines:

> Wert thou a precious stone, I'd clasp thee tight
> Around my arm; wert thou a silken dress,
> I'd ne'er discard thee either day or night;
> Last night, sweet love! I dreamt I saw thy face.

The Emperor Yuriyaku, with a view to encouraging the silk industry, desired the Empress and her concubines to plant mulberry trees. He also instructed Sakara "to make a collection of silkworms throughout the country." Now Sakara made a mistake and collected babies instead, which in due season he presented to the astonished Emperor. ~~His Majesty~~ laughed heartily, and gave the babies to Sakara, saying: "Do thou bring them up thyself!" "Sakara's ludicrous blunder was really a matter of philology. The Japanese for silkworm is *kahiko*, while *kahi* means "to nurture" and *Ko* "little one."

It was during the period of the later Ashikoga Shoguns, when the usurpers were artistic but effeminate æsthetes, that the masses, no less than the Emperors themselves, suffered most acutely from misrule. We are informed by a contemporary writer that "The common people made tea, and sold it in the garden of the Palace. Children made it their playground. By the sides of the main approach to the Imperial Pavilion they modelled mud toys : sometimes they peeped behind the blind that screened the Imperial apartments. The Sovereign himself lived chiefly on money gained by selling his autograph... So miserable and lowly had everything become."

Through the tangled web of Japanese history, so full of the deeds of usurpers, the wonder is that the Emperors, banished, deposed, and bandied about by the mercenary hand of political intrigue, should still retain the loyal love of the people. When the Dual Government fell, because it was too weak to stand against the demands of the West, that affectionate regard was consummated in the Restoration of the Emperor in 1868.

The Emperor to-day is no longer veiled from his people. He is seen of all men. Mikado-worship, even in the country districts, is passing away, and something more enduring is taking its place. An emperor representing a shadowy and useless deity is a poor substitute for a wise ruler in close touch with his people. It was left to the Crown Prince of Japan to shatter once for all the old veil of alleged divinity and the stupid régime of isolation. He is alive to the democratic needs of his country, and in his visit to England he has done much to deepen and strengthen our affection and regard for our Japanese Ally.

F. HADLAND DAVIS

ETHICS OF ZOOLOGY[1]

In his introduction to the eighty-third section of the *Ain-i-Akbari* Shaik Abulfazal wrote of Akbar:

> "His Majesty has taught men something new and practical and has made an excellent rule, which protects the animal, guards the stores, teaches equity, reveals the excellent, and stimulates the lazy man." (Blochmann's *Ain-i-Akbari*, Vol. I, p. 217.)

Let us constitute ourselves humble followers of Akbar and strive to find a rule that will at once protect the animal, guard the stores of zoological learning, maintain equity between zoologists and stimulate the excellent, if not the lazy, man to sound zoological research.

Sir William Jones in his inaugural discourse to the Asiatick Society, delivered in Calcutta in 1784, omitted zoology from the proposed agenda of the Society. Nine years later, in his tenth address, he explained the reason. "Could the figure, instincts, and qualities of birds, beasts, insects, reptiles, and fishes," he said, "be ascertained, either on the plan of Buffon, or on that of Linnæus, without giving pain to the objects of our examination, few studies would afford us more solid instruction or more exquisite delight."

He went on to state that he could not conceive of the feelings of a naturalist who could occasion the misery of an innocent bird, "or, deprive even a butterfly of its natural enjoyment, because it has the misfortune to be rare or beautiful." He then gave the following translation of a couplet of Firdausi:—

"Ah! spare yon emmet, rich in hoarded grain;
He lives with pleasure, and he dies with pain."

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[1] Address delivered to the Zoological Section of the Ninth Annual Meeting of the Indian Science Congress at Madras; February, 1922.

Elementary as was Sir William Jones's concept of zoology, his opinion as a scholar and a poet cannot be dismissed lightly. There is, as the French say, nothing that kills like ridicule, but ridicule kills only when its object is really ridiculous. To laugh at what is true and solid is to exhibit lack of sympathy and sense.

There seems to me, however, to be some confusion of thought in Sir William Jones's statement, which I have not quoted in full, and, moreover, he has ignored the fundamental difference in the point of view of a man whose attitude towards animals is entirely religious as a believer in the transmigration of souls and the accumulation of merit, and that of one whose dislike of cruelty is ethical and æsthetic. Firdausi's couplet expresses the views of the latter, the edicts of Asoka those of the former, for the edicts are directed not against cruelty to animals but against the destruction of life.

No decent zoologist is cruel to animals. Indeed, among civilized men there is something antagonistic to human sanity in deliberate cruelty; it is essentially morbid and unnatural. But there is another kind of cruelty, due mainly to lack of imagination and carelessness. It is difficult in watching a carter twisting the tail of his ox to believe that his motive is entirely free from vicious pleasure, but that it is mainly due to a lack of the intellectual ability to picture to himself the feelings of the ox we may concede. Curiously enough this minor type of cruelty is often prevalent among those to whom the religious motive is all-important.

It is a custom in Japan to throw the laboratories of the Imperial Universities open to the public once a year, and to provide a popular exhibition of scientific apparatus and preparations. In 1915 I happened to be in a Japanese university town in which an exhibition of the kind was in progress. The main exhibit in the physiological laboratory was a living rabbit firmly tied down and cut open in such a way as to illustrate the beating of the heart. Even supposing that the rabbit was completely anæsthetized, the exhibit was a disgusting one from a Western point of view, and would probably have caused a riot in London, even before the police intervened; but in Japan, women and children examined it with perfect equanimity, and my friends of the University staff could not see anything wrong. And yet these very professors and lecturers were in the habit every year of holding a solemn service of expiation in one of the great Buddhist monasteries of the city for the souls of the animals which had been dissected in their laboratories.

It is an interesting speculation whether the Japanese crowd would have viewed the vivisected rabbit with the same equanimity if it had chanced to be one of the animals of which the representation in painting is permitted by the narrow canons of Japanese art. I must confess that my own objections to the exhibition were just as much æsthetic as moral.

The study of zoology in India has not, as a matter of practice, been much affected by the edicts of Asoka, and the remarks of Sir William Jones on the supposed cruelty involved in zoology had no more than a temporary effect on the history of the Asiatic Society. Indeed, it seemed at times as if the stone the builder had rejected had become the headstone of the corner, for in the days of Blyth and again in those of Alcock, zoological papers were amongst the most important published in the Society's Journal. Nevertheless, it is as well that in our zoological work we should keep in mind both Firdausi and Piyadasi.

I need not waste your time on the crank who loves *her* dog and hates mankind.

Scientific work is plain-sailing as long as a man can do it alone. It is when he has to consider others that the strain and difficulty begin. There is one point, small in itself but still important, in which I notice that my younger colleagues experience peculiar difficulty, namely, in acknowledging the help they have received from their seniors. The matter is not so simple as it seems. Two pitfalls must be avoided, that of flattery on the one hand and that of plagiarism on the other. For Indians there is the added difficulty of a foreign language. There is nothing more difficult than to pay a graceful compliment in a language not one's own. Delicacy of feeling, moreover, is often necessary to distinguish between a common courtesy and subtle flattery. The best way out of the difficulty is to say frankly what help has been received and to express gratitude in as few words as possible.

The question of plagiarism is even more difficult in scientific research than in literature. If Shakespeare, as some of my younger colleagues would argue, was justified in appropriating a commonplace plot and transmuting it into a work of genius, we also are justified in using the ideas of others as our own. Unfortunately few of us are Shakespeares, or Darwins. Darwin was one of the most modest of men, and always scrupulous in acknowledging assistance of any kind, even, or perhaps especially, from those whose lights were much less than his own. In acknowledging help, whether from the written or the spoken word, we cannot do better than accept the introductory part of the *Origin of Species* as our guide.

But this does not dispose of the more general question of plagiarism. How much may be legitimately appropriated, or may anything be appropriated at all? In the Roman Church St. Alphonso of Liguori, the one modern Doctor of the Church, is accepted as the final referee on ethical questions. He was bold enough to draw up a tariff of mortal sin in theft. He ruled that in certain circumstances a respectable man who stole a shilling from a working man, or fourteen shillings from a crowned head, did not commit a mortal sin; but that to steal even a few farthings from a beggar was always a mortal sin. In scientific ethics we have no such authority as St. Alphonso; but the rule that nothing whatever should be taken from any living person without due acknowledgment is a good one. We must steal not at all, either from king or beggar. There are, however, in science as in literature many ideas and phrases so universally understood and accepted that to trace them to a personal origin is not only unnecessary but also a little ridiculous. Even such ideas and phrases, if attributed to an author, should be attributed correctly. For example, the saying that the practical man practises the follies of his ancestors is often attributed to Huxley, but really came in the first instance from Disraeli, in whose *Coningsby* it is placed, with many other self-evident sentiments, in the mouth of the wise Jew Sidonia.

The mention of Huxley leads me to a point almost universally ignored at the present day in the ethics of zoology—the importance of literary style in the presentation of scientific facts and ideas. If anything is worth saying it is worth saying well. You have all heard of Buffon, who used to put on his court dress and his sword whenever he sat down to write. Such external ceremony is perhaps contrary to the spirit of this age and, therefore, may appear to some of us to have been mere affection on Buffon's part; which it certainly was not. Scientific facts, however, are worthy of respect, and should be treated with due decorum. Style has been defined as saying things in an appropriate manner. It is not appropriate to couch a plain statement of facts in highly figurative or elaborate language. Plain facts must be stated plainly. Our aim in zoological literature must be chaste simplicity, but journalese is not simple, nor is it chaste. Superfluous words, words used to startle or confound without thought of their precise meaning, in short all idle words, merely recall the saying that language was given to man to conceal his thought. If, however, you adopt the telegraphic style in description—and nowadays economy in print is always desirable for financial reasons—do so only in mere diagnosis, and in diagnosis be adequate, and be consistent. It is neither economical nor grammatical to write in describing an insect: "body black; the legs are brown."

I would advise every zoologist to study Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's lectures on *The Art of Writing English.* He will find some hard sayings. With many others, I have found the statement that a case can only mean a box not a little disconcerting, but the fact that such statements make us feel uncomfortable proves that they contain an element of truth.

Apart from literary style in the writing of zoological papers, the question of the mechanical preparation of the manuscript for the press is one of ethical significance. As editor of the *Records* and *Memoirs of the Indian Museum* I often receive manuscripts that need many hours' careful and troublesome work before they can be sent to the printer. But for the fact that Dr. Kemp is kind enough to relieve me of much of this drudgery, I would scarcely hesitate to refuse even to consider a great part of the matter submitted for publication. Carelessness or ignorance as to punctuation and the use of capitals is rife, and few authors take any trouble in indicating the use of italics or other special type. It is surprising how few zoologists know even such elementary rules as that of the proper use of brackets with the name of the authors of species. These names should never be enclosed in brackets, unless the name of the genus of the species has been changed since the latter was first described. These may seem trivial points, but their neglect indicates not only carelessness, but selfishness and lack of understanding.

Zoology has become so complicated that few of us nowadays are more than "Scarabees." This is an immoral state, not only because no man in these strenuous times has the right to narrow his interests to a single family of beetles, but also because the whole of biology is at present encumbered with unco-ordinated details that clog the machinery of progress instead of acting as motive power.

In zoology, however, as in all branches of knowledge, it is worse than being narrow-minded to assume an interest if we have it not. One of the most unpleasant persons I ever met was a young student who emerged from a very dirty house in Iceland and remarked: "Good-morning! Do you think Lord Verulam wrote the plays of Shakespeare?" He took no more interest in the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy than I did in Icelandic politics, but wished to impress the foreigner. You may apply this parable to zoology as you like.

In recent years zoological controversy, like most other branches of criticism, has grown more refined, but we are still far from that urbane irony which an American critic regards as one of the highest manifestations of the literary spirit in modern England. Courtesy is apt to degenerate into irresponsible and often irrelevant insinuations, such as, in Europe, slackness in war, or, in this country, an anti-Indian spirit. In some branches of zoology, notably in pure taxonomy, opinions are so varied that no general consensus seems possible. I have observed a tendency among young zoologists in India to treat conclusions, based presumably on ascertained facts, somewhat lightly, in order to avoid controversy—as in the case of a young man who brought to a friend of mine a paper in which far-reaching conclusions were derived from somewhat meagre research. My friend pointed out that the evidence hardly justified the conclusions.

"Oh," said the author, "but I can change the conclusions!"

On the other hand, it is quite unnecessary to call a man a liar because you disagree with him on some controversial point, or even on some matter of observation. All men cannot think, or even see, alike, and because a man is senior, or belongs to a different race, he is not necessarily wrong.

If the majority of zoologists were endowed with a sense of humour (which, after all, as Thackeray has pointed out, is essentially the same thing as a sense of proportion) much controversy would be avoided altogether, the real point at issue not being any point of fact or even of interpretation but merely some personal fad, jealousy or spite. I was once buying some sleeping-mats in the Malay State of Kelantan. The man who had brought them for sale stated that it had taken him two months to make them. I turned to another Malay who was standing by—an uneducated man, but endowed with the ready wit and delicacy of feeling so characteristic of the Malay race—and enquired if this could be true. "Doubtless, *Tuan*," was the reply, "but perhaps he only worked one day in each month." The retort was a retort courteous; no offence was caused, and the bargain was concluded in a manner satisfactory to all concerned.

The true test in all controversy is the inner feelings of the disputants. So long as a man respects his opponent and feels no bitterness towards him, controversy is a good thing; but in scientific controversy there must be no reservations, no quibbling. We must play with all our cards on the table. A plan I have adopted in the *Records of the Indian Museum* seems to me a good one. Some years ago I published a paper in the *Memoirs of the Asiatic Society of Bengal* in which I pointed out that there was considerable diversity in the frogs usually grouped under the name *Rana tigrina.* I, therefore, suggested that several distinct species should be recognised. Dr. G. A. Boulenger, then in charge of the Reptiles and Batrachia in the British Museum and still recognised as the leading herpetologist in Europe, did not agree with me. He paid me the great compliment of sending me a paper for publication in the *Records of the Indian Museum*, refuting my claim for the specific recognition of the different forms of *Rana tigrina*, which he regarded as merely races or varieties.

In certain points Dr. Boulenger was evidently right and I wrong. So I wrote a second note expressing my views as modified by Dr. Boulenger's argument. Of this I sent the manuscript to him; and he replied in a third note. The three notes were then published together as a kind of dialogue, so that all the facts and arguments of the case were submitted to the zoological world together, without the slightest bitterness, loss of mutual respect, or ill-feeling on the part of either the senior or the junior author. Far otherwise was it with the famous controversy on the proper generic name of the bed-bug that raged round the world some years ago, from Hawaii to Belgium and from England to Canada.

In setting forth this ideal of urbane controversy I do not mean to say that there are not cases in which the experienced zoologist does well to be angry. Dishonest or grossly careless work, work done merely for the sake of effect or to satisfy the investigator's personal ambition or further his official promotion, must always meet with unqualified condemnation, in which there is no room for mutual respect.

In the official document whereby the Zoological Survey of India was constituted in 1916 our relations with the technical departments are laid down as being those of "co-operation without subordination." The thanks of all Indian zoologists are due to the man who discovered this formula. I do not know his name. The formula implies not only the recognition of pure zoology on the part of the Government of India, but also its independence of direct economic aims. I have nothing to say against applied science, provided that it be science at all, but the term is often "applied" to something akin to the Holy Roman Empire, which has been described as neither holy, Roman, nor an empire.

Even in the purely physical branches, in which the mathematical demonstration of facts is possible, "practical results" often rest on a very small basis of research. The whole affair is in fact an inverted pyramid, liable to topple over at any moment and overwhelm its supporters. As soon as the question of life enters into applied science the matter becomes vastly more complex, and just as the life of the animal is more complex than that of the plant, so is applied zoology more difficult than applied botany. Some day we may know something about life, and understand how a plant or an animal lives, how and why it reacts to its environment. At present we know practically nothing. The great triumphs of applied biology are empirical, such as the discovery of the value of Cinchona bark ages before the malaria parasite was known. And yet they are triumphs of pure research, for research is only experiment and its interpretation. The practical knowledge of the primitive fisherman or agriculturist is based unconsciously on the experience of a thousand years. At present all we can do in a laboratory or a museum is to speed up experience, to attempt to learn in a few months or years what the peasant has taken centuries to learn, and has sometimes learned wrong in the end.

Applied zoology should be, and perhaps some day may become, the great philanthropic agent of the world. At present, it is often a wolf in sheep's clothing, a devil masquerading as an angel of light. No government or commercial body can resist the temptation of demanding results, and in India we hear of even professors expecting from their students a research a month. Such demands often meet with a ready response, especially from the young and ignorant. This can only result in a furtive and subtle dishonesty fatal to all true progress. I am firmly convinced that applied zoology is at present, with our inadequate apparatus of research, largely a chimera, indiscriminate faith in which is akin to that in the stories told in the *Physiologus* and its successors, the mediæval bestiaries of Western Europe, about such animals as the elephant and the leopard. These stories were not written in the interests of material truth, but with a strictly moral or religious aim. They completely ignored facts, but yet were based on existing things. It was not until considerable numbers of Europeans went into the countries in which the libelled animals led their own unmoral lives that the true facts became apparent, and I do not think that either the morals of Europe or the interests of zoology suffered in the revelation.

In his *History of English Literature from the Beginning to the Norman Conquest* Stopford Brooke translates an account of the leopard from an early poem on the *Panther, the Whale and the Partidge.* The panther lives, we learn, "In the far lands in deep hollows.........., glittering in a many coloured coat like Joseph's, a friend to all, save to that envenomed scather, the Dragon." After feeding (on what we are not told), he sleeps for three nights. When he awakes, "a lofty, sweet, ringing sound comes from his mouth, and with the song a most delightful steam of sweet-smelling breath, more grateful than all the blooms of herbs and blossoms of the trees." This mystic aroma is compared by the early English poet to the hope of divine salvation.

However fair the flowers of applied zoology may seem, the ripened fruits are often Dead Sea apples, disappointing as the breath of the leopard, not to mention his unfriendly disposition, must have been to the first lettered Englishman who stumbled upon him in the jungle and awoke him from his slumbers.

Virgil in his *Georgics* wrote what was accepted for centuries by the learned as a manual of practical agriculture poetically expressed. Among other processes he described the manufacture of a swarm of bees from the carcase of a heifer. Imagine the poet reclining in his cool verandah with a manuscript of Hesiod half-unrolled on his lap, and pausing in his dictation to gaze over the countryside and muse for a moment on his own love for the simple farmer's life. Fortunately for his reputation as a practical agriculturist his (or rather Hesiod's) process for the abiogenetic production of honey-bees, which involved the slaughter of a prime heifer, was as unsound economically as it was biologically impossible. No one tried the experiment, and so the process was accepted from generation to generation as practical. In fact, the light-hearted, and doubtless illiterate, Samson, who slew a lion on his way to visit his lady-love and afterwards found a comb of wild honey in the skeleton, and made a riddle of it to puzzle the Philistines, was much the more practical man of the two. In modern times the man who introduced mongooses into the West Indies, rabbits into Australia or sparrows into North America, doubtless thought that he had accomplished a great work of applied biology—at first.

In discussions on the value of zoological work there is nothing that makes me more indignant than the saying that this or that piece of Indian research is good work—for India. This usually means that it is of inferior quality, but must not be judged too hardly because it has been done either by an Indian or by an Englishman working amidst Indian difficulties. We Indian zoologists, to judge by the work of our predecessors—Hodgson, Blyth, Stoliczka, Blanford, Alcock and many others—have no reason to claim indulgence. There can be nothing more fatal to Indian science than to aim at a low ideal, and no greater insult can be paid to any branch of scientific effort than to judge it from a racial or a geographical standpoint. Zoology is often regarded in India as the Cinderella of the sciences, and it is, therefore, necessary on occasion for zoologists to mingle the meekness of the dove with the subtlety of the serpent. Some years ago, in my zeal to bring about a certain unity of purpose in the administration of the Indian Museum, I incurred the accusation of latent kaiserism from one of my colleagues. I replied that it seemed to me improbable that the youngest and poorest of the scientific departments under the Government of India would arise from the mud like Pharaoh's lean kine and swallow its more prosperous brethren. However effective such replies may be for the moment, the necessity for them does not tend to edification. One branch of science may be poorer in loaves and fishes than another, but all are equal.

Zoology is so closely connected with other branches of biology, and so dependent in the last resort on geology, chemistry, physics and mathematics, that in my own work I find it frequently necessary to apply to members of other departments for special information. My experience has been that such information is always given in a most ungrudging and generous spirit when applied for personally, but that any official move towards closer co-operation is met with suspicion. I am heterodox enough to believe that the first duty of every scientific department, whether official or otherwise, should be to assist all scientific men in their work, and especially in their research; but to the gods, alas, it has seemed otherwise. The gods of Olympus led a free and joyous life, feasting on nectar and ambrosia: in files and official etiquette the gods of the Himalaya have found more congenial fare. A witty Chairman of the Trustees of the Indian Museum, in which four Imperial survey departments are concerned, once remarked that the chief difficulty in its administration was that the parts were so much greater than the whole. Hypertrophy of the departmental consciousness is a disease to which we heads of scientific departments are by no means immune; a disease, moreover, which the Board of Scientific Advice, despite its zeal in preventing "the overlapping of functions" has failed to cure. In placing zoology on a sound basis in India, individual effort alone is of any avail, but the effort though individual must be unselfish, it must not be inspired by any kind of bitterness or self-seeking. We must realize with a sigh that the intelligence of a committee is often much lower than that of its least intelligent member.

Even a committee, however, is preferable to individual patronage. I am of the opinion that private donations to science often do more harm than good, not only because of the conditions that usually hedge them round but also because they weaken individual effort in research. Unlike Art, Science abhors patronage and flourishes in hardship and opposition. We are told that in ancient Greece Alexander the Great was the patron of Aristotle, and yet that scientific thought was absolutely free. By the time of Alexander, however, the intellectual light of Greece was fading out, and democracy, the most official form of Government known to mankind, had already found its supreme victim in Socrates, the philosopher whose test for all things was truth.

At all periods and in all countries of the modern world—whether it be in the dealings of Pope Urban with Galileo or in those of the British Government with scientific men in the early part of the War—ignorant members of the official hierarchy—and even a high official of the most excellent administration may be very ignorant of science—have attempted to treat science much as St. Columba treated the practical experience of St. Oran. The story is told in full in a comparatively late Irish life of Columba and is barely hinted at in more authentic documents. It seems to me, however, to bear in its primitive simplicity the impress of truth. No mere hagiologist would ever have invented such a story. Here is the story. An important religious work was to be undertaken on the island of Iona and it had been decided that one man must die for the community and become its guardian spirit. St. Columba called for volunteers and St. Oran, who is said to have been his brother, offered himself. St. Oran was accordingly buried alive. After three days St. Columba caused the grave to be opened. St. Oran was not dead, but thought he was. He opened his eyes and said, "There is no mystery in death and Hell is not like what it was said to be." St. Columba, doubtless thinking that his brother was possessed of a devil, cried out in alarm, "Earth, earth on the eyes of Oran, lest he blab more!" And so it was done. "Earth on the eyes of Oran" has become a proverb in Gaelic.

I had recently in London an opportunity of discussing the position of zoology in this country with one of the greatest of living zoologists. He maintained that zoology should not be encouraged in India until India was in a position to do independent work. By independent work he meant research independent of official control. Apart from all personal considerations, I was unable to agree with him, for I see no way of fostering zoological research at present in India but through the agency of Government. It is quite true that no branch of science can be said to be on a sound basis unless it is independent, and that the flame of research must burn feebly so long as it is not fed by the spirit of individuality. Moreover, the age has not yet come in which the true value of the independence of science will be appreciated by the powers that be. Science and officialdom are as antagonistic as the mongoose and the snake, but officialdom in its dangerous form is a matter of the spirit rather than of material conditions. To confound government with officialdom is a mistake. No government that consisted merely of officialdom could exist for a month. I prefer to regard red-tape as the excreta of government. It is unfair to judge any organism by its excreta, nor is it fair to confound the Imperial policy with the tactics of some harassed secretary afflicted with a dysentery of notes and minutes and trembling at the name of the Finance Department. Zoology throughout the world owes a great debt to the Government of India as the only government that has founded a zoological survey on a basis of pure research. At the present time zoological posts sanctioned in previous years are kept vacant in Great Britain in the interests of so-called economy, while in India the Government is at any rate attempting to place zoological research on a sound financial basis. The constitution of the Indian Museum is now, especially in the matter of zoology, much more liberal than that of the British Museum from which it was originally copied. We have, therefore, in India justification for the hope of a brighter age. With faith in our calling and hope in its future we zoologists are in a very strong position.

In the whole course of human history there is nothing that has caused more waste of genius, the rarest and most precious of human possessions, than the opposition of officialdom to the progress of knowledge; but even in our struggle with the spirit of officialdom we must preserve two essential qualities, reason and good humour—which does not exclude a sympathetic understanding of shortcomings, both our own and those of others. The lack of reason in scientific men has done almost as much harm as the ignorance and stupidity of officials. Charity is not only a virtue but also a very powerful weapon in the cause of science, which is the cause of truth. The Scot's half-reverential pity for the Devil (the great Adversary, but for all that the "puir De'il"), has done good work for morality and efficiency. The fever of fanaticism is all-powerful in initiative, but in the end produces without fail an antitoxin of officialdom. Science can afford to be magnanimous, and the petty politics of the passing hour need not concern us. Truth is great and will prevail. Whatever may be our political views, whatever our race, or creed, or caste, Pope's words stand true in science:—

"For Forms of Government let fools contest;
What'er is best administered is best:
For Modes of Faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right:
In Faith and Hope the World will disagree,
But all Mankind's concern is Charity."

N. ANNANDALE

INDIAN BANKING REFORM

One need not labour hard to prove that the existing banking system of India needs thorough reform. There is hardly "a banking system" worth its name. A banking system where the several component banks remember their close affinity of relations and extend mutual sympathy and help is absent in this country. India does not possess a close-knit banking organisation as in the case of Germany, Japan, France or the United States of America. This absence of "thirst for system or wholeness or close-knit organisation" which is so characteristic of Germany is chiefly due to the tendency of the Indian banks to do business "each for itself." The Indian Exchange Banks, the Presidency Banks and the Indian Joint-Stock Banks work severally and not collectively. The latter have striven hard to protect their business from competition with the Presidency Banks; which have never helped the Indian Joint-Stock Banks either with wholesome advice or money at their hour of trial.

These Banks copy the tendency of the English Banks which justify their existence solely on the ground of profits. They aim at becoming professional bankers having no connection with industrial finance. It is true that short-term loans are granted to industries but they never sacrifice the principles of safety and liquidity of assets which commercial banks have always to keep in view. But commercial banks alone will not create the needed credit for our agriculture and nascent industries. New banks should arise to satisfy the needs of small men and small industries. Just as the Co-operative Credit movement of our country is borrowed from Germany, the German feature of close relationship between industry, finance and transportation is also worth imitation. Indian economic development cannot be fostered unless there is a close alliance between banks and industries as in the case of Germany or Japan. Either new Industrial Banks having nothing to do with short-dated deposits should arise or the existing Banks should take up industrial financing. The Government of India should prevent by legislation a repetition of the previous disasters.

That the Indian Banks have borrowed, copied and translated the chief features of the English Banks is an undisputed fact. They have copied the tendency of the English Banks in having huge Authorised Capital, a part of which is subscribed and out of which very little is paid-up at the beginning. Like the English Banks, the Indian Banks wish to trade largely on credit. The Government of India have followed the Government of the United Kingdom in their *laissez-faire* policy in the matter of banking business. Imitation for imitation's sake has produced unworthy specimens. The superficial elements alone have been copied while the really vital and progressive features of English Banking have not been engrafted on our system. Banker's Associations, Banker's Institutes and Banker's guilds have not been created on the English model. The Presidency Banks were only in a very remote sense the guardians of the whole system. They were not full-fledged Central Banks acknowledging all their responsibilities. The present Imperial Bank of India itself does not possess the traditional glory, respect and power enjoyed by the Bank of England in the London Money Market. There is a noteworthy absence of control either by the Government or by a Banker's Association.

Again a part of the financial system alone has been imitated. The Indian Banks are merely pursuing commercial business. In England besides Banks, there are trustworthy promoters, capable underwriters and issuing houses so that industrial companies derive invaluable aid from them. It is but natural that the Indian industrialists would look forward to their banks for this kind of business also, owing to the absence of these specialising concerns.

India made an unhappy choice in selecting the English Banking system as her prototype. The progress of Japan has been due to her selecting the salient features of nearly every banking system in the world and engrafting them on her own banking conditions. The specialising tendency visible in the English Banking system is noticeable in Japan. It has imitated the model of the French mortgage Banks, *e.g.*, The Credit Mobilier and the Credit Foncier of France. It has copied the useful branch-bank system. It has borrowed the continental system of close relationship between the small banks and the Central Banks. It committed the mistake of imitating the U. S. A. National Banking system and after a short trial it gave it up for the Central Banking system with the Imperial Bank of Japan as the crowning head of the whole fabric. The whole credit system was thoroughly organised by banking experts borrowed from foreign countries. State help and control enabled the banking system to work well.

The Indian Banking system should be thoroughly overhauled and re-organised on an improved basis. The materials already exist. The Imperial Bank of India can be utilised as the keystone of the whole arch and the other banking concerns should know definitely their own duties and the help they can expect from this Central Bank. Credit for the rich and the poor and for the big and small industrialists should be created by the existing banking institutions or fresh ones that may arise in the future. The Government of India should see that there is no abuse of the word "bank" as in the past and by restraining legislation, smooth the progress of the banks. An attempt should be made to profit from the experience of the Continental countries by copying all their deserving features. The English banking model is not the best model nor is it suitable to our present needs. Keynes was quite correct when he wrote that England's was the worst currency model that India could imitate. Even in the matter of banking business the Indian people should realise that their salvation lies in selecting the salient features of all banking systems and adopting or adapting as Japan has done.

The existing Indian Banks can be divided into three classes. The Imperial Bank of India, the friend and ally of the Government of India, the foreign banks and the local Indian Banks. The Imperial Bank of India finances the internal trade of India to a great extent by discounting commercial bills. It lends money on raw produce and imported goods. The Foreign Banks develop Indian trade with their own countries and naturally assist their own countrymen. It is only with their surplus money that they give help to Indian Industries carried on, on a large scale. The local banks slavishly imitate the Presidency Banks and conduct commercial banking business. They lend money on zemindary properties in preference to Indian Industrial securities.

Many of these Banks are managed by foreigners who only come into contact "with a few of the aristocracy" and so ordinary traders and small industrialists do not receive much help from them. So they have to pay high rates of interest for any accommodation they may get from the public and sometimes thriving industries suffer from insufficiency of capital. Industrial financing, thus is not on a sound and proper basis.

It is not the financing of Industries alone that is being neglected, but rural trade and credit is not properly designed and the existing banks do not care to change the existing methods of rural credit. It is growing more evident day by day that the present insufficiency and waste involved in our export trade business should be rectified as early as possible. Our export trade is left to the mercy of funds outside the country. As in "capital poor countries" our export trade is being financed by the importing country to a great extent. The big export and import houses are in the hands of Europeans who employ their agents to collect produce from the interior and send it to the port stations whence they are shipped at their own risk and cost. The agents or *gomasthas* necessarily finance the cultivators from the beginning and the crop is hypothecated to them.

This system of financing our internal trade for exportation purposes is not to our best national interests. The chief harmful result of this process is that the foreign merchant houses are exploiting our agriculture in their own interests. Export of rice and wheat is increasing while their production is not on the increase at all. Cotton and jute cultivation is increasing while food production is not progressing satisfactorily. The production of non-food crops for export purposes is chiefly due to the influence of cash advances of the foreign merchant houses. Thus our economic prosperity is mainly dependent on these firms.

This system of exploiting agriculture in the interests of foreign exporters should be given up. The introduction of co-operative credit societies combined with co-operative sale societies will go a long way in remedying this state of affairs. The question of removing this rapacious middleman requires patient tackling for a long time. This is so far as rural trade and credit are concerned.

The same is the story with our international trade. The Exchange Banks finance the export trade bills with their funds attracted in London. They rediscount the D/A Bills in the London Money Market or with the Bank of England. The import bills are also financed by the Head office of the Exchange Banks. This is indeed a danger.

Every one of these Banks is the offspring of European countries, Japan or America. They have steadily taken up the financing of our external trade with their countries. They are alive to the interests of their own countries. They display no keen desire to take part in the economic reorganisation of our country. They evidently do not harbour any ambitious national programme for India's uplift. These Banks remain distinctively foreign, much the same as they were at the start. They are more willing to help their own countrymen and trade with European business companies and are not anxious to attract the accounts of small and young firms started by the Indian people. It has been repeated several times by competent men that an Indian firm trading under a European designation, is more fortunate in obtaining accommodation from the existing Banks. These are some of the drawbacks of the existing powerful Banks.

It is indeed high time that our banking system should be re-organised on a healthy basis giving scope for the proper mobilisation of our money. The healthy development of our trade, the careful promotion of our industries, a wise economy of our precious metals and a real increase of our national wealth—these are the problems that a soundly organised Banking system has to solve.

B. RAMACHANDRA RAU

BENARES

Hail, Kashi! hail, imperishable Queen,
Mysterious, shining through the mists of Time,
To Age opposing a perennial prime!
Nor is, nor will be, nor hath ever been
Aught like to thee or dreamt, or heard, or seen
Earthly yet not of Earth, but poised sublime
On Shiva's trident, thine all-healing clime
Hath God ordained as Mercy's own demesne.

Though thou, alas, thy blessing dost deny
To alien, and thy shrines forbid his tread,
Though he revere and love thee e'en as I,
Or with thy cloistered Brahmans long have read,
He still thy hallowed name will magnify,
Since all may quaff thine ancient fountain-head.

THE PANDIT

The heart of India's truest self I sought,
That gracious blend of faith in gods untold
With visions of the One, of manifold
Philosophies and schools of subtlest thought
With tolerance and the gentle kindness taught,
With otherworldliness and scorn of gold,
By all those saints and seers in days of old
Whose oneness with the One Ind's fame hath wrought.

I sought it for the lesson it might hold
For careworn souls elsewhere, for aye distraught
With getting ; but, so changed is Ind, I caught
No glimpse of what I quested and extolled
Until mine eyes were opened to behold,
Within the Pandit's breast, the heart I sought.

TAT TVAM ASI

The flowery tarn, icebound amid the snows,
The high, unmelting snows of Himalay ;
The stately Ganges, sweeping on her way
Through burning plains that bless her as she flows ;
The sparkling dewdrop nestling in the rose,
The creeping mist, the bow's refulgent ray—
Howe'er diverse, one nature all display,
And oneness with the Ocean's self disclose.

Thus thou with Him art One, O tiny Soul,
That now Earth's blindness fain would count as mine ;
Existence there is none apart from Him
Whose quickening breath, eternal and divine,
Through all of Life doth breathe, all Nature brim,
Creator and created, part and Whole.

D. B. SPOONER

THE IMPERIAL LIBRARY, PAST AND FUTURE

Pierre Loti came to India and wrote "*L'Inde sans les Anglais*"—India without the English. It was at the time of the Boer War and not long after Fashoda. The minds of Frenchmen were then sore against the English, which disposed them to approval of the lordly snub administered by their famous countryman; but it is a question whether Loti would not have been moved to the same *geste*, if Fate had brought him to India in 1919 instead of in 1900. From the dim chambers of one's remorseful mind there comes a voice saying that he probably would have been. We English have done wonderful things in India; our race may well be proud of its record; but we have left things undone that we should have done, whether from being too absorbed in material matters to have time to attend to them, or as too deficient in some quality of the imaginative mind ever to think of them.

Of the kind of thing that we have left undone this is as good an example as any. We have not established a copyright library. As I am writing for people, many of whom are not familiar with that term, I may explain what a copyright library is. It is one upon which the law of a country confers the privilege of receiving a copy *gratis* of every book published in the country. There are five such libraries in the United Kingdom—the British Museum Library in London, the Bodleian Library at Oxford, the Cambridge University Library, the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, and Trinity College Library, Dublin. They have nothing whatever to pay for the books published in Great Britain and Ireland. When they buy books, they are the publications of other countries.

The strange thing is that, though there is no copyright library in India, there are two libraries that have the privilege of copyright libraries for everything published in India.

They are neither of them in India. One is the British Museum Library, the other is the India Office Library. Under the Press and Regulation of Books Act, 1867, passed during the Viceroyalty of Lord Lawrence, both those libraries are entitled to a *gratis* copy of everything published in India. Had the Imperial Library been in existence in 1867, there can be no doubt that it would have had the same privilege conferred upon it. The least imaginative could not have overlooked it. The thought of creating such a library then, seeing that one did not already exist, ought not to have called for too great a stretch of the imagination; but it did. Lest someone should accuse me, in my turn, of a failure of imagination, saying: "Why do you not suggest that the books in the British Museum or at the India Office should be packed up and sent back to India?" I would say before I pass on that I do suggest that. It is obviously the only way in which to atone to India for a great error.

My contention that we have been unimaginative is one that I wish to drive home. I will explain in a moment why I do. We have shown our unimaginativeness in other ways, and the instance that I am about to give, a homely one, will perhaps appeal more to people. Lord Curzon presented some valuable books to the Imperial Library. He directed that they should be kept in the Reading Room, in a bookcase by themselves, and he gave as his reason that he wished other Viceroys, seeing them there, "to go and do likewise." (His Lordship's own words—I would not dare put such common words in his mouth.) Lord Curzon could not conceive of any Viceroy as not deeply interested in so radical a part of the provision for the intellectual and spiritual advancement of India as the chief library in the country, and (apart from the utter misunderstanding of Viceroys in general) his thought was right; yet the fact is that no other Viceroy has yet set foot in the library, nor shown any interest in it. A Governor of Bengal visited it once—Lord Carmichael—but he came at our special desire, and he never came again. He would send to us, when he wanted a quotation from Dante verified, and would set us wondering, as the verse was obviously not one to quote in a public speech, to what fair correspondent he was writing; but he never helped us in any way, though in his time, and though we let him know it, we had very pressing need of help that he could have rendered.

I would extend the accusation. Individual Englishmen have desired to help us, have even deeply desired to do so; but there has been too heavy a mass of indifference for anything of great moment to be done. The late Mr. Harinath De, the second Librarian, asked that the library should be made a copyright library. That was fifteen years ago. It is not even now one; but we are glad to say that there is a promise that it shall be one soon.

The state of the case was put most briefly by Mr. Van Manen, the Officiating Librarian from 1919 to 1921. Writing to me early in the last year he said: "the fact is, nobody is interested in the library."

The point of my driving this contention home so is simple. We English have not done too well; but a new hour has struck. The future lies with the Indians themselves. Let them do better. It is a reasonable hope that the interest that the library serves, the cultivation of the things of the mind and spirit, will appeal more to them than it has done to us.

THE PAST.

I wish to make better known what the institution is for which I am pleading, and I cannot do that better than by briefly recounting its history. It was founded by the Government of India, at Lord Curzon's instigation, in 1902. He had found in India no working-place for students of the religion, philosophy, and history of India that could for a moment be compared with the British Museum, or the India Office

Library, or a score of other libraries in Europe. There was very possibly a greater mass of books on India in Berlin at that time than anywhere in India. All we had were the libraries of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, the Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, and the Madras Literary Society's Library; all relatively small collections, and all private. There was one other—the Secretariat Library—and it was on the foundation of it that Lord Curzon proposed to build.

There was another library, the Calcutta Public Library. It was important from Lord Curzon's point of view, but not because of the books in it, which were novels for the greater part, but because of its building—Metcalfe Hall, built by public subscription in Lord Auckland's day. It was much too small to be thought of as more than a temporary home for the Imperial Library; but it would serve admirably as that, and Lord Curzon secured it, with as many of the books in it as were worth keeping.

A building sufficient for a time, the Secretariat Library, a very valuable collection of about 10,000 volumes, most of them about India, and the books of the Calcutta Public Library, when the weeding-out was finished, about 10,000 volumes—those were what we began with twenty years ago. It was something, indeed it was a great deal; but if an Imperial Library had been founded in the time of Warren Hastings, which surely it should have been, by 1902 it would have grown so big, that Metcalfe Hall and 20,000 volumes would almost have been lost in it. So, though we had 20,000 volumes, they were but a fraction of what were wanted, and not a single book of them had been catalogued.

We have many catalogues now, and the advance that has been made in the twenty years can be sufficiently shown by an enumeration of them, and the number of entries in them. Some parts of the library have not yet been catalogued. I will add a summary of them.

Catalogues.

				Entries.
Author-Catalogue of Printed Books in European Languages. With a supplementary list of newspapers.	2	Vols.	1904	24,600
——First Supplement ...	2	„	1917-18	20,000
——Card Catalogue of accessions				15,400
Subject-Index	2	„	1908-10	31,000
——Card Catalogue of accessions				17,600
Card Catalogue of Sanskrit Books ...				2,600
——Bengali Books ...				4,900
Maps				600

Not Catalogued.

Books in European Languages ...	2,000 Vols.
British Parliamentary Blue Books ...	10,000 „
Indian Official Publications ...	50,000 „
United States Congressional Documents	8,000 „
Persian Printed Books ...	(Not counted.)
Urdu Printed Books ...	(Not counted.)
Sanskrit MSS. ...	310

Then as to the constitution and rules of the Library. Many a man has said: "How can I become a member of the Library?" Our answer always is: "You are already a member: you have been a member since you reached the age of 18 years. You only have not known it; but you know it now, and you can begin to make use of the privilege." It is true: every person in India, who is 18 years of age, is a member of the Imperial Library. He or she may walk in whenever it pleases them, and they may take books from it to read at home. If people cannot come, they may have books sent to them. We have sent books as far as to the frontiers of India, and even beyond them. A collection of autographs could be made from our files, which would include the signatures of almost all the notable men in India, whose "trade" compels them to make use of books. They would be men as wide apart as the late Mr. Gokhale and Sir Aurel Stein, Sir Asutosh Mookerjee and Principal Woolner, Sir Surendranath Banerjee, and Dr. Gour, Sir Michael Sadler and Rai Bahadur Dineschandra Sen, the late Dr. Thibaut and Mr. Dodwell, Mr. Salauddin Khuda Bukhsh and the Secretary to the Jain Digambara Sidh Kshetra Sri. The autograph of the last was as quaint a document as one could wish to see. It ran, all without punctuation, as follows: "It was most lucky and cheerful day for me that I visited your Library on the 16th May 1918 last and during the visit I found your manage so nicely arranged that is unmentionable."

THE FUTURE.

The thought that I should write this paper arose out of a visit paid the other day to the Library by Mr. S. K. Agasti, an old friend, and one whom he had brought, Rai Bahadur Radhachurn Pal. These two gentlemen came to ask what we most wanted people to do for us. "Two things," we replied.

We want another building, and for two reasons. The first is that we have so outgrown the accommodation of Metcalfe Hall, that it is now no longer only a question of how to re-arrange the shelving so as to make room for more. We are crowded to such an extent that we cannot do our work properly. There is no need, however, to dwell on one reason, when there is another, and much stronger one.

The other reason is that the Library is being *ruined* by the perishing of the paper of the books. That is not a rhetorical exaggeration, but the literal fact. There is a remedy. It is to have the books transferred to a building in which, by means of an air-conditioning plant, the atmosphere could be rendered innocuous to paper. A uniform temperature and humidity would be maintained, those proved to be the best for paper.

Conditions could be obtained that would be as favourable to paper as those of London or Paris, and there is no reason why they should not be more favourable.

For all the talk there has been about the perishing of paper, it is still far from generally known how completely and utterly a book may perish. Dr. Fermor remarked to me only the other day, that he understood that I contemplated a building for the Imperial Library that should be so large as to provide space in which other librarians in Calcutta should keep anything of great value that was perishing. He went on to say that he and his colleagues, the officials of the Geological Survey of India, would rather have their books close at hand, and let them perish. His thought was that, however books might have perished, they would still be legible. Now a time would come, and it might be soon, when they would not be. A book that has not perished may be thrown on the floor a dozen or twenty or a hundred times. It might part company with the binding ; it might become a collection of loose pages, but it would still be perfectly legible. Let a perished book fall to the floor once, if you are to pick it all up, you must get a shovel and a fine brush. And books perish as completely, turn, that is, to fine dust, while standing, never touched, on shelves. It is not necessary that someone should have let them fall.

The other thing that we wish people to do for us, is to prevent effect being given to a proposal that has been made once, and will no doubt be heard of again—the proposal that the Imperial Library should be moved to Delhi. That would be a wrong thing to do. If it is not to be done, it can only be by persuading people not to do it. Those, first, who have made the proposal, and whose good intention in making it I should be the last to doubt, and, secondly, those other members of the Legislative Assemblies without whose support and votes the proposal could not be carried. That means persuading the educated public of India generally.

There are people who quite honestly think (it is true that they have not thought much about it) that a library simply cannot be the Imperial Library in India if it is not at Delhi. What makes a thing imperial, they think, is precisely its being at the capital. That is not so. Where a thing is counts in itself for nothing. What counts is the service the thing renders. If an institution serves a whole empire, it is imperial, whether it be an army, a library, a geological, zoological, trigonometrical, or other survey, or what.

Consider this. There were admittedly imperial services in India when Calcutta was the capital. Their headquarters were then in Calcutta, or if they were elsewhere, it was not at Delhi. Did they all cease to be imperial, and become local, the moment Calcutta ceased to be the capital, and will they remain local until their headquarters are set up at Delhi. Most of them never will be, and possibly not one of them ever will be.

If being at Delhi was what made an institution in India imperial, then there would now be no imperial institutions in India except such as the sweet-meat shops of the Delhi bazars.

To pass on. What made our library an imperial library from 1903 to 1911 was not its being in Calcutta, but its serving all India, and it is because it serves all India still that it is imperial. It serves all India by sending its books all over India. It could do that as well from Delhi. It serves all India by acquiring books on an imperial, not a local, scale. If it were only a question of money, that could be done as well in Delhi; but it is not only a question of money. To acquire books on an imperial scale is a question of *knowledge* as well as money. There are so many books published in the world, that amounts even larger than our grants could be spent in getting books, not one of which would be of use to any one in India. It would not even be a feat of Mephistophelean ingenuity; it could easily be done.

You must not look to find so much knowledge in the head of a librarian, or in the combined heads of the members of any library staff. The librarian, if the right books are to be acquired, must be in such a position as that of the Chief Librarian of the British Musuem, a man surrounded by carefully chosen representatives of the students of practically every subject that man is studying. The Librarian of the Imperial Library is in very much such a position, while the library remains in Calcutta, and he would be in much such a position, if it were removed to Bombay. He would not be, if it were moved to Delhi, or to the middle of the Sahara Desert. It must not be moved to any place in which the librarian would not be in easy contact with such men as the professors of the Calcutta University and the Calcutta Colleges, the officers of the Geological, Zoological, and other surveys, the medical men, the schoolmasters, and so on. The circle required is even larger than that, for at any moment the man whom a librarian may want to consult may be a manufacturer, or a merchant.

It is, too, not only in connexion with the acquisition of books that there must be men at hand for the librarian to consult. He must be helped in an even more important thing—the indexing of the books. It is a more important matter, and a much more difficult matter. It is more important, because if books in a library are not indexed, most of them will remain unread. The people who would read them have no means of ascertaining that they are there. It is more difficult, because it calls for so much more knowledge.

If the books in a library are to be indexed, it must be largely with the help of volunteers. The London Library Index was compiled with the help of such persons as Professor Ingram Bywater, Dr. Adolphus William Ward, Sir Courtenay Ilbert, Mr. Frederic Harrison, Miss Lee, Dr. Cowley, Professor Bury, and many another.

The argument having led me to the subject of the volunteer labour in a library without which indispensable work cannot be done, this is a good place in which to speak of volunteer labour that hardly belongs to that class. There is always more work to be done in a library than the permanent staff can get through. It may not be work that *must* be done, but it is very valuable. There is hardly anything that can be done in a library that does not prove of value to someone or another, and the number of possible things to do is almost infinite. If they were all done by paid men, the cost would be more than could be borne: so your librarian is always looking about for volunteers. I do so. Perhaps I have not done so in the past as much as I should have done. But work has been done in the Imperial Library by volunteers, and I am confident that more and more will be done. That is, *if the library remains in Calcutta, and is not transplanted to where there are not many educated people.* I hope that is not an unfair description of Delhi.

I will conclude with one more argument against the transfer of the Imperial Library to Delhi. As I have said, it is what an institution does, and not where it is that makes it imperial. So, apart from the acquisition and indexing of books, and getting volunteer labour, it may be said that it does not matter where an imperial library is. *But wherever it is, and it must be somewhere, it will benefit the people of the locality most of all.* There is, then, an obvious advantage in having it in a large city, in a densely populated province. To put it at its very lowest—you want to get as good a return as possible for all the money spent on an imperial library. The money is provided by the whole empire. You cannot have the library everywhere, so that no division of the people should benefit more than others. One division must benefit most of all. Surely there is wisdom in making it the largest you can find? And when that division has been found, and the library has been long established among those people, surely there is wisdom in leaving it alone ?

Some people will say, no doubt, that all this argument only means that Mr. Chapman does not want to live in Delhi himself. It is not so. I should much prefer to live in Delhi.

J. A. CHAPMAN

THE MAN OF STRAW

(*From Sanskrit*)

The lightest things upon this earth
are thistle-down and straw ;
No man may guess the path they trace,
they know but Vāyu's law.
But yet the beggar, whom all know
a man of straw to be,
Keeps on his feet through fiercest storms :
can't you the reason see ?
Vāyu is sore afraid, he knows
the beggar's little game,
In mid-space e'en he'd beg from him ;
so dead he is to shame.

POST-GRADUATE

THE ROSE OF INDIA

ACT I; SCENE II

[*Scene.* Near the Harbour Wharf, Cæsrea, Habban (an Indian Merchant) and Isaac (a Jewish Merchant) discovered.]

Habban—

Nay, for so low a price I dare not give
The Maharajah's diamond. Look again!
Feast thy keen eyes upon the glittering gem.
What size, what flawless purity is here!
Worth half thy temple's treasure, nay the whole.
Isaac, in life's short limit such a chance
Comes once, once only to the luckiest.

Isaac—

O brother Habban, be not too exact
With us poor Cæsarean merchantmen.
Have I not offered thee a goodly price,
One hundred talents, half as much again
As half my substance? Yet I add ten more.

Habban—

Salaam! may be our brother Abraham
Will by more generous offer prove himself
The worthier to possess the priceless stone.

Isaac—

O Habban, stay! though it should ruin me,
I add another five—give me the gem.

Habban—

For twenty more I give it—not a mite
Under that sum may such a diamond buy.

Isaac (coming closer)—

Have we not always been the best of friends?
Have I not sold for friendship's sake, dear Habban,
To thee at my own loss? Dost mind that carpet?
'Tis a life's sorrow thus I let it go!

Habban—

My price is but to mine own self unfair,
And should be thrice as heavy, did my time
Admit delay. Already I should be gone,
And, tide what will, my ship must sail to-night.

Isaac—

Habban, of that twice ten I grant thee nine.

Habban—

A bargain, write; the diamond, it is thine;
And thou hast half the wealth of Lydia.

(*Isaac tremblingly writes money order and grabs at the diamond.*)

Habban (giving money order to servant)—

Draw from the bank these monies, then return,
Bearing the golden talents to the ship.

[*Exit servant.*

Isaac (gleefully)—

This is the day, the day the Lord hath made!

(*Enter St. Thomas, and passing Isaac.*)

St. Thomas—

This night thy soul may be required of thee,
Then whose shall be the wealth thou gloriest in?

[*Exit Isaac with a gesture of indifference.*

Habban—

Doth sight deceive me? Thomas Didymus!

Thomas—

Friend Habban, greeting! Peace be unto thee!

Habban—

Salaam, Mahatmaji! such happy chance
I did not look for, but 'tis omen good
To speed me in my parting from these shores.

Thomas—

So soon thou leavest? When and whither bound?

Habban—

This very night, and where but India?

Thomas—

To India! My fate has met me now.
O Lord, thy will is mighty and prevails
Howe'er men strive against it. I have striven
Since those dread lots in solemn hush were cast,
The world dividing in as many parts
As we are numbered, unto each his share—
To me the mighty plains of India.
And e'en as Jonah shrank from Nineveh
So I from this allotment. How should I,
A Hebrew, teach the dark-skinned multitudes
Of those vast regions towards the rising sun—
How face a people fierce and barbarous?

Habban—

Didst thou in me so read my countrymen?

Thomas—

O gentle Habban, that thy gentleness
Were child of what it seems, the gracious fruit
Of true believing! Yet 'twill come to pass.
But to my own sad tale—I turned away
From that great beckoning out to bring the light
To India's darkness, and took ship instead
To Media—thence to Ethiopia—
To Persians and to Bactrians preached the word,
The Spirit working with me mightily,
Though fleeing from the presence of the Lord.
His thirst for these prevailing against His wrath
On my perverseness. He made use of me
To bring His scattered sheep into His fold.
But, once returned to Jerusalem,
I saw Him in a vision of the night:
Then hid my face and heard His voice again:
"Go now to India, and to those who sit
In darkness, bring the light of endless life."
Then answered I, "Lord, wheresoe'er Thou wilt,
So be it not India!" and the Voice replied,
"Fear not—in thee I will be glorified
And, though thou suffer, will be with thee there.
And when before her nations and her tribes
Thou hast confest my Name, will summon thee
Thence to my Kingdom and thy great reward."
Whereat I murmured, "Lord, Thy will be done";
And taking leave of Peter and the rest
Came straightway hither, by the grace of God.
Scorning temptation's whisper to look back
When once my hand was set unto the plough.
And, Habban, thou those voices once for all
Hast put to silence. Here I find my way
Prepared and ready: and I am ready now
Thy ship waits yonder not for thee alone—
To-night with thee I sail to India.

Habban—

Ishwar be praised ! first for His gift to me
Of thy companionship on watery wastes,
Pledge of safe voyage and propitious winds ;
Next that I now with forehead unabased,
Can in my master's presence-chamber stand ;
For should he at the prices of his gems
Be ill-content, and like a thundercloud
His frown be on his servant, the sky
Shall clear to sunshine on beholding thee.

Thomas—

How should a stranger move him thus to joy ?

Habban—

I shall present thee to his royal grace
Thus saying, " Behold from far Jerusalem
A mighty *Sadhu* and a master hand
In art of building and masonic skill,
Who straightway will at thy command erect
A palace to surpass thy loftiest dream !

Thomas—

Nay, in such craft I have but little skill
My masonry is otherwise applied
And goes to build the New Jerusalem.

(*Re-enter servant.*)

Servant—

The bags of gold are safe within the ship.
The Captain bids my master come with haste,
Since he would anchor weigh at turn of tide.

Habban—

Tell him I come. (*to Thomas*) And thou ?

Thomas—

I go, content
To kiss the coral shores of India.

[*Exeunt*.

(*Sunset glow—flute music—a voice singing.*)

Homeland and hills of mine,
Steeped in the sunset's glow,
Regrets more sweet than you enshrine
No exile's heart can know.

On half my life to-day
The evening shadow falls,
Hands beckon out from far away;
I hear a Voice that calls.

Bring to the barren mount,
Bring to the thirsty plain,
The living well, the sparkling fount,
The gracious letter rain.

So be it—but eyes must weep,
So be it—but hearts must break;
'Twixt two must roll the boundless deep
For a far-off people's sake.

Pass from me, homeland mine.
Fade with the purple glow!
Christ, walk upon the darkening brine,
And meet me where I go!

(*Enter Salome and Mary Magdalene*; *from the other wing men carrying a stretcher.*)

Mary Magdalene (recoiling)—

Ah, who has come to this untimely end—
What soul launched out into Eternity
Less the great tidings and the Faith that save?

Man in the crowd—

Isaac the Jew—he perished suddenly—
Richest of Cæsarea's merchantmen :
A lonely soul withal—he hath no kin.

Mary—

Pity the souls, O Christ, who know Thee not !

[*Exit crowd, etc.*

(*Enter a fisherman and child.*)

Child (running up to Mary)—

O lovely, see what I have found !
It glittered on the roadway in the dust.

(*Shows Maharajah's diamond.*)

Mary (to fisherman)—

It is a wondrous stone. Is this thy child ?

Fisherman—

Ay. Though no fish came to my net to-day,
Belike the toy will pay me for my loss.

Mary (giving it back)—

There is a pearl so wondrous that the wise
Sell all they have to buy it. 'Tis in reach
Of the most childlike and the lowliest.

Salome—

Mary, we must not tarry on our quest,
If we of Thomas yet would take farewell.
God grant we be in time! (*to fisherman*) pray, honest friend,
Sails any ship these days to India ?

Fisherman—

But now one weighs her anchor. Yonder, see,
Habban the merchant sails for India—
Gone with one Thomas of Jerusalem !

(*Salome sinks on her knees. The Magdalene gives a cry of anguish and stretches out her arms towards the sea, where a ship is seen slowly moving outward.*)

END OF ACT I.

(*To be continued.*)

FRANCIS A. JUDD

AUGUST STRINDBERG

III

THE INFERNO-PERIOD—1894-1896

We have slightly deviated from the strict chronological order of events by our references to Strindberg's dramas written after 1896 in order to deal with the question of "theme and treatment" as a continuous narrative and have also noted a significant change in his attitude towards certain problems and in his general outlook on life.[1]

We must now glance back at the particular stage in his life history which is connected with the alarming symptoms of an unbalanced mental condition that began to show themselves in a mild form so early as the year 1884[2] when he entered upon the first phase of his literary career. Premonitory symptoms of mental derangement appeared now and then long before the final break-down of 1894-95.

We have to briefly touch on significant facts in his previous life history which alone can furnish a satisfactory explanation of the baffling problem of his great spiritual crisis at this stage of his growth.

All his life Strindberg was nervously sensitive to impressions, subject to sudden emotional explosions and unusually defiant in spirit.

Never could he trudge regularly along the beaten path of life. His was, indeed, a woe-begone soul wandering lonely like an Ishmael in the pathless desert of human life, possessing a cosmic consciousness bent upon the liberation of his own self as well as of the world at large and always goaded to fitful activity by the chaotic elemental energy to create and destroy. A strange strain of wildness and rebellion runs through his whole career. He attacked every body, every system, every idea with corrosive bitterness and revolutionary recklessness.

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[1] *Cf.* pp. 119, 121 and 122 of January Number of the Calcutta Review, Vol. II, No. 1.

[2] *Cf.* p. 59 of October Number of the Calcutta Review, Vol. I, No. 1.

The nomadic barbarism of this eccentric personality perplexed the critics who hastily condemned him as a loathsome *parvenu* and blasphemous maniac—nay, as the evil incarnate.

Strongly subjective in temperament, he fell at the early age of *nine* desperately in love in a Byronic fashion with the Head Master's little daughter while at the Klara School and again at *fifteen* with a woman twice his age and by the time he reached his *twentieth* year he managed to complete his *eighth* love-affair!

His father's marriage with the house-keeper after his mother's death when he was only thirteen plunged him into morbid moodiness.

At the age of twenty he felt the attractions of the free artistic life on the stage irresistibly but was quickly disillusioned and at once decided on suicide. At another time he feared that he was losing his mental balance and actually applied for admission to an asylum. While at the Upsala University (1867-72) like Shelley he set at naught all academical routine.

As early as 1866 he had become a pronounced free-thinker who cared little for current morals, accepted conventions, social decorum, respectability, restraint on natural impulse or even self-gratification and flung with cynical candour to the winds all reticence on sexual matters. The influence of Byron and Schiller made his revolt complete. It was now that the poison of scepticism entered deeply his very soul and he gave to the world three dramas on religious rebellion and on the conflict between the spirit and the accepted dogmas of the church, such as, "The Free-thinker" (1869), "In Rome" (1870) and "Outlaw" (1871). His mental tension grew abnormally acute when he next produced "Master Olaf"

(1872)—a drama on the soul's crisis full of rebellious self-assertion and the spirit of revolution, combined with spiritual fervour at war with prudence, opportunism, superstition and the avarice of the church. This play is very significant as a remarkable drama of storm and stress.

Then for a time he became the centre of destructive criticism in society and art and of individualistic rebellion against the established order as the head of a Bohemian circle which met in the Red-Room of Berns Restaurant and deliberately proposed to shatter even the established fame of Shakespeare as he had attempted to do that of Dante.

Poverty and struggle ever kept him company in the thousand walks of life into which his unsteady roving spirit and adverse circumstances successively drove him and doubt and discontent took a firm hold of his mind.

His amazing self-contradictions and inconsistencies in ideas and conduct form by themselves an interesting study and make his personality a veritable riddle to mediocre people, unsympathetic readers and conventional critics.

His sex-antagonism, for instance, was egoistic and in sex-relations he was a great sinner having lived too free a life. He may be charged with having injured women as a class and his representation of woman's character in his dramas, novels and short stories is neither quite correct nor fully just. "The Confession of a Fool" (1877-87) as an autobiographical novel contains a horrible confession regarding what he considered his ten years of hellish bondage in marriage and is full of abnormally hideous revelations of personal experiences. Here he is simply furious in his anathema against woman. Yet he was extremely susceptible to feminine charm and invariably fell at the feet of the first woman he came in contact with. At bottom he is an idealist in quest of his holy grail of true love. Similarly though laying himself open to the charge of being a blasphemous woman-hater full of profanities against the sacred tie of marriage and an anarchist regarding family life, he, however, makes the child "the apotheosis of sexual union" and in "Sir Bengt's Wife" (1882) fully recognises the sterling merit of the sacred bond of marriage accepting the inviolable sanctity of "home" and evincing a striking appreciation of the spiritual function of motherhood. Again, all his ardent anti-feminism notwithstanding, in his "Real Utopias" (1885) we have the idealist's sublime vision in respect of the noble future of womanhood in which her claims to equal opportunities with man in every important sphere of life are freely and frankly accepted.

Though hardened by the intense cynicism of something like a misanthrope, his heart was deeply touched by the degradation and poverty of the submerged classes and his tender sympathy for the down-trodden became at times abnormally keen. He actually looked upon the regeneration of man as the one mission of his life. This merciless dissector of all human frailties always retained intact a heart throbbing with compassion.

Once he even became puritanical and extremely eager for *election* but soon there was a reaction against religious formalism and he freely gave himself up to jollity with boon companions and fell a victim to alcohol. This fit of self-indulgence over, he commenced a ruthless self-analysis with the exactitude and accuracy of a scientist surpassing Rousseau and Tolstoy in his bold, frank and truthful self-confession, perfectly free from the sickly sentimentalism of a Byron or an Amiel, and laying bare his failures, infirmities, whims, little slips and escapades as well as sins of a deeper dye with passionate self-accusation after the style of a religious flagellant like St. Augustine, Savonarola or Bunyan in such pieces as "Bondswoman's Son," "Fermentation Time," "In the Red Room" and "The Author"—all belonging to the period of the tumult of his soul (1886-87).

To these scattered evidences of an unbalanced mind we may add a few more facts to complete the picture of the forces that conspired to bring on the awful crisis of 1894-95.

The influence of the Scandinavian rebel Björson whom Strindberg met at Paris about 1884 and temporarily acknowledged as his friend, philosopher and guide and the vengeful fury of his hostile critics in 1889-91 who raised a storm of indignation against him after his divorce with his first wife—Siri von Essen who had scandalously deserted her first husband Baron Wrangel, Captain of the Life Guards—had their share in creating a serious mental disturbance. To the awful experiences of a wild spirit roving without a fixed abode and fixed aim in life goaded by intellectual ferment and divine discontent were added terrible blunders in family matters and in relation to love affairs. These were combined with the pessimism and cynicism of a profane satirist and a merciless analyser and critic of things generally held sacred. Next followed the hallucinations of a delirious visionary haunted as a spiritualist and "medium" by the spectre of a persecution mania. On top of all these sufferings and trials came at last his second unhappy marriage in April 1893 with Fraülein Frida Uhl, the young Austrian girl in Berlin from Vienna and its bitter consequences. He headed straight towards the severe mental and moral crisis of 1894-95, the culminating point in the Inferno-period of his existence which meant a catastrophe of which the significance can hardly be over-rated.

Strindberg was all his life full of strange abnormalities usually associated with erratic genius which prove the greatest stumbling-block to success in life and internal peace as much as to the general appreciation of greatness in such a person.

Comparisons have been made between him and Rousseau (of the *Confessions* and *Reveries*) and, even if we pronounce him to have become temporarily insane, his madness must be considered to be of a peculiar type like that of Tasso, Cellini, Blake, Lamb or Poe.

Alienists have made a diagnosis of his psycho-pathological condition and given hard technical names to his morbid state. It was surely a case of hyperœsthesia making the patient particularly supersensitive to the occult. He possessed rare gifts of a somnambulistic consciousness, of telepathy and clair-audience but his knowledge of scientific psychical researches was extremely limited and his ideas of modern psychology very crude. He busied himself with uncanny experiments in his solitary laboratory—experiments in Physics and Chemistry were with him as with Shelley quite a rage—turned to medical studies to discover life's riddle and plunged recklessly into the Serbonian bog of Alchemy. He then claimed weird visions and abnormal psychical experiences to which he ascribed a supernatural origin and which he interpreted as full of spiritual import. His energies were also concentrated upon vigorous efforts to successfully combat the influence of his former materialistic mentality and sceptical tendency and though in a manner highly profitable to his further development the severe strain of the conflict brought on a serious nervous depression ending in a complete break-down.

(*To be continued*)

JAYGOPAL BANERJEE

THE ABBASIDS IN ASIA

III

As soon as the news of his father's illness reached Amin he sent a reliable friend to Khorasan with three letters which were to be delivered simultaneously on the news of the death of the Caliph. One was meant for Mamun, and contained an order for immediate homage and surrender of the governorship of Khorasan. The other two were for his younger brother Saleh and the *Wazir* Al-Fadhl Ibn Rabia, who was forthwith commanded to return with the army to Baghdad. On the death of his father Mamun, with a small portion of the troops, was in Merv, and it was therefore easy for Ibn Rabia, who was in Tus, to return home with the army. Although this was a distinct violation of the will of Harun, according to which the army was to be at the disposal of Mamun for fighting the rebels in Khorasan. When Mamun was informed of these happenings at Tus he, at the instance of his faithful Fadhl Ibn Sahl, sought to remind the troops of their duty to follow him. But his messenger was treated with scorn and had even to put up with many insults to his master. Now Mamun was faced with the alternative of either complete surrender or open defiance. Ibn Sahl counselled the latter course on the ground that Mamun, being of Persian descent, could always count upon Persian support. While Mamun was guided by Ibn Sahl, himself of Persian origin, Amin selected as his counsellor Ibn Rabia, of Syrian descent. The fight between the two brothers—scarcely of twenty-four summers—assumed a dangerous complexion by the fact that it was really waged by two men who were inspired by personal animosity and national hatred towards each other, and were aspiring to the *wazirat* like the two brothers who were intensely eager to snatch at the throne

Even in the past Ibn Rabia's father embodied the Arab hopes and aspirations. On the execution of Abu Muslim he was appointed *Wazir* by Mansur. Ibn Rabia was the bitterest enemy of the Barmacides (whom he strenuously strove to bring under the suspicion of being Magians), and to the Barmacides Ibn Sahl owed his position at the Court. The war between the two brothers and their Wazirs therefore assumed the character of a war between the East and the West, between the Persian and the Arab nationalities. Amin, led by Ibn Rabia, allowed himself to drift more and more into the path of violence. Only a portion of the provinces originally allotted to Kasim he permitted him to retain. He appointed his son Musa as third in the order of succession. Mamun, at last, broke openly with his brother, and set himself up as an independent ruler. Thereupon Amin entered into fresh negotiations with him. He suggested Mamun as second but Musa as first in the order of succession. He called upon Mamun to remit a portion of the revenue of Khorasan to him and to come to Baghdad to do homage to his nephew as the next Caliph of the Muslim world. Mamun hesitated, because, forsaken by the Caliph, he thought he could not alone fight the enemies in the East and the North of Khorasan: the prince of Kabul, the Khaqan and the rebellious Turkoman. Ibn Sahl, however, persuaded him to grant concessions to foreign enemies; even to form alliances with them, and all this to keep his hand free against Amin. Amin thereupon declared his brother a rebel, and caused homage to be done to his son Musa (810) as the first, and his second son Abdullah as next in the order of succession, and despatched 50,000 men to Persia against Mamun.

At Rai these troops were surprised by the Persian Tahir Ibn Husain, who commanded Mamun's vanguard. Their leader fell in the fight, and the army took to flight. Informed of this victory Mamun had himself proclaimed Caliph, and issued orders to Tahir to advance against Baghdad. Tahir, after defeating a second army of Amin at Hamadan, advanced without opposition to the neighbourhood of Hulwan, where he took up a strong position. So great was the consternation at Baghdad that only with difficulty could Amin find generals to face or fight Tahir. When at last the army was on its way to Hulwan, Tahir caused a report to be circulated through his spies in the camp that Amin was lavishly distributing money among the garrison of the capital. This called forth great indignation among the troops, who refused to proceed further, and forthwith returned home. In two great divisions Mamun's forces now advanced nearer and nearer Baghdad: one division under Tahir from the south across Khuzistan, Basra and Wasit and another under Harthama, by the nearest route, across Khanikin and Nahrawan. After defeating the troops of Amin at Ahwaz, Tahir met with no serious resistance. Kufa, Basra and Wasit welcomed him with open arms. Even Arabia declared for Mamun. Harthama, who came from the north-east, won a victory over the enemy at Nahrawan, 12 miles from Baghdad, and took possession of the town. While Tahir, from south-east, advanced as far as Sarfar, nine miles from the capital.

Amin's troops chiefly consisted of the Iraqians who, on every occasion, proved themselves cowards and traitors. The Syrians, on whom he mainly relied in the war against the Khorasanis, looked upon this fratricidal feud with malicious joy, and sought to use it for shaking off the hateful Abbasid yoke. They would have succeeded too in their attempt had it not been for the ancient hatred between the Kaisite and the Kalbite, which stood in the way of their union and co-operation. After his attempt to bribe Tahir's troops had failed, Amin could do nothing but defend the capital as best he might. But one by one his generals went over to the enemy, and as early as March 812 Tahir obtained possession of a portion of the eastern Town. Nevertheless, on account of the many canals which intersected the town, and the well-fortified castles which it contained within its walls, almost every street had to be conquered with the sword or destroyed by fire and throwing-machines with the result that the delightful residence of the Caliph was changed in this war into a dust-heap. A conspiracy in favour of Mamun failed because of the opposition of the people, who feared the Khorasanis. Thus the siege was protracted until September 813, when the eastern portion of the town was surrendered to the troops of Tahir, who soon crossed the Tigris and surrounded the City of Peace built by Mansur, wherein lay the castle of the Caliph.

At one time Amin, with his seven thousand Cavalry thought of bursting his way through the troops of Tahir, and repairing to Syria, but his suite dissuaded him from this course, and thus there was nothing left to him but to surrender. So great, however, was his aversion for Tahir, that he wished to surrender, not to him, but to Harthama. But when, on the night of the 24th of September, he was crossing the Tigris on a boat with Harthama to go over to his camp, he was pursued by Tahir's troops, who threw stones at the boat until it sank. Harthama was saved by a sailor, but Amin, who managed to swim across the bank, was seized and brought to a house where he was beheaded by some Persians. Possibly this was at the instance of Mamun. Possibly out of anger and resentment that he did not seek the protection of Tahir, Tahir had him killed. It is difficult to decide what the real motive was for the deed.

Amin's death did not, however, restore peace to the deeply-shaken empire. The treachery of Tahir provoked such anger in Baghdad that he could only save himself by a speedy flight. But when, once again, he occupied the town with re-inforced soldiery, unrest showed itself in the provinces, engineered by men who saw with indignation the Arabs and the old Muslim population of Iraq and Arabia ruled by the Persians, who were partly non-Muslims and partly recent converts whose acceptance of Islam was neither genuine nor sincere.

Even the Alides made use of the aversion of the Arabs from the Persian regime, and put forward afresh their claims to the Caliphate. They gradually became masters of Rakkah, Kufah, Basra, Wasit and the whole of Arabia. In the spring of 815 they even occupied Madain, and arranged to advance against the capital. Their fall, however, was more sudden than their rise. As soon as Harthama assumed command of the troops of Mamun, he received at many places support even from the earlier adherents of the Alides themselves, who found with sorrow and grief that these descendants of the Prophet, like other rulers, yielded to violence, cruelty and all manner of excesses. But, for his brilliant feats of arms, Harthama was ill-paid. After his victory over the rebels he wished to travel to Mamun (who resided more and more in Merv), to advise him to repair to Iraq, to prevent fresh insurrection there, and to prevail upon him to appoint in place of the hated Persian Hasan Ibn Sahl, brother of Fadhl, another as governor of Iraq.

Fadhl, however, tried his utmost to thwart this intention. He represented to the Caliph that Harthama's long absence would spell disaster to Mamun's cause, and persuaded him to appoint Harthama governor of Syria and Arabia, and to issue orders to him forthwith to proceed to Damascus. But despite this Harthama,—relying upon the services rendered to the Caliph, and incited by his hatred for the sons of Sahl—made his journey to Merv. For this he was treated by Mamun as a rebel, and was thrown into prison, where, after a few days, Fadhl murdered him.

The murder of Harthama aroused in Baghdad and the whole of Iraq no less indignation than did the murder of Amin. Even before this shameful deed a mutiny of the soldiers—because of the reduction of their pay—had broken out in Baghdad and was put down with great difficulty.

Now fresh troubles arose, in which some of the disaffected generals of Hasan Ibn Sahl took part, and even Tahir —lying inactive at Rakkah and jealous of Hasan Ibn Sahl—was not altogether free from blame. The Prefect of Baghdad was expelled from the town (July-August, 816) and Fadhl Ibn Rabia—the hitherto concealed *wazir* of Amin—once again stepped into light and led the movement. In the battle against Hasan before the walls of Wasit, the rebel leader unfortunately fell, and his son, who assumed the chief command after him, was bribed by Hasan, with the result that he did not press the fight against him; in fact, he eventually went over to his side. In addition to this, the wealthy portion of the population were longing for peace; for the political confusion was made use of by the populace for the purposes of robbery and plunder.

Thus this insurrection, too, ended in a voluntary submission.

Mamun, however, soon flung fresh combustible material amidst the inflammable Arab population of Iraq, Syria and Mesopotamia. His *Wazir* Fadhl impressed upon him that all rebellions hitherto had been due to the affection of the Arabs for the Alides; that the Omayyads were overthrown by the Shiite doctrines, that the whole of Persia accepted these doctrines; and that Mansur and Harun were wrong in rejecting and repudiating them.

He counselled the Caliph to revert to Shia-ism, and, as a sign and symbol of his good faith, to appoint an Alide as his successor, and to give one of his daughters in marriage to him.

To unite the Abbasids and the Alides and to effect a reconciliation between them and to restore peace, was a plan thoroughly commendable in itself; but, to be effective, it should have been taken up and carried out much earlier. Under Mamun no such reconciliation was possible. The Alides could not forget how much of their blood had been shed since Mansur, and, once restored to power, it was inconceivable that they should not wreak vengeance on the earlier supporters of the Abbasids. These latter were well aware of this fact. Moreover they had been too long in possession of power to share it with others without bitterness or opposition. They, moreover, knew that in the capital there was no genuine sympathy for the Alides; that in Basra the supporters of Othman were always in a majority; that Syria was ever loyal to the Omayyads and that in Mesopotamia, where the free Arabs of the tribe of Rabiya constituted the bulk of the population, every monarchical state, and most of all one founded on the Shiite doctrines of transmigration of the soul and the Incarnation of Divinity, was absolutely distasteful, positively hateful to them. Worst of all—they regarded this political revolution as the work of the odious Fadhl—known as a Shiite and a free-thinker—who was steadily enslaving the Arabs to the Persian yoke, and was striving for the transformation of Islam by means of ideas—Indian and old-Persian.

As soon as the Prefect of Baghdad called upon the people and the troops to swear allegiance to Ali Ibn Musa—the son-in-law elect—as the next Caliph (April, 817) after Mamun, two parties were formed. The moderates contented themselv with refusing to swear allegiance to him and proclaimin Ibrahim, the son of Mahdi, as successor to the Caliph Mamun; but the other party insisted on deposing Mamun and doing homage straightaway to Ibrahim. After long and painful discord and unrest the latter succeeded, and on the 24th of July, Ibrahim appeared in the mosque as the Commander of the Faithful.

Ibrahim was scholarly and of winning personality. A good poet, orator, musician was he but wholly without the talents of a prince or the qualities of a general. The commanders chosen by him were unreliable and faithless and they abandoned him as soon as good luck began to desert him. Mamun's altered politics contributed more than either the incapacity of Ibrahim or the worthlessness of his generals towards the speedy restoration of his rule over the whole of Iraq. Mamun, though still under the influence of Fadhl and the Persians, discovered the true reasons for all these insurrections and revolts, and was soon convinced that unless he altered his policy Iraq, Mesopotamia, Syria and all the western provinces would slip away from his hands and he would be reduced to a mere shadow, a will-less instrument of the Persians. No sooner, therefore, had he heard that Ibrahim was proclaimed Caliph; that even Hira, Kufa and other places had partly declared for him and were partly occupied by his troops; than he set out from Merv, ostensibly to lead an army against the rebels. On the way he caused his *Wazir* to be murdered in his bath, and his Alide son-in-law to be poisoned; but, in order to keep the Persians in hand and to avoid the appearances of concession to the rebels, he affected deep sorrow, set a price on the head of the murderer, appointed Hasan (hitherto Governor of Iraq) brother of the murdered Fadhl, his *Wazir*, and Ibrahim, a brother of the poisoned Alide, Governor of Yaman and the Leader of the Pilgrims. Hasan, however, could not take up his post as *Wazir*, being insane, or at least being treated as such until Mamun had firmly established his rule over Iraq. Then he appointed him Governor of Wasit. While, in outer seeming, Mamun ruled as an absolute despot—his emissaries used the death of Fadhl and of the Alide, as also the removal of Sahl from the governorship of Iraq, to bring about the downfall of Ibrahim. In June 819 Ibranim was forced to renounce the throne, and a few weeks later Mamun was saluted as Caliph at Baghdad. As soon as the Arabs were reconciled with Mamun, the Persians, under the leadership of Babak, rose against him. Babak who belonged to the extreme Shiite sect, professed himself to be, according to one report, an incarnation of divinity;

but in any case, he was, not unlike Mamun, a free-thinker and a disbeliever in revelation. He believed in the old natural religion of the Persians, to which, in process of time, was grafted from India the doctrine of the transmigration of the soul—made use of for political purposes.

So great was Babak's following that he managed to defy the might of Mamun throughout his reign; and only under his successor—after fighting for sixteen long years against the troops of the Caliph for the mastery of Northern Persia—was he conquered not by force but by fraud and cunning. Mamun carefully concealed his unbelief, and yet he did not hesitate to drink wine openly and to adopt not only the free doctrines of the Mutazalites but also to press them on his subjects. Later he even stepped forward, once again, as the supporter of the Alides and the Persians. He married one of his daughters to the son of the poisoned heir to the throne[1] and took the daughter of Hasan Ibn Sahl as his wife. He conferred the governorship of Khorasan on the Persian Tahir; that of Syria, Mesopotamia and Egypt on his son, Abdullah; and that of Sindh on a son of the Barmacide Yahya. He testified and emphasised his love for the Alides by ordaining severe punishment for those who spoke well of Moawiya or ill of Ali. Mamun was, indeed, an oriental despot in the fullest sense of the term. Not only did he regulate the affairs of his subjects, but he also presumed to guide their thoughts and shape their religious views. This spiritual tyranny—hitherto unheard of—weighed heavily on the Arabs and was all the more intolerable to them as it did not proceed from a religious fanatic, but from one who was not himself a true believer—and yet one who far outdistanced the orthodox in his proselytising activity and intolerant zeal.

The doctrine of the 'created character' of the Qur'an, adopted by Mamun, met with the stoutest resistance, but notwithstanding all inquisition and all efforts to put into prison the defenders of the opposite view, namely, the 'eternal character' of the Qur'an, many distinguished theologians remained true and loyal to it.

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[1] Ali-Al-Reza, son of Musa-ul-Kazim who perished in the prison of Mahdi.

Philosophical and theological interests did not draw off Mamun from an active life. He exchanged embassies with the Frankish and Indian princes, and undertook several campaigns against the Emperor Theophilus, who, in conjunction with Babak, sought to wipe away the disgrace inflicted upon him by Mamun's predecessor (830-33).

Mamun even repaired to Egypt—the scene of continual revolts and civil war. But before Mamun, Abdullah Ibn Tahir had to go with an army to Egypt (826), to expel the Andalusian emigrants who had settled in Lower Egypt, and had made common cause with the discontented Copts and some Bedouin chiefs, and to punish the governor, who had taken up the attitude of an independent chief towards the Caliph. After the departure of Abdullah, who had at first to fight Babak in Adherbaijan, and then to assume charge of the governorship of Khorasan, the oppressions of the Lieutenant-Governor called forth fresh troubles, which assumed a more and more portentous character, until Mamun proceeded to Egypt (832) with a powerful army, and caused the rebels who would not submit partly to be beheaded and partly to be transported to Iraq.

Theophilus not only failed to win laurels in Asia Minor but also had to suffer the loss of Sicily, like Michael II who had to bear the loss of Crete. Crete was conquered by the Andalusians expelled from Egypt (832), while the Greek fleet lay at anchor before Constantinople for the protection of the capital against Thomas. Sicily was brought under the Muslim yoke by Ziadat-ullah (son of Ibrahim), the founder of the Aghlabide dynasty.

This prince who began to rule in the year 817[1] directed his attention primarily to the fleet. Hemmed in between the

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[1] See Lane-Poole, Moh. Dynasties, p. 36.

Abbasids and the Idrisides he could only look to the extension of his dominion in the interior of Africa—barren and difficult to govern. An efficient navy not only promised rich booty from the islands of the Mediterranean and the French and the Italian coasts but also was a sure and necessary protection against the Greek, Norman and French conquerors and freebooters.

Even before 822 he undertook an expedition to the Island of Sardinia, which had already been attacked by the African and the Spanish moors, but was saved by the timely aid of the Franks. Even Sicily had suffered several predatory expeditions since the settlement of the Arabs in the neighbourhood of Carthage. Traitorous Christians, here, as earlier in Egypt, Carthage, Spain, helped the Muslim conquest. Euphemius, a Byzantine general, threatened by the Cæsar with punishment for a serious crime, rebelled, took possession of the town of Syracuse, and killed the imperial prefect. The Cæsar sent Photin with an army to Sicily, and Photin drove away Euphemius and his adherents from the Island. He fled to Ziadat-ullah to Africa, concluded an alliance with him, and landed at Mazzara in the summer of 827. Asad-Ibn-ul-Farat, the African admiral, defeated Photin in the neighbourhood of Platana and forced him to withdraw to Enna. From Platana the Arabs, who received re-inforcement from Africa, and were also assisted by the Spanish navy, gradually extended their rule over the whole Island. They even laid waste later the whole of Lower Italy, and on one occasion advanced as far as the suburbs of Rome. Messina fell in 831. Palermo in 832. Only Enna held out till 859, and Syracuse till 878.

The rule of the Arabs over Sicily was a gain, not to the Abbasids, but to Islam. In fact the more powerful the Aghlabides grew, the greater became their independence of the Caliphs. When he took up the reins of government Ziadat-ullah, in outer seeming, sought official recognition from Mamun as governor of Africa, but he threatened to go over to the

Idrisides when it was required of him that he should mention Abdullah Ibn Tahir, the chief governor of the West, in the prayers, and in certain measure acknowledge him his superior officer.

In point of fact, under Mamun, Africa was practically cut off from the Caliphate.

(*To be continued*)

S. KHUDA BUKHSH

THE POND-HERON

One of the commonest birds in Bengal is the Pond-heron or Paddy-bird. My official duties are unfortunately not of a peripatetic nature and therefore I have not had the opportunity of observing whether this interesting bird is as exceedingly common in other parts of India as it is in Bengal. For many years have I been a resident in Bengal, and during the course of my stay in that Presidency I saw more pond-herons than I have ever seen since I left it.

It is a noteworthy fact that certain species of birds are found in great numbers in particular districts. For instance, Mr. D. Dewar has noticed that a certain well-known town, which it would be best not to name, is infested with cuckoos of many kinds,—so much so, that he thinks the place might well be named Cuckooabad. To take another example, the Delhi district is full of doves. You see them all over; in the garden, in the streets, in the fields, and all along the telegraph wires bordering the railway lines. In the same way Bengal is full of cocoanut-palms, ponds—and pond-herons! Of course, pond-herons are so numerous in Bengal because of the damp marshy nature of the country. It is hard to conceive a pond-heron in a locality where there is no water: one might as well search for a party of noiseless babblers, which, as everyone knows, are instruments of torturing cacophony.

The pond-heron is easily recognised and is familiar to most bird-lovers in this country, but a brief description may not be out of place here. It is a thin, or a better word would be "lean," bird, with a body about as big as that of a common house-crow, and, after the fashion of the herons, it has a long neck, a long bill, and long legs. If I were to stop here, this description could be applied to quite a number of Indian birds, but by adding a few words about colour, my description can apply to no other bird but to a pond-heron. It is for the most part a white bird, but its back and shoulders are of a dull, inconspicuous drab hue. I may add that the head and neck are not pure white, but this is a detail which is of no consequence to the bird-lover who is not an ornithologist. The peculiar drab in the pond-heron's plumage helps to single this species out from all other birds with which it can be confounded. Those who advocate the theory of "protective coloration" will tell you that this drab garb is a wonderful device which affords protection to its wearer. This may be so, but I should like to know how this ingenious theory could be applied in the case of the Snowbunting which turns darker in winter in its snowy habitat! Nevertheless, the pond-heron does appear to furnish a good example of the use of protective colours. In its natural surroundings, at the edge of a muddy pool, especially if the bird is in the shadow of a tree,the pond-heron is not easy for the novice to find. Its huddle attitude results in the whiteness of its wings being hidden by its drab feathers which assimilate with the colour of the mud. Moreover, activity is not a strong characteristic of the pond-heron, and it will not readily fly if it can possibly avoid taking wing. Once it flies, however, an astonishing change takes place, with the same suddenness as the designs formed by the pieces of coloured glass in a kaleidoscope vary. From being a dull mud-coloured bird, this heron is transformed into a beautiful creature which flies off on a pair of snowy pinions. For this reason, I believe, it has been called the "Surprise-bird."

Pond-herons are always found in the vicinity of water, for their food consists of fishes, frogs and the like. Sometimes you may notice in the open fields, among the cows and buffaloes, a few white birds with long necks and feet. These are not pond-herons but cattle-egrets, a closely allied species. But, as I have just pointed out, pond-herons are inconspicuous birds when at rest, whereas, most of the other birds which at all resemble pond-herons, have more white in their plumage, and this colour stands out rather prominently.

The alpha and omega of a pond-heron's life seems to be summed up in two words, "eat" and "sleep," except during the breeding season, when domestic duties demand some attention. Early in the morning the pond-heron flies off to his or her favourite pool, and here the day, or the major portion of it, is spent. The bird will stand motionless in a most stupid attitude, waiting with feet just covered by the water, for any unfortunate fish or frog that is foolish enough to come within range of its dagger-like bill. When this happens, the bird darts forward with fiendish delight, and with an accuracy of stroke that seldom fails. When tired of standing in one particular spot, it flies off to another suitable site, or perchance, takes a few minutes' nap on some shady tree not far off. But presently it returns for further feeding, and so the day is spent. When the mantle of night begins to wrap the earth the pond-heron wings its way with a regular flapping flight to the dormitory, and, in the company of other boon companions, falls asleep amid the branches of some sheltering tree. Verily, such life is care-free and a happy one!

During the monsoon months, the pond-herons and other water birds breed. Have you ever seen a company of nesting pond-herons? If not, it is a sight worthy of attention and study. Many birds select a particular site and construct a nest thereon where no other birds can worry them. Others build in the one bush or tree along with one or two pairs of their kind, or even in the company of birds of another species. Some again nidificate in colonies, as in the case of gulls, weaver-birds, or swifts. To this last class the pond-herons also belong. When the nesting time is near, many pairs may be observed carrying materials away for the construction of their nests. These are not works of architectural merit, for they are rough-and-ready stick-nests of the oridinary cup shape. Many pairs build on the same tree, or among one particular clump of trees, so that a large number of nests are to be found close together. I once came across five nests on one branch and all of these nests were touching one another. All over Bengal colonies of breeding herons may be found at the right time. In Calcutta itself, the trees in and near the lake in the Zoological Gardens are a favourite resort. Outlying stations, such as Dum Dum, Sodepore and Garia, are also favourite haunts. Not only do pond-herons breed in colonies composed of several pairs, but they also appear to have no objection to night-herons, cattle-egrets, and cormorants nidificating along with them. The result can well be imagined. Scores of nests of all these species may be found in a very small area. The pond-heron lays four or five greenish-white eggs which measure about 1·48 × 1·17 inches. A young pond-heron is an ugly object far from good to look upon, so the less said about it the better. As is to be expected a good deal of noise is heard in the vicinity of a colony of breeding birds. These noises are horrible guttural squawks and croaks by no means pleasing to the ear. The nesting birds are not at all shy and will allow one to stand below and watch them for hours, but the general appearance of a colony of breeding herons is *rather* untidy. Though night-herons, pond-herons, cattle-egrets and cormorants breed together, I have never seen any hybrids nor have I heard of any, so that these species apparently do not breed *inter se.*

The pond-heron is also known as the paddy-bird, because it is found in paddy-fields. Another good name for it may be puddle-heron. It has a host of vernacular names, but in Bengali it is called the *Bagla.* Ornithologists have bestowed on this unfortunate bird the scientific name of *Ardeola grayi.*

After all, the pond-heron although it is not a bird of particularly gaudy plumage, wonderful voice, or extraordinarily strange habits, it is still one of those birds which demand attention, and we must not neglect our familiar feathered friend in order to pay attention to the more attractive species. The commonest birds are always worthy of study.

S. BASIL-EDWARDES

VENGEANCE IS MINE

[*Synopsis of previous chapters.*—Nilkanthrai, an officer of Ratnagadh State, died, leaving his wife Gunavanti and his only son Jagat (a boy of about twelve) quite destitute. They were taken charge of by Raghubhai, the Kotwal of Ratnagadh, who promised to look after them and took them home, because he was bound to Nilkanthrai by ties of the deepest gratitude. Raghubhai's wife Kamala was a woman who paid unquestioning obedience to her lord. He had a baby daughter also, Rama by name. Harilal and his daughter Tanman came to live for a short time near Raghubhai. Jagat and the girl soon grew so fond of each other that Tanman practically lived with Gunavanti. Ramkisandasji, an old and tried friend of Gunavanti was a *Sannyasi* who lived in an ancient temple of Ramchandra outside the town. He took the two children there one night to hear some sacred music and there before the altar of the Deity they plighted their troth to each other, scarce knowing what they did. Soon after this, Harilal was transferred to another town and Tanman went away leaving Jagat heart-broken at the parting. Just abont that time Anantanand, a most remarkable man, and the chief worker at the Varat monastery, came to Ratnagadh to ask for the continuance of the state grant which Varat had enjoyed for centuries, but which Revashankar, the niggardly Divan, had stopped. Anantanand even approached the Prince Jasubha (an easy-going but astute man) with his request but it was not granted. Raghubhai was all this time busy with his own little game of supplanting Revashankar in office and at the same time he felt himself strongly attracted by the widow Gunavanti. She repulsed his advances with scorn and one night when he tried to use force she jumped out of the window and sought the aid of old Ramkisandasji. The old man punished the Kotwal in his own summary way by tying him to a rope and leaving him dangling inside the well in his own garden. Meanwhile Ranubha, the faithful kinsman and courtier of the Prince, who had a deep reverence for Anantanand, felt himself powerless to stop the intrigues going on around him. To add to the complications, Champa a singularly attractive dancing girl from Bombay, had been brought over by Jasubha to beguile his weary monotonous life in the insipid little town where he ruled. The Queen of Jasubha grew jealous of Champa, so the Prince, who had noted the quiet passion of Ranubha for the girl, made her over to the latter's protection. Raghubhai tried to get into the good graces of this new favourite, but here in the very beginning he was met by Anantanand, who told him openly that he would get crushed if he crossed his path. Raghubhai had also heard an old retainer recognise Anantanand and address him as his "Sovereign Prince," which set him thinking. He found out that at the time of the death of Jasubha's father there was a certain *Sannyāsi* present, whose name was Amoghanand.]

CHAPTER XIII

THE FALLEN WOMAN

Champa—the careless, shameless public woman, Champa—had been experiencing strange sensations during the last three days. The world, which she had been wont to look upon with supreme contempt ever since her childhood, the world, from the filth and sin of which she had learned to extract the gross and fleeting pleasures of the body, that world she now found slipping from under her feet. Jasubha came and went; Ranubha pleaded, quarrelled and got reconciled by turns; and she was still a public woman by force of habit, and still acted her part by selling her body. But unexpected thoughts had begun to crowd in upon her brain; her mind had begun to experience feelings never known by her before. After all these years she began to feel dissatisfied for the first time with her lot and for the first time she felt the need of deep thought, of taking a fresh measure of her life. At first she scarce understood what it all meant; but the distant clatter of wooden sandals and the clashing of a staff upon the polished floor, set her heart trembling as if she had heard in thunder the voice of God. Her studied indifference was gone. The modesty of a blooming virgin—a thing she had so long regarded with supreme contempt—was upon her now and she was frequently overcome by that feeling.

Anantanandji used to come twice or thrice daily to the rooms of Ranubha to meet some one or other. It was but seldom that Champa saw him face to face, but she paid all her soul's homage to him. Between her room and that of Ranubha was an ancient casement which had not been opened for generations. There was not even a chink in it to peep through; and yet she sat there and listened eagerly to all the voices from the next room. And she thirsted for the sound of one particular voice—a voice that was firm and strong to convert any listeners, that changed from gentle to severe as need arose, and always thrilled all hearts by its indescribable sweetness—she listened for that voice and lived upon the treasured memories of the words it had uttered. Even in the aristocratic drawl of Jasubha's words and in the loving converse of Ranubha she seemed to hear but the wondrous echoes of Anantanand's strong and strength-giving words.

One morning Champa was sitting and waiting—she could scarce have confessed even to herself, for whom. Champa was at that moment experiencing the subtle thrills of love and worship, as they rippled on in a continuous stream towards him, whose coming she was awaiting so anxiously. At such moments this stream of love and worship is replete with the joy and sweetness of uncreated poetry—a joy beyond the power of words to express, a sweetness almost too intense to be endured.

She heard footsteps; her heart was all in a flutter. The steps drew nearer—and Champa's hope was clouded over with the darkness of disappointment. The approaching feet were not shod with wooden sandals but with leather shoes. The concentrated agony of innumerable disappointments overcomes every lover at such moments. Champa sighed; but at the same moment came another thought:

"I am Champa, the fallen woman; what is this the matter with me."

Ranubha came in: "Well, Champa, you are deep in thought?"

"Oh, no; not at all."

"But your face is very solemn."

With supreme effort Champa recovered herself.

"Did you not always advise me to be serious? Now I have begun to take your advice."

"Champa, you are always ready to take my advice. But can you not make even the least return for my love."

"Why are you harping on the same thing all day? Have I not told you already that I would try to like you as much as is possible for one like me? Can I do anything more? I am not a deceiver, Ranubha. I like you very much; indeed, I admire you. But how can I give you what is not within me. Love and myself are utter strangers." Thus pleaded Champa and sighed without being aware of it.

"Thanks, even for what you *have* given," said Ranubha, and he put his hand upon Champa's shoulder.

Champa removed his hand. During the last few days she had begun to get disgusted with her life of sin and shame. She had begun to look down with loathing upon the experiences of her daily life to which she had so long been accustomed.

Ranubha's hungry soul was deeply wounded at this repulse. He looked at her with sorrow and regret and began:

"Champa [1] hath both shape and colour,
Scent as well,—all virtues three"

The sweet melodious voice of Champa took up the quotation; the room was vibrating to her silvery notes; but there was an inexpressible despair throbbing through them:

"But, alas, some unknown fault
Still keeps away from her—"

The verse was never finished; she could not utter the last words—"the bee." The door leading to the back staircase opened and Anantanandji entered. They felt like children caught in the act of eating stolen sweets. Champa shrank within herself for pure shame, and drew her *sari* over her face. She blushed crimson and lifted up her trembling hands in salutation.

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[1] The flower of that name.

"Ranubha, who were appointed to-day in the royal household?"

Ranubha gave the names; they were those dictated to Raghubhai by the Swami.

"Very good," said the Swami with a smile. "And Ranubha," he added with quaint humour, "I had never believed that you two could have got along so friendly. Considering your education and the ideals of your life, this has been rather unexpected."

"Maharaj, do *you* also say so? Of course you cannot have had this experience; but surely you can understand. My heart once was empty, it is now so no longer. I was once alone, now my soul has found out its partner. Maharaj, I now want your blessings." The Swami heard this confession as a father might listen to a confession of his mistakes by a foolish son, and smiled indulgently. More eloquent than the words was the face of Ranubha, and the love shining from his eyes bore full testimony to the truth of what he felt in his heart.

"Champa, here is another great trust for you. On the one side Ranubha, on the other Jasubha. Now *you* shall have to make both lead lives worthy of themselves. You *must* do it!"

Champa wanted to fall down at his feet; she had an overpowering desire to cool her thirsting soul by kissing his feet; but she restrained herself. Her brain was whirling.

"*I* fit for such work! *I*, a low, fallen—"

"No. Never say that again. None is low and fallen. Aim at greatness and greatness shall be yours. To believe yourself low or fallen is to tie yourself to a chain that drags you down."

After a while the Swamiji smilingly took his leave. The two, who were left behind, gazed for a while at each other.

"Champa, did I not tell you, the Swamiji is quite different from all the rest? Who else would have thus forgiven us our shortcomings?"

Champa hung down her head in confusion.

Ranubha too had noted the change that had been coming over her, and he felt that under the Swamiji's guidance Champa would improve. She would soon become steadier, and renouncing her old ways would become a decent woman and be only his henceforth—such was the dream he had begun to dream.

But Champa was asking herself: "Is it true that in this world there are none fallen?"

CHAPTER XIV

RAGHUBHAI'S PILGRIMAGE

"Raghubhai! A pilgrimage at this time? What put this into your head?" queried Revashankar.

"You see, sir, I have been long thinking about it; and just at present there seems to be no important work on hand. So I wish to go first to Abu, and thence to Gayaji if possible for the *shraddh*. Besides I am not feeling strong enough, I need a change."

"Very well. But try to be back within a month."

"Certainly, sir, as you wish. There is just another request. I want to visit Durgapur on the way. I may just as well take the opportunity of seeing the birthplace of the late Queen-Mother. Could you give me an introduction?"

"Of course, I will arrange it all."

. . . . . .

Whenever Raghubhai took up any task in earnest, he could accomplish it very quickly. He left Kamala and Rama with a friend and swiftly reached Durgapur. In Durgapur people had a wholesome respect for Ratnagadh and therefore the Kotwal of that place was naturally a very distinguished guest. When diplomats set out on their travels, at every step they leave truth also as far behind them as their own homes. Raghubhai understood that art of the traveller exceedingly well. He gave himself such airs of importance that all Durgapur was speechless at his greatness, although he had no special end to serve in thus astonishing the rustics.

He made all possible inquiries regarding the Queen-Mother and Amoghanand. The Queen-Mother had been a terror in Ratnagadh, and in Durgapur too, as a princess, she had left behind lasting though stern memories. Her periodical visits were indeed visitations to the harmless people there. Moreover she had been a rash and headstrong individual in her youth, so that numerous interesting legends had grown around her memory. It was reported that Amoghanand alone had had any control over her. Since the time of Jasubha's birth she used to live at Dersal whenever she came to these parts. This little village of Dersal was seven miles from Durgapur and her parents, too, were glad to have that much intervening space between themselves and their self-willed daughter. Raghubhai felt sure that he had nothing further to learn at Durgapur. So he sent a special message to Dersal before starting for that place a few days later.

Jolting and bumping over a heavy road and in a country cart Raghubhai arrived safely at Dersal late one evening. A huge ruin loomed up in the deepening twilight. A dim lamp-post had been erected there to light the weary travellers. As Raghubhai's cart drew up, an old-fashioned gentleman crowned with an old, greasy and threadbare Ahmedabad turban came up to him.

"Are you the manager?" asked Raghubhai.

Dolasha nodded his head in reply. The citizens of certain cities of Gujrat have acquired an universal fame for their ability in the management of other peoples' estates and affairs, and especially for the zealous care with which they take great care of their employer's money, by putting it in the safest place,—their own pockets. Dolasha was one of these careful, honest folk; he was a jolly old sort besides, full of anecdote and gossip.

"Yes, dear sir, yes! Are you Raghubhai, dear sir? What a day for us! Welcome, dear sir? Where are you from? From Shyurat[1]? Ah, ha? What luck!"

Although he had lived many years in Marwar, Dolasha had not allowed his palatalised native dialect to get corrupted by foreign influences. Raghubhai was amused to find it at this distance in all its native freshness and purity. He smilingly accepted this hearty welcome and went inside the monastery. Inside an old man in ochre robes was seated on a *gadi* pulling at a *hookah.* His eyes showed clearly the vacant stare of intoxication. Raghubhai was astonished to find such a man the head here. This place, which had produced the simple, modest Karunanand and that great master of men, Anantanand, had this old sot for head now! But Raghubhai did not know that Amoghanand had died in Varat, and so he had had no chance of nominating a worthy successor to this place.

After a few minutes the Swamiji Maharaj retired to his own apartments, leaving Raghubhai in the charge of Dolasha, who was bustling about to make him comfortable. After he had gone, a couple of Swamis came in and began asking for news of Varat. Raghubhai easily perceived that Anantanand had left deep feelings of regard among his many friends here, and that they had also imbibed in a certain measure his spirit and his enthusiasm. Dolasha, too, had the greatest respect for Anantanand, and in moments of confidence he used to cite, as an indisputable proof of his veracity, the fact that Anantanand was the bosom friend of his "Chyaman,"[1] who had a small grocery store in Ahmedabad.

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[1] Surat as pronounced in the racy Ahmedabad style.

Raghubhai needed no instructions as to what tune to play. He made himself out to be the dearest friend of Anantanand and pretended to honour him almost as a god.

Dolasha at last took him upstairs, where he had arranged for his bed in his own room. This was just what Raghubhai wanted. He adroitly drew out Dolasha. Anecdote after anecdote was remembered. He got out from the old fellow all about the Queen-Mother; where she used to stay, how she lived, and how she had brought up Jasubha. He also found out something about Anantanand's life. But when Raghubhai began to talk about the childhood of that mysterious personage, the clever old Ahmedabadi changed the subject and pretended to feel very sleepy.

Raghubhai spent the night in thoughtful cogitation. There was first the mystery of the Queen-Mother, and there was another surrounding Anantanand. In trying to probe one mystery he had stumbled upon another. He understood the reason of Dolasha's sudden sleepiness, but could not make any guess as to the nature of the secret he was guarding.

Next morning Dolasha was obstinately silent for a little while. But that wagging tongue of his could not long resist the insinuating sweetness of Raghubhai's ad ress. The whole day Raghubhai was busy flattering Dolasha and by the time they had retired to the bed-room Dolasha had become soft as butter.

"Dolasha, I am going away to-morrow. Will you remember me or is it farewell for ever?"

"How can you say so, dear sir! Of course I shall constantly be writing to you, dear sir. If you go to Ahmedabad don't forget Patasa Pol.[2] I will also write to my 'Chyaman.'"

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[1] Chaman.

[2] Alley.

"That is all right, Dolasha. But do you know why I came here?"

"No."

"Swamiji had sent me particularly to see you."

"Did I not say so, dear sir? Swamiji could never forget me nor 'Chyaman.'"

"He requested me to go to Dersal and get some important information from his dear friend Dolasha."

Dolasha looked round with suspicion: "What information?"

Raghubhai began to speak in a whisper. In the dim light of a tiny oil wick they looked like two thieves making their plans.

"*That* information, of course, Dolasha. The Swamiji has said that you alone are left of the old people, and that the time has now come to prove your fidelity. Therefore he has asked you to tell me everything in detail," said Raghubhai beginning his mythical apocrypha. The old fellow, however, got suspicious again lest this stranger might prove to be a rogue after all. But the magic of Raghubhai's open manners was not to be gainsaid, his faith in the man could not be shaken.

"But what reason did the Swamiji give?"

"Can't you see? A deep political game, of course. What else could it be?" he replied pressing Dolasha's hand.

All Dolasha's suspicions vanished in a moment and his tongue now wagged freely. With unsuspecting frankness he told everything he knew—Raghubhai cleverly leading him on from point to point. His astonishment was beyond words. He was beside himself with joy on getting at the heart of the mystery, but he was also somewhat awestruck with the gravity of what he had learnt.

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"But is there any further proof of all this?"

"Is Dolasha a baby, dear sir? There are a few letters and documents as well," he protested. And getting up he opened a small store room and drew out therefrom a small bundle. Blowing away the gathered dust of years he took out two or three letters and a small nativity chart, read them out and handed them over to Raghubhai.

Next morning, as he took his leave, Raghubhai began to hear in his imagination the shouts of victory. He spent a couple of days at Durgapur to make some additional inquiries. At last, forgetting his purpose of a holy pilgrimage, he turned his face homewards, towards Ratnagadh. His heart was dancing with joy, his thoughts were busy with glorious dreams of power and wealth. He felt that even Sir T. Madhavrao's career was a mere trifle compared to what he would surely become some day.

KANAIYALAL M. MUNSHI

INTERRELATION OF THE TWO EPICS OF ANCIENT INDIA

There has been considerable misconception regarding the interrelation of the two famous epics of Ancient India, *viz* the Rāmāyaṇa and the Mahābhārata. Thus Professor Macdonell observes in his *Sanskrit Literature*: "The original part of the Rāmāyaṇa appears to have been completed at a time when the epic kernel of the Mahābhārata had not as yet assumed definite shape. For while the heroes of the latter are not mentioned in the Rāmāyaṇa, the story of Rāma is often referred to in the longer epic. Again, in a passage of Book VII of the Mahābhārata which cannot be regarded as a later addition, two lines are quoted as Vālmîki's that occur unaltered in Book VI of the Rāmāyaṇa. The poem of Vālmîki must therefore have been generally known as an old work before the Mahābhārata assumed a coherent form. In Book III (Cantos 277-291) of the latter epic, moreover, there is a Rāmopākhyāna or "Episode of Rāma," which seems to be based on the Rāmāyaṇa."

In the passage quoted above Professor Macdonell gives three reasons in support of his statement that the poem of Vālmîki was known as an old work before the Mahābhārata assumed a coherent form, namely, the absence of any reference to Bhārata heroes in the Rāmāyaṇa, the occurrence of a śloka of Vālmîki in the Droṇa Parva and the inclusion of a Rāmopākhyāna within the Great Epic.

Now, it is difficult to endorse the view that the heroes of the Mahābhārata are not mentioned in the Lesser Epic. The Uttarakāṇḍa of the Rāmāyaṇa is full of passages which contain undoubted references to characters of the Great Epic. Thus in Uttara. 63. 20-22 we have a reference to Vāsudeva of the Yadu family, *i.e.*, Krishṇa and also to the incarnation of Nara, *i. e.*, Arjuna—

उत्पत्स्यते हि लोकेऽस्मिन् यदूनां कीर्त्तिवर्द्धनः ।
वासुदेव इति ख्यातो विष्णुः पुरुषविग्रहः ॥
स ते मोचयिता शापाद्राजंस्तस्माद्भविष्यसि ।
कृत्ता च तेन कालेन निस्कृतिस्ते भविष्यति ।
भारावतरणार्थं हि नरनारायणावुभौ ।
उत्पत्स्येते महावीर्यौ कलौ युगे उपस्थिते ॥

The following verses (Uttara 24. 32-42) mention Śyāma (Krishṇa) and refer to his victory over Kaṁsa—

य एष पुरुषः श्यामो द्वारि तिष्ठति नित्यदा
एतेन दानवेन्द्राश्च तथान्ये वलवत्तराः
वशं नीता वलवता पूर्व्वं पूर्व्वतराश्च ये

* * * *

यमलार्ज्जुनौ च कंसश्च कैटभो मधुना सह ।

Rādheya and Hārddikya of the following verse probably refer to Karṇa and Kṛtavarman respectively (Uttara. 6. 35)—

राधेयो वहुमाया च लोकपालोऽथधार्म्मिकः ।
यमलार्ज्जुनौ च हार्द्दिक्यः शुम्भश्चैवनिशुम्भकः ॥

Dhaumya, the priest of the Pāṇḍavas (Mbh. III. 3. 1-4) appears to be mentioned in Uttara. 1. 4.

वृषङ्गुः कवषो धौम्यः कौशियश्च महानृषिः ।

The association of Dhaumya with Kavashî is significant. In the Aitareya Brāhmaṇa (Vedic Index, I, p. 314) Tura Kāvasheya appears as a Purohita of Janamejaya, son of Parikshit, whose connection with the Pāṇḍu family is well known.

It may be urged that the Uttarakāṇḍa is a later addition. But references to Mahābhārata characters are not confined to this book. The Ādikāṇḍa (40. 2-3) mentions Vāsudeva and his Kāpilarūpa, *i. e.*, incarnation as Kapila.

यस्येयं वसुधा कृत्स्ना वासुदेवस्य धीमतः ।
महिषी माधवस्यैषा स एव भगवान् प्रभुः ॥
कापिलं रूपमास्थाय धारयत्यनिशं धराम् ।

The Ayodhyā Kāṇḍa (64. 42) alludes to King Janamejaya along with several famous kings of bygone times such as Sagara, Śaivya, Dilīpa, Nahusha and Dhundhumāra. This Janamejaya must be identified with the famous son of Parikshit and not with any of the shadowy Janamejayas mentioned in some genealogical lists.

The following verse of the same Book (30. 6) contains a reference to the principal characters of one of the finest episodes of the Great Epic—

द्युमत्सेन सुतं वीरं सत्यवन्तमनुव्रताम् ।
सावित्रीमिव मां विद्धित्वमात्मवशवर्त्तिनीम् ॥

Satyavat and Sāvitrî are again mentioned in the Sundarakāṇḍa (24. 11-12) which also refers to the principal characters of the Nala episode—

सावित्री सत्यवन्तञ्च कपिलं श्रीमती यथा ।
सौदासं मदयन्ती च केशिनी सगरं यथा ॥
नैषधं दमयन्ती च भैमी पतिमनुव्रता ।
तथाहमिक्ष्वाकुवरं रामं पतिमनुव्रता ॥

The Kishkindhyākāṇḍa (42. 28) alludes to the acquisition of the famous *śaṅkha* of Kṛishṇa called Pāñchajanya, while the Laṅkākāṇḍa (119. 15-27) identifies Kṛishṇa with Rāma—

तत्र पञ्चजनं हत्वा हयग्रीवञ्च दानवम् ।
आजहार ततश्चक्रं शङ्खञ्च पुरुषोत्तमः ॥

(Kis. 42. 28.)

शार्ङ्गधन्वा हृषीकेशः पुरुषः पुरुषोत्तमः ।
अजितः खड्गधृग्विष्णुः कृष्णश्चैव बृहद्बलः ।

(Lankā. 119.15.)

सीता लक्ष्मीर्भवान् विष्णुर्देवः कृष्णः प्रजापतिः ।

(*Ibid*, 119. 27.)

From the verses quoted above it is clear that the poem of Vālmîki is acquainted not only with some of the principal characters of the Pāṇḍu story, but also with the heroes and heroines of some of the finest Upākhyānas of the Great Epic. It may no doubt be urged that the verses in question are late interpolations, but such may also be the case with passages of the Great Epic which contain references to the Rāma story.

Professor Macdonell does not assign any reason why the passage of the Droṇa Parva which quotes two lines of Vālmîki's poem cannot be regarded as a later addition. As the śloka of Vālmîki occurs in a book which was "much expanded" (Hopkins, The Great Epic of India, p. 62), it is not improbable that it is to be included in the "outer layer" of the Great Epic, *i. e.*, the interpolated portions (*Ibid*, p. 79).

As regards the Rāmopākhyāna we should note that the version of the Rāma story contained in it differs in many respects from that contained in Vālmîki's poem. The Rāmāyaṇa (Uttara. 9. 33-35) represents Rāvaṇa, Kumbhakarṇa, Śūrpaṇakhā and Vibhîshaṇa as children of one and the same mother, Kaikasî. The Rāmopākhyāna (Mbh., III. 274. 7-8) on the other hand makes Rāvaṇa and Kumbhakarṇa sons of Pushpotkaṭā, Vibhîshaṇa the son of Mālinî and Khara and Śūrpaṇakhā the children of Rākā. Again, the Rāmāyaṇa (VI. 67) represents Rāma as the destroyer of Kumbhakarṇa. On the other hand the Rāmopākhyāna (Mbh. III. 286) represents Lakshmaṇa as the slayer of Kumbhakarṇa. These facts seem to indicate that the Rāmopākhyāna is not based on the Rāmāyaṇa. Like the author of the Dasaratha Jātaka the author of the Rāmopākhyāna may have followed an independent tradition. In this connection we should remember that Vālmîki was not the first to attempt a Rāma Epic. We learn from the Buddhacharita of Aśvaghosha that Vālmîki had probably a precursor in Chyavana.

वाल्मीकिनादश्च ससर्ज पद्यं ।
जग्रंथयन्न च्यवनो महर्षिः ॥

We learn from the Mahābhārata (I. 6. 4) that Chyavana had the patronymic Bhārgava. Curiously enough the Śānti Parva (57. 40) cites a verse from Bhārgava's Rāmacharita. No doubt Vālmîki, too, is called Bhārgavasattamaḥ in the Matsya Purāṇa (XII. 51). But the verse cited in the Śānti Parva is not found in his poem, though it agrees *in sense* with Rāmāyaṇa II. 67. 11. We are told in the Ādikāṇda that the Ākhyāna called Rāmāyaṇa first originated in the Ikshvāku family and that Vālmîki knew Rāma only by hearsay.

इक्ष्वाकूणामिदं तेषां राज्ञां वंशे महात्मनाम् ।
महदुत्पन्नमाख्यानं रामायणमिति श्रुतम् ॥
(Ādi. 5. 3.)

इक्ष्वाकुवंशप्रभवो रामो नाम जनैः श्रुतः ।
(Ādi. 1. 8.)

Hopkins (The Great Epic of India, p. 60) draws our attention to the fact that neither of the two epics of Ancient India is recognised before the period of the Gṛihyasūtras, and the first epic recognised here and in other sūtras is the Bhārata. But he says (p. 385) that the oldest heroes of the Bhārata are not of the Pāṇḍu family. He draws a distinction between the original Bhāratîkathā and the Pāṇḍu story and says that the Bhāratîkathā is older than Vālmîki's poem but the story of Rāma is older than the story of the Pāṇḍus (The Great Epic of India, p. 64). We should, however, remember that Janaka and Aśvapati Kekaya, two important figures in the Rāma story, are represented in several Vedic works as flourishing long after the Pārikshitas, *i. e.*, the great-grandsons of the principal hero of the Mahābhārata. In the time of Janaka the life and end of the Pārikshitas were still fresh in the memory of the people and formed a subject of general curiosity. In the Bṛhadāraṇyaka Upanishad (III. 3. 1) we find a rival of Yājñavalkya the ornament of the court of Janaka, testing him with a question the solution of which the former had previously obtained from a Gandharva who held in his possession the daughter of Kāpya Patañchala of the Madra country.

क्व पारिक्षिता भवन्।

"Whither have the Pārikshitas gone?" The solution of which, therefore, appears to have been looked upon as extremely difficult. Yājñavalkya answers "thither where all Aśvamedha sacrificers go."

The Pārikṣhitas are Janamejaya and his three brothers, *viz.*, Ugrasena, Bhīmasena and Śrutasen (Vedic Index, I, p. 520). They are mentioned in the following passage of the Mahābhārata:

जनमेजयः पारिक्षितः सहभ्रातृभिः कुरुक्षेत्रे दीर्घसत्रमुपास्ते तस्य भ्रातरस्त्रयः श्रुतसेन, उग्रसेन, भीमसेन........................(Mbh. I. 3. 1.)

The Great Epic represents them as grandchildren of Abhimanyu, a prominent figure in the Pâṇḍu story.

That Janaka of the Bṛihadāraṇyaka Upanishad is identical with the Janaka of the Rāmāyaṇa is proved by his synchronism with Aśvapati Kekaya. Both the kings are represented as contemporaries of Buḍila Āśvatarāśvi (Vedic Index, II, p. 69).

It is clear from what has been stated above that the Rāma story in which Janaka and Aśvapati Kekaya are prominent figures could not have originated before the passing away of the Pārikshitas, *i. e.*, Janamejaya and his brothers. This conclusion is confirmed by the fact that Janamejaya is mentioned as an ancient hero in the Rāmāyaṇa itself (Ayodhyākaṇḍa, 64. 42) :—

यां गतिं सगरः शैव्यो दिलीपो जनमेजयः ।
नहुषो धुन्धुमारश्च प्राप्तास्तां गच्छ पुत्रक ॥

On the other hand it is distinctly stated in the Mahābhārata that the Pāṇḍu story was recited before Janamejaya by Vaiśampāyana. Indian tradition (both Hindu and Buddhist) is unanimous in representing the Pāṇḍus as an offshoot of the Kuru race (Early History of the Vaishṇava Sect, pp. 26-27). It is therefore impossible to justify the distinction drawn by Hopkins between the original Kuru-Bhārata epic and the so called " Pāṇḍu story."

The broad fact remains that while the Bhārata is mentioned in the Gṛihyasūtras and the Ashṭādhyāyî of Pāṇini, there is no reference to the Rāmāyaṇa. Again, while the Pāṇḍu story is said to have been recited before Janamejaya, the Rāma story could not have originated before the passing away of the Pārikshitas, *i. e.*, Janamejaya and his brothers.

HEMCHANDRA RAYCHAUDHURI

A TRIP TO KASHMIR

Oh! Kashmir is a lovely spot,
  As I've heard people tell,
In winter it's as cold as cold,
  In summer hot as well.

You rush by Tonga or by car,
  Right thro' the Jhelum valley,
Thro' dust and glare, heights near and far,
  While here and there you tarry.

You reach Srinagar with a sigh,
  Of more or less relief,
You think with joy of the palace grand,
That lies moored for you by the strand
  And then you come to grief.

For the Jhelum is naught but a muddy stream,
With a few Noah's Arks looking dingy and mean,
  Lying cheek by jowl near the muddy bank;
You raise your nose to sniff the breeze,
And get a whiff that makes you sneeze,
  Of odours fishy and rank.

You step with delight on a flat bottomed boat,
  Called a Shikara, and then you do float,
In search of your ark, which by number you mark.
  Your Manji then digs in the water his oar,
And the next thing you do is to call out "Oh! Lor',"
  As with a big bump, you land in a lump,
And lie spread-eagled down on its floor.

You curse the old boat-man,
Ask if he were blind,
He smiles most benignly,
And says you are kind.
You curse him again and then like a lark,
You make a big spring and land on your ark,
It is but a box containing four rooms,
A sitting-room, dining, a bed and a bath,
Circumscribed about by a long wooden path.
You rest with delight midst your rugs, then the fleas
Start mountaineering right up to your knees.
Then as it grows cold, your ark you start heating,
And sprinkle yourself all over with Keating.
Then weary, worn-out, to your bed you do go,
In the hopes that in sleep you'll not feel the foe.
And think thro' fatigue you'll sleep like a log,
But wake soon again at the howl of a dog.
You shout at your Manji, kill the brute you do say,
He replies with a smile, *Saheb ! Kuch fikker nay.*

Then twixt mid-night and dawn again you awake,
And fancy you are in for a nasty earth-quake.
For your boat starts a-rocking,
In a manner most shocking.
You hear a loud squalling,
And voices a bawling,
As the chains from the banks, on board they are hauling.
Then follow big bumps and frightful thumps,
As the men run around with sundry jumps,
The boat then starts rolling, as the men begin poling,
And pushing her out up against the stream.
You sing out what rot,
Hi Manji Great Scott,
'Tis too early to start, your boat you must stay,
The Manji looked round with a smile that was bland,

And pushed the ark on with the pole in his hand.
Then turning around at length he did say,
  Vohi bath Saheb ! Kuch fikker nay.
Our Manjis re-called to me old Palestine,
As they stood on the side of the boat in a line,
There was Matthew and Paul and Judas quite clear,
And our boat-man was Joseph of Arimathea.

You then start poling upward, against the stream,
  With the wind blowing cold abaft or abeam.
Past Doongas and house-boats and temples of stone,
  Till you ask the old boat-man when he'll have done.
He *salams* and poles on, till you think you've been had,
  When he finally lands you at Islamabad.
Here the kind head of the Church Mission School,
  Gave us a regatta, on river so cool.
We inspected his school, the boys are well read,
  They showed us the monkey drill, each on his head.

A Tonga we hire and away go, we all,
  To a place which they say—is called Achibal.
There a garden we see, with trout under a net,
  And we walk all about till our feet are quite wet.
Here a mischief befell one of our party,
  Which afforded some fun and laughter most hearty.
For we crossed some lawns, and crossed a brook,
  We climbed a hill to have a look.
  When on returning with a scream,
"B" struck a bank, slipped, took the stream,
          And wetted both her feet.
Another short trip we took on the land,
  And saw the ruined temple at Martand.
Which Sekandra, they say, that son of a Hun,
  Destroyed with some others. Why? Oh ! just for fun.
'Twas a long long climb in the blazing sun,
  And we needed refreshments ere we had done,

For what you do call the inner man,
With fruit that was fresh and also in can.

We start down the Jhelum again, with great glee,
And land about four, near the great Chenar Tree.
You can take it from me, 'tis a lovely spot,
'Neath the great Chenar trees it never is hot.
It is Bijbehara the place that I mean,
Here some fine Chenar trees together are seen.
One tree is the largest in all Kashmir,
Its girth is some fifty-four feet or near.
It stretches its branches far up from the ground,
And makes a dry home for the jack-daws around.

Then on, on once again, to Avantipore,
Where we see the old ruins of two temples more,
With broken down centres and fine colonnade,
Built of huge stone slabs most carefully laid.
And as we returned from our trip after four,
A man in a Doonga gave us some *Chikore*,
Which he had shot on the base of the hill hard by,
These we ate next day, with some sweet apple pie.
Then we pull up our stakes, down the river glide on
Till we reach the small village of Pandrathon.
Another temple we see in a watery-bed,
And wonder with awe, how the builders now dead,
Did raise up these temples, huge stone upon stone,
Where they got the material and how it was done.

On, on once again, down the river so far,
Till we land in the evening at Srinagar.
We go thro' the lock-gate and see the Dhal Lake,
To do this our men and Shikara we take.

There's the Shalimar Bagh and the Nissim Bagh,
  But the prettiest of all is the Nishat Bagh
Where the fountains do play on every Sunday,
  And the cloth for tiffin, our servants do lay.
Then having rowed round this beautiful Tarn,
  We climbed up the slopes of the Takti Soleiman,
And having arrived at the temple pell-mell,
  We viewed the old building and rang loud the bell,
Which is rung there I am told, to ward you from evil,
  And in cases of need to frighten the devil.
The view from the top is worth looking at,
  For you see the whole valley and the Hari Parbat.
Here a fortress you see, where some guns they display,
  For protection and frightening marauders away.

On returning that morning from climbing this mound,
  We found Mistress Potter lying flat on the ground.
She'd been cleaning her boat and stepped thro' the floor,
  Where the boat-man had moved three planks or more.
The shock of the fall, it made her out bawl,
  There was no one at first to attend to her call.
"Hi! Chetar! you rascal, you son of a gun,
  What are you grinning at, see what I've done.
Be quick my good fellow, now help me up do,
  Can't you see I have twisted my ankle askew".
Now Chetar the rascal, he smiled in his glee,
  As he, 'twixt the boards, Mistress Potter did see.
He then ran to her rescue and raised up her head,
  And laid her most carefully on to her bed.
Then the limb with hot water he bathed with a tin,
  And bandaged it up with Antiphlogestin.

One day about four, it commenced hard to pour,
  And continued to do so, for two days or more.

At length the old Jhelum uprose in great wrath;
  As the streams into it, from the mountains poured forth.
And its waters without saying so much as thanks,
  Rose higher, slipped quietly over its banks.
Then poured on in volumes and raised a great rout,
  Flooding gardens and fields and the houses about.

On, on, down the Jhelum, away to the west,
  Where the climate is cooler and the scenery best.
When the banks of the river begin you to bore,
  You land in the eve at the place—Shadipore.
Here the marriage of Sind and Jhelum takes place,
  Other marriages also to prosper the race.
In the Jhelum a Chenar stands walled up in stone,
  Which since that event, they say, never has grown.
On the way our cook, who in cook-boat did stay,
  Climbed up a side ladder which carried away,
The cook and the ladder; then taking a leap,
  Landed into the river all in a heap.
First bobbed up the ladder and then the cook's head
  And hand over hand down the river he sped.
Then the ladder and he, like a large brown trout,
  By the men and Shikara were soon fished out.
As we poled up the Sind, our boat sprang a leak,
  Which made us tie up to the banks of the creek.
With rags and with tatters, we caulked up the rent,
  Having done this, once more on our journey we went.
Thro' swift streams that twisted and ere night did fall
  We reached that delightful spot called Ganderball.
One bank, it is lined with tall Chenar Trees,
  A little way further an old bridge one sees.
With hills and high mountains a lovely background,
  With green fields and forests all lying around.

Next morning quite early, we, ponies and all
  Climbed the slopes of Harmouk to the lake Gangabal.
Sacred to Hindus for here is the source,
  Where the great river Ganges commences its course
The first stage is Wangat, Naranag the second,
  A terrible trudge, much more than we reckoned.
Till we camped out at last 'neath the tall Walnut trees
  And tried to make out that we all felt at ease.
Then to add to our comfort it commenced soon to rain,
  It rattled and thundered, stopped, started again.

The scenes, they were lovely, majestic and grand,
  With a fast running stream, lying closely at hand.
It rushed and it roared through rock and dell,
  Forming pretty cascades as it rose and it fell.
The whole of next day it did nothing but pour,
  And the stream just below in cascades did roar.
Flank'd by wooded heights right up to the sky,
  Just tier upon tier, several thousand feet high.

'Tis the Wangat stream, how it whirls and it swirls,
  Finally into the Sind its water it hurls.
How it blew in great gusts, Oh ! wasn't it cold
  And the snow lined the summits in outlines bold.
So we up with our tents, we dandies and all,
  And back we all went to fair Ganderbal.
From there we determined our way we would take
  And see for ourselves the great Wuler Lake.

When we reached Sombal the Rasi Bhat said no,
  I regret my dear sir, you forward can't go.
As the Manjis have struck and there's no one to pole,
  Some men I'll give, who'll tow you out of this hole.
Here in a Shikara our way we did make,
  And viewed with delight the small Mansabal Lake.

The shades, they were lovely, the hills grey and green,
In the depths of the water reflected are seen.

Some men Rashi gave us, who towed us afar,
And who brought us back safely to Srinagar.
There we stayed for a while and some photos we took,
Then packing our goods up we all slung our hook.
For back once again to hot Pindi we must,
Over terrible roads and thro' terrible dust,
Which blew in great clouds, along the whole ride
And covered us over both in and outside.

We were dashing round curves as fast as you please,
When one of our tyres just gave a loud wheeze.
The car was brought up with a frightful shock,
And landed us right on the edge of a rock,
With a fall just beyond of a few hundred feet,
Where some fine jagged rocks in falling you'd meet.
We blew up the tyre, tried to mend it apace,
The tear only widened and smiled in our face.

We put on a new rim and went on our way
When the rim and the tyre both carried away.
Down the hill-side it sped at a very fast pace,
Then the driver and others all joined in the chase.
They captured the truant, fixed the rim firmly on,
And hoped that the tyres had finished their fun.

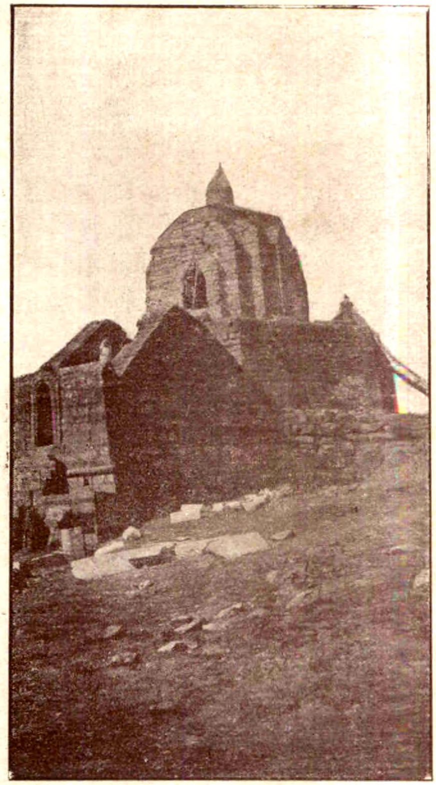
The scenery lovely, thro' forests and glades,
The stream rushes madly, forming pretty cascades.
Down, down thro' the valley and up the hill-side,
We drive right along, into Muree we glide.
Then what with the dust, heat, and bumpety bump,
Ere we reached hot Pindi we'd all got the hump.

Oh! Kashmir indeed is a lovely spot, there's not the slightest doubt,
If you have got the cash, my worthy friend, I'd advise you to go and find out.

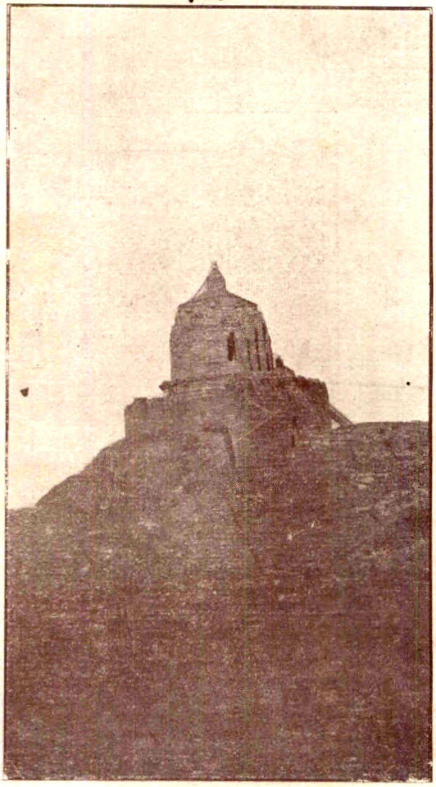
D. SWINHOE

Fifth Bridge (Temple), Srinagar, Kashmir

Gunge Bazar, Srinagar, Kashmir

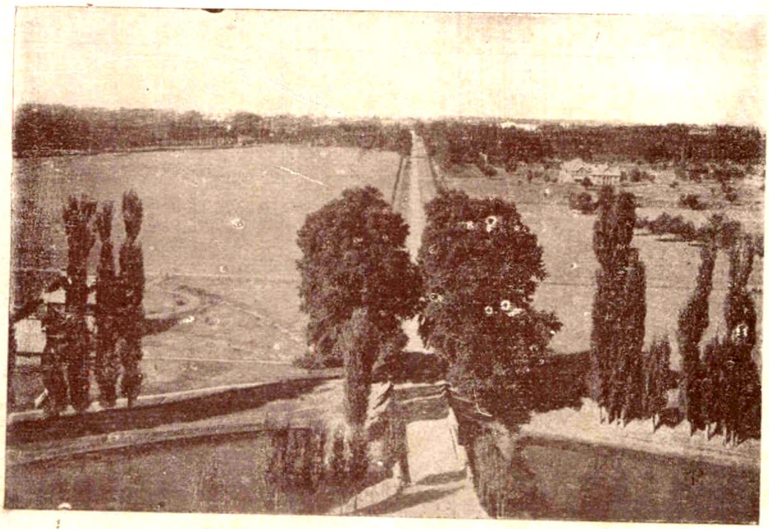


Takt-i-Suliman, Srinagar, Kashmir

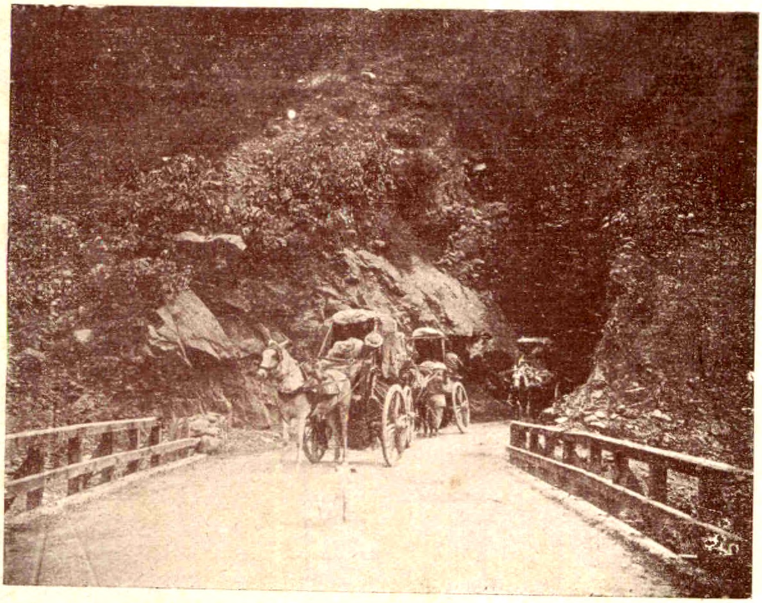


Takt-i-Suliman, Srinagar, Kashmir

Hari Parbath Fort, Srinagar

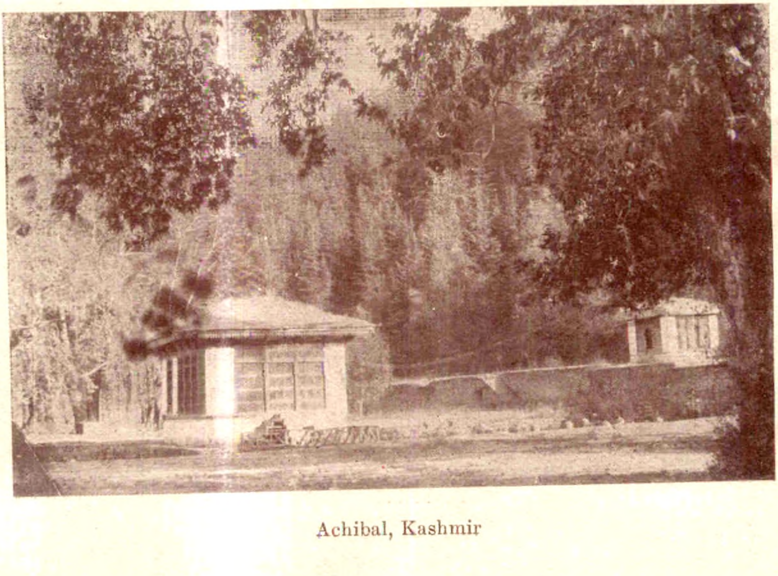


Poplar Avenue, Polo-ground and Hostel, Srinagar

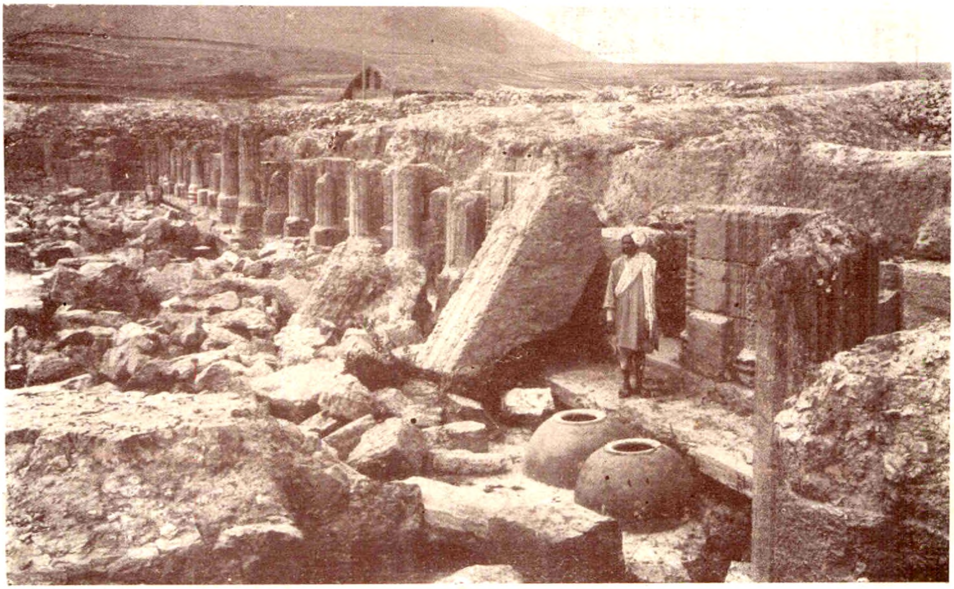


Tunnel, Jhelum Valley Road

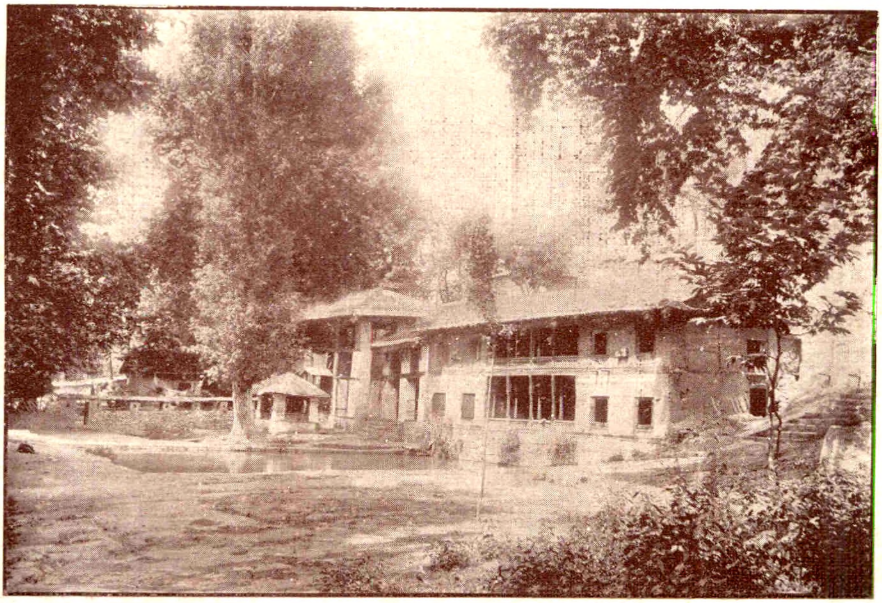
Bawan, Kashmir



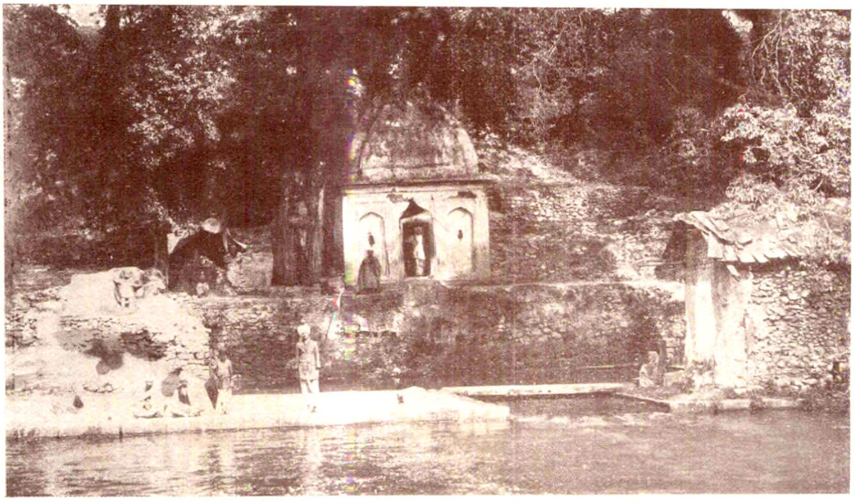
Achibal, Kashmir



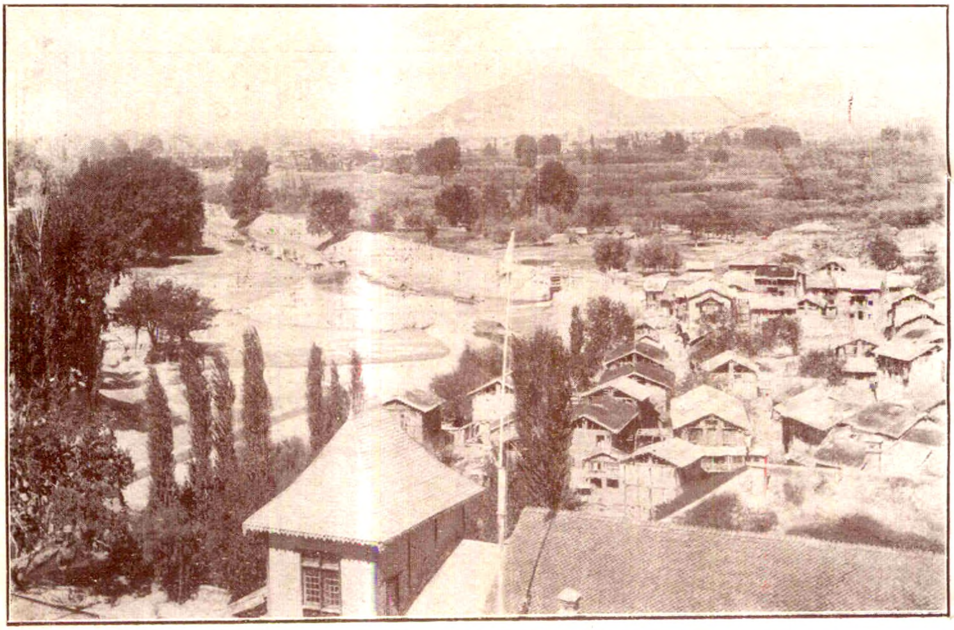
Excavations,—Avantipore Temple



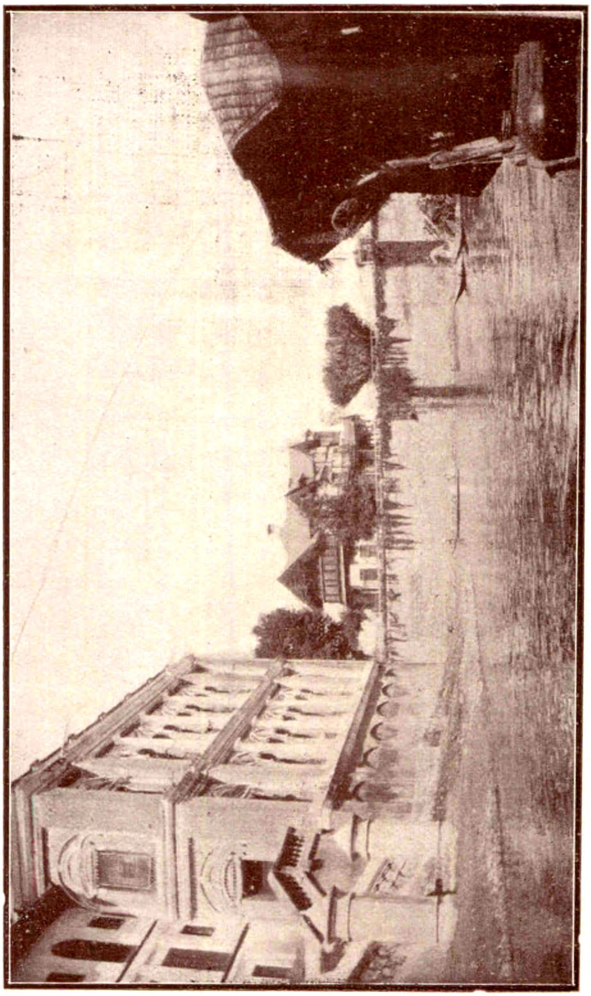
Islamabad Fountain, Kashmir



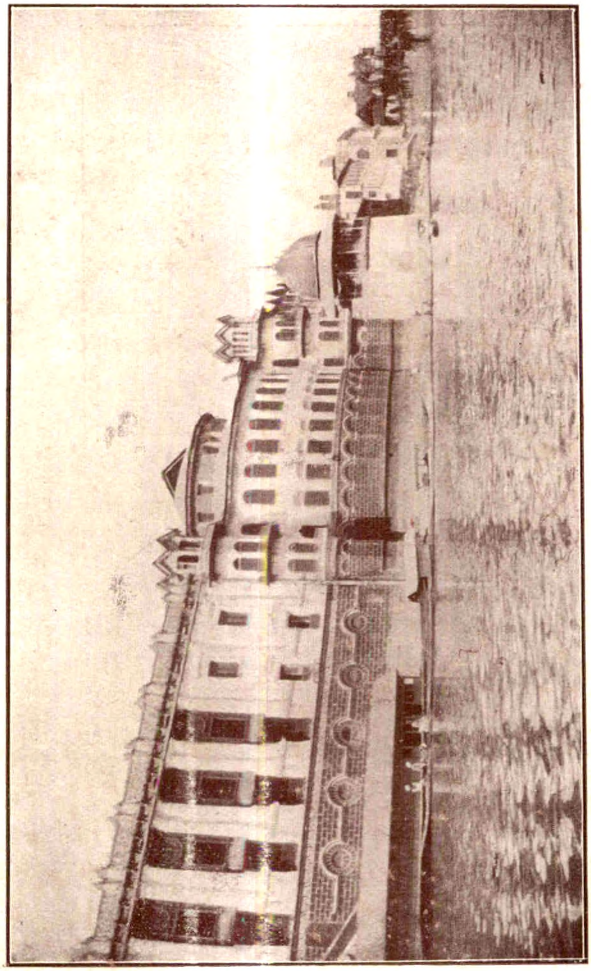
Anantnag Temple, Kashmir



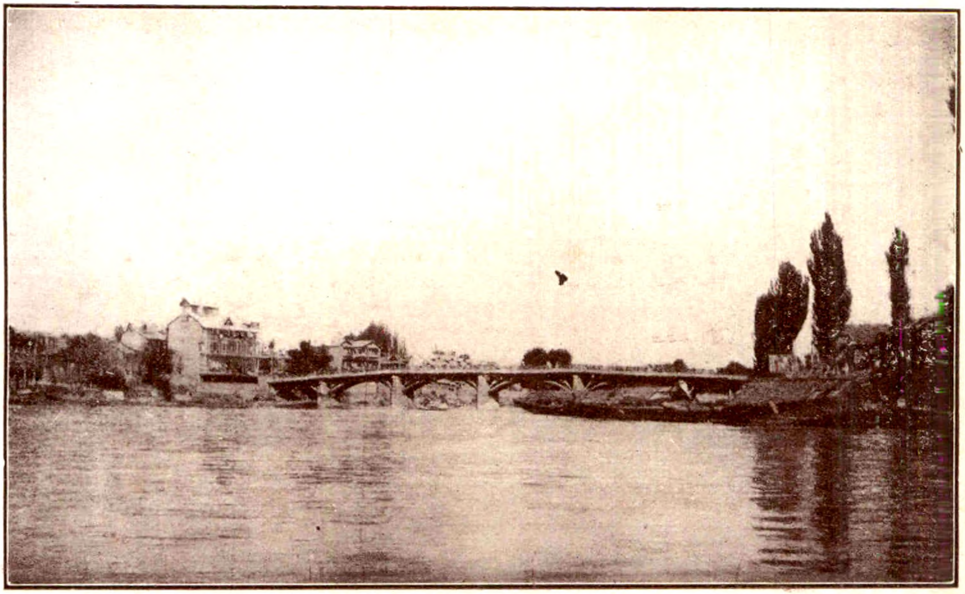
General view, Srinagar, Kashmir



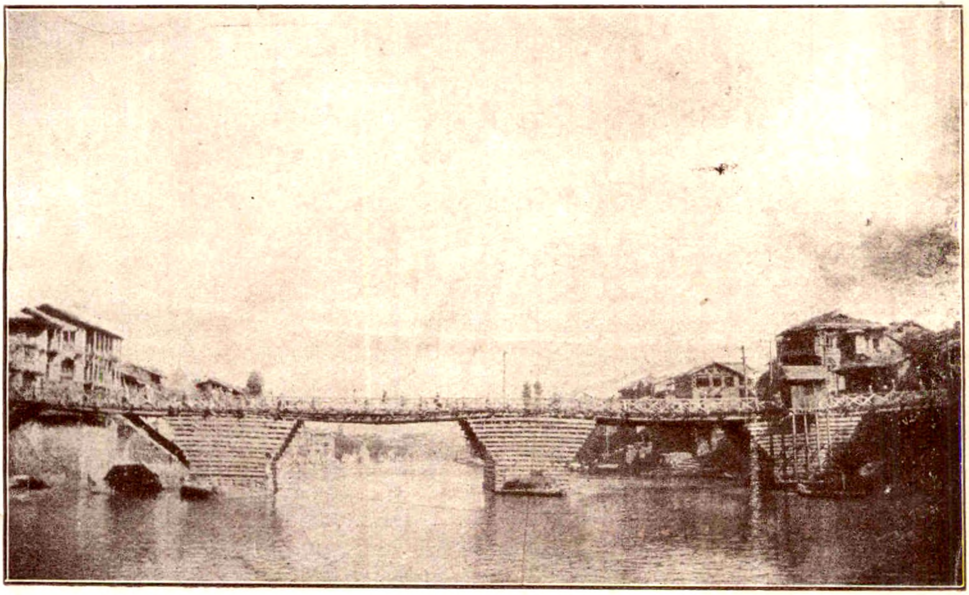
Maharaja's Palace, Srinagar, Kashmir



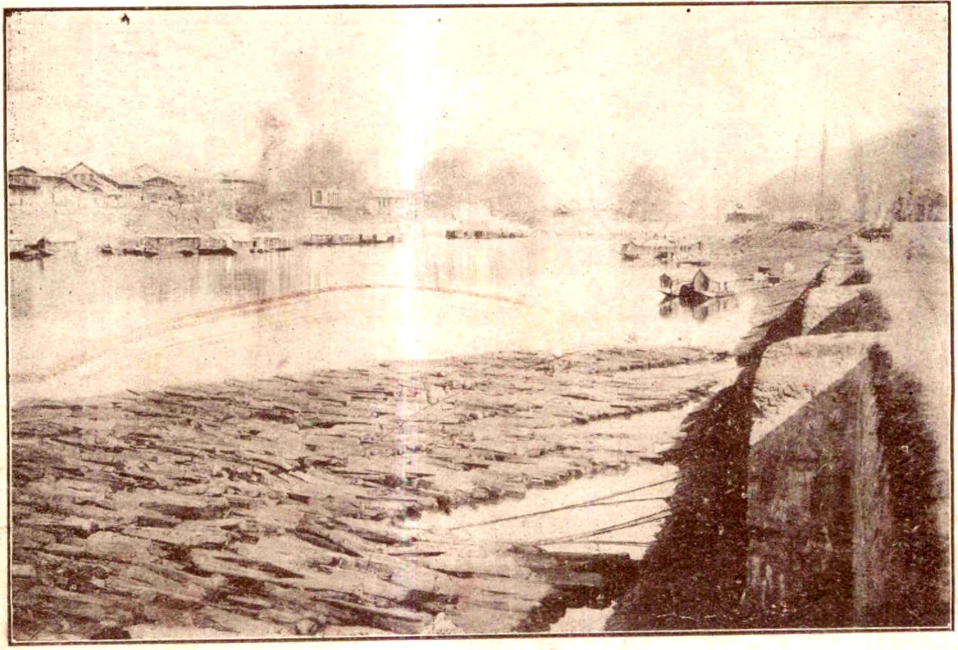
Maharaja's Palace, Srinagar, Kashmir



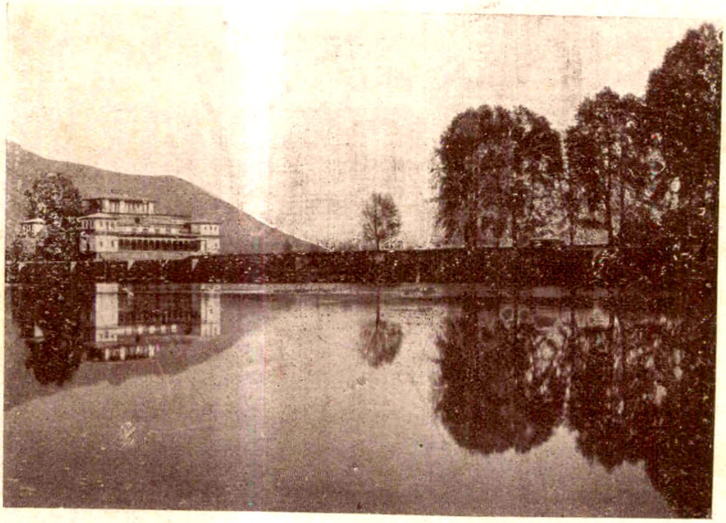
First Bridge, Srinagar, Kashmir



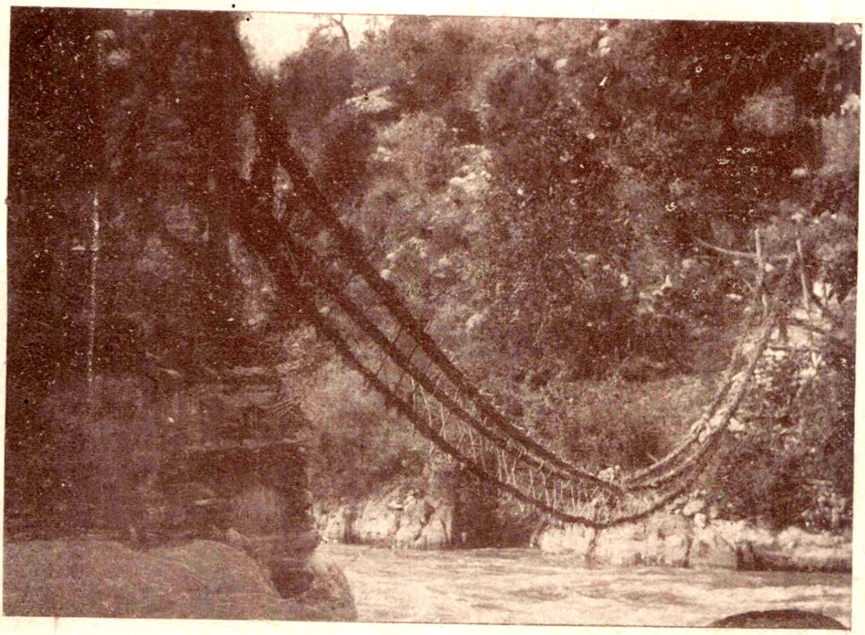
Second Bridge, Srinagar, Kashmir



Harisingh Bagh, Srinagar

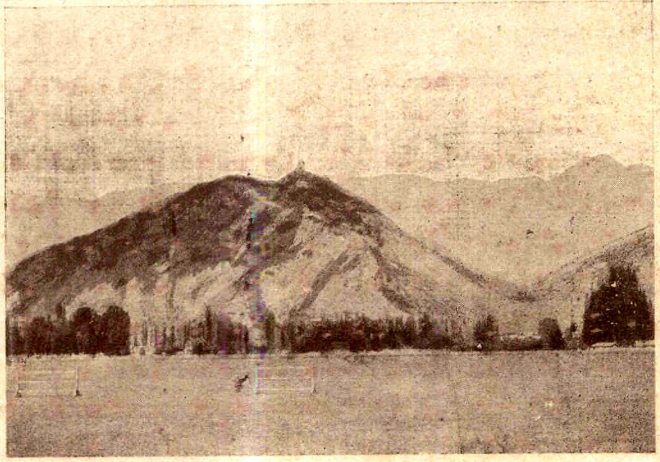


Lalmondi Museum, Srinagar



Rope Bridge, Jhelum River

Jhelun River



Polo and Golf ground, Takt-Suliman, Srinagar, Kashmir

Miss Sylvia Swinhoe—the lady to whom we are indebted for the excellent Kashmir snapshots

THE ORIENTAL CONFERENCE IN CALCUTTA

The second session of the Oriental Conference which was held under the auspices of the Calcutta University is now over. The proceedings of the opening day have been described in the last issue. And we now hasten to give a brief and general account of the Conference as a whole, which we hope will not be found uninteresting. The idea of holding a congress of orientalists in India was originally suggested by Professor Macdonell of Oxford at the International Oriental Congress at Copenhagen. But it had to be abandoned, because, though a Congress in India would have been a great attraction to the European Indologists, a visit to India could afford no special advantages to the others who were interested in Assyriology, Egyptology, and so forth. The idea was again afterwards mooted by Dr. J. Ph. Vogel in 1911 when a conference of orientalists was held at Simla. He was then acting for the Director-General of Archæology, and in that capacity he submitted the proposal for the consideration of the orientalists and the Government of India. But nothing came out of it. The President of the Post-Graduate Department in Arts of the Calcutta University as early now as 1918 thought of convening a conference of orientalists under the auspices of the University. But just at that time the members of the Bhandarkar Oriental Research Institute in Poona were also thinking about the matter, and it was deemed desirable to allow them to work out the scheme. This culminated, we know, in the first session of the Conference at the capital of Maharashtra in 1919. And the President of the Post-Graduate Department then seized the opportunity of calling the next conference to Calcutta. This Second Conference commenced, as we have seen, on the 28th of January, and came to a close on the 1st of February.

About one hundred and twenty-five delegates had come. And as many were the members of the Reception Committee, who were mostly connected with the Post-Graduate teaching of the University. Some students of Calcutta also were allowed to join. On the whole, it was a fairly big assemblage. The delegates were, in most cases, elected by the different Provincial Governments, Native States, Universities and learned Societies. Of course, many more had been elected than had actually come. This was probably due to the fact that those who were elected were not themselves very rich, and the Institutions that appointed them did not think it worth their while to grant them any travelling allowance. If this is true, it is a great pity. For the main object of such conference is not to afford scope to scholars, as is commonly thought, to put forward the results of their research work before their confrères in the shape of long and erudite papers. For these are being printed every year in the various learned Journals and read by the various people without attending any conference. No conference is required for this purpose. The principal object of the Conference is to allow an opportunity to scholars of different provinces to mix with one another and discuss matters connected with and promoting their special studies. Unless therefore the different learned institutions make it financially possible for their representatives to attend Conferences, no real and solid progress can be expected in the field of oriental research.

We have already stated in the last number of the Review that the Conference was opened by H. E. the Governor of Bengal, who himself being a scholar of no mean order, delivered a very learned speech. He was followed by the President of the Post-Graduate Department, who is now luckily for us also the Vice-Chancellor of the University. He delivered his address, of course, as President of the Reception Committee, welcoming the delegates that had assembled. He traversed the vast field of Indology of the pre-Muhammadan period in a masterly fashion and described succinctly the research work done by the different workers, European and Indian, and, what is still more important, indicated the lines on which it ought to develop itself, in order that there might be an all-round progress of the oriental studies. Then came the speech of the President of the Conference, Dr. Sylvain Levi, who mainly pointed out the necessity from the European point of view, of studying the modern life of India in order that its past history and culture might be better understood. All these speeches will be found reproduced in the last number of our Journal, and must have been read with great interest.

On the second day of the session the delegates divided themselves into several Sections in accordance with the papers they had to read or wanted to listen to. The names of the scholars who presided over these Sections have been given in the last issue, and the meetings of each Section came off successfully. There was no dearth of papers, of course. But a glance at their titles is enough to convince anybody that research work is not proceeding with equal pace in all branches of Indology. The largest number of papers were connected with Ancient Indian History, which subject appears to have become very popular in India. The number of papers received under this head was indeed so large that they had to be spread over the three Sections: Archæology, Political History and Chronology, and Social and Religious History. Other Sections such as "Sanskrit and Prakrit Literature," "Philosophy and Religion," and even "Ethnology and Folklore" were also in a fairly satisfactory condition so far as the papers were concerned. The "Vedic" and "Iranian Language and Literature" Sections were somewhat barren. The most famished Section, however, was the "Arabic and Persian" Section. This is a great pity, as the Muhammadan delegates who attended the Conference were by no means few.

The number of papers received from the delegates was, on the whole, a sufficiently large one. Though some of these were thought by the people to be of somewhat indifferent value, there can be no doubt that a good many there were which contained something new or original. Some again were of ravishing interest and of great importance to an Indologist. "Indian Columns" by P. K. Acharya and "Harvan Excavations" by Ramchandra Kak were thought to contain much information which was useful to an archæologist. Mention in this connection may be made of "A Granite Arch-stone from the Site of Pātaliputra" by K. P. Jayaswal, which created a great sensation. "Medhātithi as revealed in his Manubhāshya" by Ganganath Jha, "The Popular Element in Classical Sanskrit Drama" by Śivaprasad Kāvyatīrtha, "Avantisundarī-kathā" of Daṇḍin" by M. Ramakrishna Kavi, and "Subandhu and Vasubandhu" by Rangaswami Sarasvati arrested the attention of all the scholars who attended the Section of Sanskrit and Prakrit Literature. "Prabhākara School of Mīmāṁsā" by S. S. Kuppuswami Sastri and "The Bhakti Doctrine in the Śaṇḍilya Sutra" by B. M. Barua were much appreciated for the original thought they contained. Two of the papers read before Science Section are also worthy of note: one "On Laghumānasam of Muñjala" by N. K. Majumdar which was considered to be of great value for the history of ancient Indian Astronomy and the other "Streets and their Planning in Ancient India" by Mr. Dutt which evoked much interesting discussion. Most of the opening addresses of the Presidents of the various Sections were also replete with much new information and critical thought. One criticism, however, we cannot forbear ourselves from making. Not a few of the papers submitted were too long to be read at any Sections. Of course, the papers were interesting in themselves and contained much that was useful. But such papers cannot be properly appreciated at the meetings of the Sections, where they have to be either hurriedly read or to be left half-read, as they are too many for the limited time at the disposal. What the delegates of the Conference ought to do on such occasions is not to write long erudite papers surcharged with new matter and bristling with fine arguments, which must take a long long time to read and still longer time to digest, but rather short notes giving accounts of the new ideas that have occurred to them and the new discoveries they have been able to make in the course of their studies. Such notes should not take more than ten minutes to read and cannot thus cloy the mind of the audience with toó much of rich pabulum.

The Sectional meetings were held in the mornings, and the afternoons were reserved for the entertainment of the guests. People coming from various parts of India to such a distant city as Calcutta would naturally be anxious to see such things as would suit their tastes and pursuits, over and above discharging the work that has principally brought them to Calcutta. As such people in the present casé would be scholars and educationists, they were expected to feel interest in institutions in Calcutta which were already engaged upon literary, historical and such research work. Each day's business was therefore wisely divided for the delegate into two parts, one relating to the actual work of the Conference for which he had come and the other to visits to learned societies and institutions. Under the latter head were included visits to the Nahar Collection of Oriental Art, the Vangiya Sahitya Parishat, the Exhibition of the Indian Society of Oriental Art, the Indian Museum, the Victoria Memorial Hall, and the Asiatic Society of Bengal. Entertainments, though there were not many, were also not neglected. Thus there was a steamer trip to the Botanical Gardens, where there were not only tea and refreshments which gratified the inner man but also free social intercourse which delighted the inner soul. The whole party landed at the Sibpur College Ghat on the other side of the Ganges and walked down in different tiny groups to the Banyan tree, which is the chief attraction of the Gardens and which in India appeals not only to the scientific but also to the literary or religious bent of mind. Another kind of entertainment was the Indian music, both vocal and instrumental, provided at the University Institute. Here was a long and varied programme, which ravished the artistic sense. The *sarode* performance especially was superb, and was well received by the audience. At the end the Sanskrit Mahamandal of Calcutta gave a performance from the Sanskrit drama, the *Mrichchhakatika.* This item was exceedingly interesting to the delegates, most of whom were from outside Bengal, and had never seen the Bengalis acting a Sanskrit drama. They were much charmed with the performance, and were sorry that the whole piece was not acted. This play, however, related to life that has practically passed away, and everybody was longing to know something of the modern life of the province to which they had come. This longing was fulfilled by the Governor of Bengal, who invited the delegates to a party at the Government House, where they were treated to a performance in English of the *Dak-ghar,* that celebrated allegorical play of that celebrated Bengali poet,—shall we say, world-poet—Dr. Rabindra Nath Tagore. The curious thing about it was that the performance was given by the Shakespeare Association in India, Calcutta, and where consequently not only the Bengali but also the European members of the Association took part. The performance left nothing to be desired, and the acting of the person who took the part of Amal, the boy-hero, was marvellous. This person curiously enough was a girl, not a boy, and, again, a European, not an Indian. And yet she so thoroughly identified herself with the Indian life that while she was acting, nobody suspected that a highly strung but finely tuned Bengali boy was not before him.

The afternoon of the last day of the Conference was reserved for the General Meeting of the delegates, where questions affecting oriental studies in general and the Conference in particular were discussed. Perhaps the most important resolution passed related to the sending of delegates by the Conference to the Annual Meeting of the Federation of Inter-allied Asiatic Societies, which was started in London during the war and which has had three sessions so far. The motion was placed before the Conference at the suggestion of the President, Dr. Sylvain Levi, whose note on the subject was read out for the information of the members. One idea contained in it was that the prominent scholars of India should be associated in the schemes of preparing and publishing important works on orientalia by a band of scholars, who were exclusively European and American. The second idea was that as regular information was exchanged at each session of the Federation in regard to the publications undertaken singly or jointly, there was no fear of unnecessary reduplication of publication work, so far as Europe and America were concerned. But as important works for publication were undertaken also in India, it seemed desirable from the view-point of economy, both in money and labour, that scholars in India should also know along with their colleagues in foreign countries what works were being prepared by what scholars. If, therefore, the Conference or any learned Societies in India are at all included in the Federation, we have no doubt that more progress will be achieved in the sphere of orientalia. There were two or three other Resolutions which related to the consideration of means for promoting oriental learning. But we do not think that they were of sufficiently practical character, to require mention. One resolution, however, that deserves mention here is that which expressed the approval of the Conference of the work done by the Bhandarkar Oriental Research Institute in the matter of preparing a critical and scientific edition of the Mahabharata and recommending it to the notice of governments, princes, and patrons of literature for monetary and other support.

One of the resolutions carried by the Conference, as might be expected, thanked the Chairman, Members of the Reception Committee, and the Post-graduate students, who organised the Conference and provided for the comfort of the delegates. The Second Session of the Oriental Conference was admitted by all to have been, on the whole, a great success. Many of the delegates were highly pleased with the various arrangements and, above all, with the smoothness with which the different items came off one after another, though they were in quick succession. It was admitted that the credit was all due to the Vice-Chancellor and also to the Secretaries, in particular, Mr. W. R. Gourlay, who in spite of the onerous duties he has to discharge and the numerous calls on his invaluable time as Private Secretary to H. E. the Governor of Bengal very kindly agreed to be both Secretary and Treasurer and threw his whole heart and soul into his new work. The characteristically practical turn of mind of both the Vice-Chancellor and Mr. Gourlay was evinced by the Resolution moved on the last day by the latter at the suggestion of the former for giving the Conference some permanent constitution. Only one Resolution now requires to be referred to, and we must refer to it here at the end. It is the Resolution which gratefully accepted the invitation of the Madras University to the Conference to hold its third session at Madras.

B. S.

TO THE WIND

Where is thy home O wind,
Where refuge thou dost find
To fold thy wings a while
That fly o'er many a mile,
And bind thine airy locks
Loosened by wanton knocks?

Oft on a summer noon
I hear thee softly croon
To the rosebuds fair and young
And the marigolds newsprung,
I see thee gently rock
The lily's slender stock
And catch thee kissing oft
Her honied lips full soft.

Thou art not always mild
But sometimes wander'st wild
Pulling off blossoms gay
And scatt'ring leaves astray;
Thou shak'st the yellow corn
And leav'st the fields forlorn

Sometimes at even fall
Beneath a dusky pall
I hear thee sadly moan,
As if thou wert alone,

As if without a mate
To wander was thy fate ;
Thy sobs and piteous sighs
Have often filled mine eyes
With tears for thy distress,
Which thou couldst not suppress.

But when o'er hill and dell
Sleep steals and lays a spell ;
When trees quite motionless
Shake not a single tress ;
And flowers by the stream
Gaze calm as in a dream
At their mirrored faces rare
Like unto narciss fair ;
When not a petal drops
Tho' reft of all its props ;
Where dost thou then, O wind,
A home for thyself find ?

V. B.

Reviews

Ideals of Indian Womanhood—pp. x and 365 by Panchanan Bhattacharyya, B.A., B.T., 1921, with a foreword by Sir Asutosh Chaudhuri, Kt., M.A., LL.M. M.L.C., published by Messrs. Goldquin and Co., College Street Market, Calcutta.

Benjamin Kidd has pointed out in his last work that in future 'Power in the highest form of integration will win' and that the centre of power in the coming order of civilisation will be Woman. So in these days of reconstruction a well-written book on Indian Womanhood is of vital social importance. To India suffering from a conflict of ideals, it is the supreme moment of stock-taking. Bankruptcy of thought and ideals at the present day would but mean to her utter ruin. So the author has done well to hold up from the past some of the best-known model for future guidance. Most of the examples cited are familiar to every Indian household. But the putting together side of side of various phases of the noblest of Indian womanhood from the Vedic times to the present day has immense value. While accentuating the adaptability of Indian civilisation it shows that Indian womanhood is a factor still to be reckoned with, for in whatever stage it had been called upon to play a part it has never been found wanting. In the early days of Vedic life, in the poetic environment of the hermitage, was born that *Sandhyā* incarnate, Arundhati. 'A fountain of delight' flowers grew up at her tread and she became the repository of knowledge, truth, love and honour and her fame filled the world. Arundhati gets a proper husband in the great sage Vasistha and 'like an ideal Hindu wife she loses herself in her Lord as a river loses itself in the vast unbounded ocean.' From a different atmosphere, the dim clash of religions and sects of past ages comes again another ideal of womanhood, the wife of Siva, Sati who as the author remarks 'is the first instance in the annals of the world when a woman resented an insult to her husband by making the supreme sacrifice by way of a protest. The story told and retold in Indian soil has infused the Indian woman with a very lofty ideal of wifehood.' The tale of Sāvitri where the chaste wife's love and devotion to her husband proved even superior to the strength of the Lord of Death is very well told. 'Sāvitri still inspires Indian womanhood with her bright example of chastity and devotion. Long afterwards this ideal was held up again in a European country, and on the shores of Hellespont burnt this putrifying flame in the life-story of Laodamia.' It is this comparative outlook and modern touch that has made the author's touch so charming. The series is very rightly chronologically arranged and speaks volumes of the historical sense of the author. First comes the mythic cycle of Vedic times with the ideals of purity and self-consecration typified in an Arundhati or Sati. Then comes the epic cycle which unfolds the life of constancy of a Shaibyā, of self-abnegation of Sitā, fidelity of Sāvitri and righteousness of Gāndhāri. From Buddhist times comes the ideal of renunciation and philanthrophy embodied in Gopā and Supriyā who entered the sacred cloisters of Buddhist monastery and ministered to the needs of suffering humanity. How in mediæval times Indian womanhood could rise to the calls of stirring times and die fighting for honour and country's cause may be well seen in the lives of Samjuktā, Padmini, Chānd Sultānā or Durgāvati. Modern conditions which the author fitly terms the cycle of transition brought forth a Devi Sāradāsundari (saintliness), a Mahārāni Svarnamoyee (public spirit), and a Devi Aghorekāmini (service to fellowmen). There are several others which have been aptly included and many more which had to be left out. But no praise is too high for the author's judgment, selection and presentation and a perusal of the book would be profitable to everybody interested in India.

P. M.

"The Idea of Coventry Patmore."—By Osbert Burdett (Oxford University Press, 1921).

The Introduction informs us that the book is "an attempt to present the substance—the intellectual idea—of Coventry Patmore's poetry," the excuse being that his poetry "has fallen on deaf ears" (p. 160) and also that the present time "when the world of thought is as much disordered as the world of action" is particularly suitable for such an attempt (pp. 212-13).

The book contains eleven chapters the first eight of which form a complete statement of Patmore's theme, the fifth being particularly valuable as part of the exposition of Patmore's philosophy of love which clearly enunciates the poet's position and his point of view. There is a fine analysis of Patmore's poems in this chapter which is also rich in valuable comments and critical remarks. The sixth is devoted to his technique with special reference to the *ode* and the seventh traces "the religious inference" of the philosophy of human love—"the courtship of Psyche and Eros having a double appeal to the lover and to the mystic" (p. 144). The next chapter is somewhat hard reading containing an exposition of "the nature of man, of the Homo as the unit of a pair"—a dual parallel emphasised in the two sexes. Here we have an attempt at the interpretation of the abstruse metaphysical ideas in *the Unknown Eros* from Aquinas or the mystical element from St. John of the Cross. We know how religious symbolism of sex largely enters into the Odes of *Child's Purchase* and *De Natura Deorum*. The transcendental mysticism of the *Three Witnesses* makes the *Unknown Eros,* indeed, a "heavenly poem." Mr. Burdett makes the 8th chapter serve as a key to the proper interpretation of the hard aphoristic sayings of Patmore in his brief meditative essays in *The Rod, the Root and the Flower,* showing their bearing on his poetry. He tries to indicate how sex and religion are necessarily related in the scheme of life.

He then works out in two chapters the implications of Patmore's philosophy of love—"its manifold corollaries"—into politics, social life, æsthetics and religion. In the last chapter Patmore's unpopularity is discussed.

The volume before us is an admirably thorough and painstaking study of Patmore with just a touch of special pleading[1] not inappropriate to hero-worship. Even Plato[2] (referred to by Patmore himself in *Angel,* Bk. II, Canto I, 2nd Prelude) and Dante are summarily ruled out of court because the theory of each "idealized one aspect of human relations" omitting "love's simplest fact" and their idealization of love makes their philosophy not fit for men in general. So "nature took her revenge" against both. Whereas Patmore has centred his philosophy on marriage, recognised the due value of "the family as society's most simple unit," and has "tried to build a philosophy of life out of the experiences of love."

The admirer of Patmore will not evidently permit the poet Tennyson—not to speak of Spenser, Milton, Wordsworth and Browning[3]—to come in as a good second to his hero regarding the treatment of his favourite theme. Patmore, we are told, has specially insisted on the recognition of the fact that "nuptial love is God-like" and his original contribution lies in the "emphasis, elsewhere lacking, on the divine nature of human love" (p. 133) making his poetry "a breviary for married lovers" (!) and though his theme is borrowed from theology "it was the emotional verification of the truth that God is love that he desired to set to song" (p. 150).

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[1] *Cf.*, pp., 4, 20, 29, 47-48, 56, 96-97, 146-7, 156, 161, 167, 173, 178 and 183.

[2] *Cf.*, Introduction and pp. 8-9, 49 and 126.

[3] *Cf.*, p. 124,

This loudness of over-emphatic and exclusive claim may be partly due to the irritating consciousness of Patmore's contemporary neglect or lukewarm appreciation from Ruskin, Carlyle, Newman, Emerson and Hawthorne.

Patmore's complaint[1] was, we know, that he fell on evil days—"on the dregs of a deadening time, and pitched his tent in a world not right," but on which he "made to blow the authentic airs of Paradise." Yet the world's neglect was not allowed to make "his homely Pegasus kick or rear." In fact Patmore's was a haughty soul strangely touched with a central Christian humility. But there is something defiantly individual in his politics and theology and his poetry is the poetry of personal experience recorded with absolute sincerity. With Milton and Wordsworth he believed in the poet's sublime mission and his poetical efforts, extended over nearly 45 years, were interspersed with intervals of deep meditation. His is not the nineteenth century lyrist's subjective style of self-expression as regards his ideal of Nuptial Love—"the root of all our love to man and God"—a theme rather neglected, he fancied, by all great poets. Patmore claims to have discovered the well-head of inspiration in "the first of themes, sung last of all," in "the love that grows from one to all"—the most heart-touching theme "that ever turned a poet's voice" and in which may be traced "outlines occult of abstract scope," a future for philosophy, for

"Love kiss'd by Wisdom, wakes twice Love
And Wisdom is, through loving, wise."

"Love," he sings, "is potent for wonder, worship and delight," its "foot-fall dignifies the earth"; "love is substance and truth the form" and it is

"Of issue infinitely great
Eclipsing finite interests all," and

"The love of marriage claims above
All other kinds, the name of love"

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[1] *Cf.*, *The Two Deserts* and the *Poem* (*Unknown Eros*).

"The infinite of man is found
But in the beating of its bound."

On the higher heights this homely passion is the "symbol of Christ's marriage with the Church" considered "as more than a metaphor" and "all delights of earthly love are shadows of the heavens" symbolising spiritual love dedicated to the service of the Blessed Virgin. "Lovers are the fountains of morality" and so he insists on a "right life which takes its vigour from control." But he is no more a Puritan than an Epicurean and knows that right life is "*glad* as well as just" and on occasions courageously paints "the flame's intensest glow" with a fervent "tremor uttering all his soul at ease."

Mr. Burdett shows how Patmore's philosophy of love builds a ladder from the firm base of the simplicities and domesticities of human love to the summit of Christian mysticism where "flesh and spirit are indistinguishable." "Natural love is the precursor of the Divine—being nothing other than the rehearsal of a higher communion of God with the soul."[1]

The writer of the book has successfully employed his method of exposition of Patmore's *idea* by means of a detailed and elaborate analysis of the poems, a running commentary on difficult passages, extensive quotations, effective co-ordination of the different pieces into a whole in which, where necessary, the connecting links are made clear and explicit with real insight, great industry and persuasive skill. He is aware of the disadvantage of a dry prose analysis and wisely leaves finished artistic portions of the poems "unsoiled by any detailed comment." This self-denial could have been more extensively practised with happy result. The value of the volume is enhanced by the writer's frequent excursions into a variety of interesting topics such as the woman problem, sex and religion, realism in art, the antagonism between poetry and dogma and also by his remarks on special points of interest like Patmore's sense of fact and its right proportion, his sense of limits, his acute observation, true insight, gift of characterisation, his epigrams and epistolary form. Too much emphasis is, however, laid on the poet's practical wisdom and here and there with a touch of unconscious humour the writer makes his serious advocacy a bit ridiculous as when he speaks of Patmore's "*extensive* practical knowledge of matrimony" as a distinct advantage reminding his readers that Patmore was thrice married—"apparently," we are told "to the complete happiness of his wife on each occasion"! Similarly, the *Angel in the House* is sought to be reduced to a lover's guide book. The plain fact is Patmore's poetry is overweighted with too many references by way of sage counsel to "obvious prudences" in married life. The author also occasionally labours a point, as for instance, by his advocacy of the alleged "virtue of inequality" (pp. 163, 174, 179 and 188) which justifies the exclusion of friendship "wherein an equality of affection is the rule."

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[1] *Cf.*, pp. 32, 56, 75, 80, 136, 137, 149, 150, 152 and 156.

Patmore's unpopularity is explained as due to a recoil from the central theme of matrimony considered by artists to be prosaic and dull. The exclusion of friendship from his philosophy of love is defended on the ground that this limitation enabled him "to concentrate on the subject" and that "the interruption of friendship by marriage" might be taken as "one more sacrifice upon the altar of love."

The book closes on a note of sturdy faith that the recoil against Patmore will pass away as greater patient attention is given to the general theory contained in his works to the exposition of which the volume under review has been devoted.

J. G. B.

Sir Jagadischandra Bose: his Life, Discoveries and Writings—(G. A. Natesan & Co., Madras, price Rs. 3).

This is an addition to Natesan's famous series of eminent Indians. It is a fitting companion to the other volumes of the series and forms very interesting reading. Those who could not afford to buy the more expensive biography by Prof. Geddes would find this quite handy and quite as full of details. There is at the beginning, a life-sketch of the great scientist and it is followed by a very exhaustive and very well-arranged selection from his writings and speeches. It is always best to allow the hero of a biography speak for himself and this is the plan followed in all the Natesan series of biographies. We see here Bose the man, and trace through the great Ideal he has been following. We see in him the man of the future blending within himself the accurate science of the West which "creeps on from point to point," and the far-sighted vision of the East which includes in an all-embracing synthesis the greatest as well as the least, the mote dancing in the sunbeam as well as the vast star clusters in the sky. India may well be proud of this great son of hers, who has followed Science patiently and faithfully wherever she had led him; but who has never for one moment lost sight of the great ideals of his ancient race. That is the central part to remember in Bose's life—he is always the Hindu Aryan first and then an F. R. S. The guiding light of all his activity has been always that message proclaimed by his ancestors on the banks of the Ganges thirty centuries ago—

"They who see but one, in all the changing manifoldness of this universe, unto them belongs Eternal Truth—unto none else, unto none else!"

The essays and speeches quoted include even those of last year (1921). A very useful list of all his important papers embodying his famous discoveries is given at the end of the book with appropriate comments upon each. There is also a short account of the Bose Research Institute by Professor Patrick Geddes and also an account of the Research Station at Darjeeling founded only last summer.

The book is exceedingly well-printed and well got-up, the matter is unexceptionable and the theme a lofty one. There is only one thing wanting to make it absolutely perfect—an Index.

Post-Graduate

The Message of Christ.—By Ardeser Sorabjee N. Wadia (J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd.).

It is but fitting that the present time, in spite of the distracting events that are happening all around, should distinctly point to the future Brotherhood of man and the Synthesis of Religions. This little book is one which bears the stamp of the coming age clear upon it. Written by a thoughtful Oriental—a Zoroastrian by faith—it might have as well been written by any thoughtful broad-minded Christian. Those who have read his earlier "Message of Zoroaster" will find here his grasp of the fundamentals of the faith as clear and precise, his discrimination in separating the essential from the later accretions as illuminating, as when he was writing about the faith in which he had been born and bred. Even though a person is ignorant of the "Message of Christ" he will become fairly well informed when he finishes the book—the picture will not be "orthodox" certainly, but it will be complete in the essential features and decidedly satisfying. The impression left upon the mind of the Gentle Sage of Nazareth is one of reverence for the great but simple message that He brought to Humanity. The author himself has told us how he wants the book to be read: he says,

" For the person who can possibly read me to some purpose will be he who will consent to go to the Gospel in all singleness of heart, and follow it laboriously and trustingly, having no other thought but how best to grasp its meaning and enter into its spirit, neglecting nothing and rejecting nothing, believing fully what he can and confessing freely what he cannot, neither letting his faith be quenched for fear of failure nor his confession for fear of censure."

This is indeed the true way of studying every religion, as the *Gītā* has also the same advice to give :

तद्विद्धि प्रणिपातेन परिप्रश्नेन सेवया ।

" Learn thou this by falling at the feet of the Teacher, by investigation and by service." The " falling at the feet " is not so much the physical action as the mental attitude. The author has succeeded very well in following his own advice and the result has been one of the finest epitomes of the teaching of Jesus that has appeared from a non-Christian. How much better is this attitude than that of the modern critic who " dissects " every shred of evidence he finds, and loses the soul of the religion while cutting up the body, may be left, to the reader to judge. I personally always find Mr. Wadia's method the most just as well as the most " critical " in the end at any rate, when dealing with the Great Teachers who are so far above our petty standards of right and wrong. Treated thus, we shall find that every such message is a " world-message " and though given at different times, to different peoples and in different languages the essence of all is the same—the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man.

I. J. S. T.

Notes on Elementary Social Philosophy and the Duties of Good Citizenship (for the use of Schools).—By J. W. de Tivoli, A.M.I.C.E. (W. Newman & Co., Ltd., Calcutta).

This little booklet just aims at putting in very elementary form and in the barest outline, the main principles of good citizenship. He goes upon the assumption that all laws or rules for the welfare of a state must be based on four fundamental principles (1) Truth, (2) Ownership, (3) Reciprocity or Justice and (4) Obedience to authority. The author has a special aversion for communism (perhaps he means anarchy practised under that name) and loses no opportunity to show it. The book would do well in the hands of an able teacher of civics as it would supply him with points for a good many lectures. In the hands of a bad teacher it would be worse than useless. The general arrangement is well thought out though it were to be wished that some points had been more fully dealt with and also in a much less one-sided manner. The treatment of the alcohol question and of the duties of the employees and the employed are examples of these shortcomings. But on the whole, the book is a desirable addition to a civics library and provided it falls into good hands it will prove useful as outlining a first year's course of civics.

BOOKWORM

The Teaching of English.—By W. S. Tomkinson (pp. 229; Oxford University Press).

Even in England too often, English in school is a mental oakum picking, such is the deliberate opinion of the author of this book. What the teaching of English in India is like had better be left unsaid. The main idea of language-teaching is to enable the student to read and appreciate literature. A language learnt means a new world opening out, as Keats has so finely described in his famous sonnet upon Chapman's Homer. In England the study of English probably suffers because it is the mother tongue, and here in India because it is a foreign tongue. The great mistake made in our country in teaching English has been that too much is made of grammar and those terrible bugbears of our school days "parsing and analysis." I still remember the interest I took in the class work when the teacher spoke of "genders and participles or discussed learnedly on the "adjuncts to the subject and the predicate." It really is a wonder that all love for reading English poetry has not been effectively killed out from *all* at any rate, of the older generation. That it still survives in some of us is due probably to the fact that we dared to face the risk of doing badly at examinations and employed our time in reading English literature rather than English grammar at home. And here, too, let me record our debt of gratitude to a few real good teachers at whose feet we had the privilege of learning.

The book is refreshing in its novelty and in the candour of the views expressed. Old-fashioned teachers would not appreciate it at all; if they could do so they would cease to be old-fashioned. The various themes of reading, recitation, learning by heart, dictation, composition, etc., are treated with insight and sympathy with the developing child.

The ultimate object, to enable the pupil to appreciate literature, is not lost sight of for a moment. This theme is taken up in the last chapter and it amply repays perusal. I remember an account of a Professor teaching English poetry in a school and discussing on a description of a wood. "The solemn way in which he talks of there being a water-fall which fell clattering among the rocks and of the singing birds there and of the usual maiden in its midst—all this is exactly what is being done by hundreds of professors in hundreds of schools all the world over. And the conclusion of it all was that the wood that the Professor so learnedly analysed was but the usual sort of wood." A Sanskrit writer has in touching words held that the Dispenser of Good and Evil Fortune would learn any amount of ill-fortune as a punishment for his sins but he most earnestly prays to Him "not to condemn him to the task of explaining poetry to the unappreciative." That there are so many among us who are unappreciative (*arasika*) is the fault of our teaching methods where we lose the soul.

The Appendix on the Teachers' private reading is very suggestive. Most of our teachers have got such an idea of their own superiority over their boys that all their reading stops from the date of their appointment and they become mere dust-overlaid fossils in a few years. Praised be God who hath given such freshness to youth as cannot be smothered in all this dusty atmosphere of our average schools!

This book is to be read, re-read and inwardly digested by a conscientious teacher (as well as by a student) of English Literature—or for that matter of any other literature in the world.

BOOKWORM

Paper Boats.—By K. S. Venkataramani (Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras).

We welcome, though a bit late yet not the less heartily, this goodly fleet. The difficulty is which "boat" to choose for special mention and which to leave out as they pass before our eyes in swift review, where every individual "boat" has its own special merit. In their outer garb (the language) they might be mistaken for purely foreign "boats," but we discover here and there a special oriental touch, though cleverly blended with their general English appearance. The cargo this paper fleet carries consists chiefly of "the milk of human kindness," which seems to have been particularly insecurely packed, for it has oozed out and has saturated the very paper of which the fleet is composed. This human touch is the most precious contribution this fleet has brought us and on this account the fleet should receive right royal welcome wherever human hearts are beating. Specially to those who have become soured through any cause we would recommend a visit to any of these boats and would advise them while there to taste the contents of the cargo. The sweetening process will be set in immediately and they shall go out the sweeter and better for their visit. The "flagship of this fleet" (in our opinion) is the good and staunch P. B. (Paper Boat) "My Grandmother." This is the first such fleet sent out from India to the English-speaking world. A few more such would accomplish the conquest of the hearts of Western men and women more thoroughly than hundreds of learned articles. We hope the shipyard of Mr. Venkataramani is busy with another fleet and that other shipyards would follow this example and create in time a really efficient Indian navy of "Paper Boats."

BOOKWORM

The Philosophy of Shankara.—By M. A. Buch, M.A., of Baroda. (The Sujna Gukulji Zala Prize Essay.) This work aims at supplying a popular exposition of the Shankara School of Adwaita Philosophy. The book consists of seven chapters and the author has swept together a great variety of conclusions from a wide course of reading on the subject and incorporated them into a short compass in his work. He has made the work a very pleasant study and the reader will get on to the end of the book without feeling the least amount of fatigue. Many labour under a misconception as to the true import of the *Māyāvāda* of the great Ācārya and some have even branded him as an atheist. The readers will find how ably the learned author has proved that the charges laid at the door of Shankara are without any foundation and that such false notions have had their origin in a misunderstanding of his teaching. We heartily recommend the book to the readers for careful study and we have no doubt that they will be fully satisfied with it. All the cardinal points of the Vedanta find a very careful and lucid treatment in the work and the author has been able enough to make a vivid impression of the most intricate tenets of the Advaita philosophy on the mind of the reader. In the sixth chapter the author examines the main position of Shankara in all its cardinal details and compares them with that of some of the Western Philosophers, such as Spinoza, Berkeley, Hume, Kant, Hegel, Bergson and others, and here the author, with great ability, exhibits various points of similarity and agreement, as well as of difference and divergence of their views with special reference to some of the most important tenets raised by Shankara. In a brilliant chapter entitled—the Epistemology of Shankara—the author has laid bare the respective claims of Reasoning and Revelation in the Shankara's theory of knowledge and has successfully negatived the tenability of the contention that the great Shankara can be looked upon—as has been done by many writers—as a mere *theologian,* and the author has been able in this chapter to establish Shankara's claim as a great *philosopher*. The treatment the individual self has received at the hands of the author is remarkably clear and the distinction he has drawn between the अहं प्रत्यय-विषयत्व and the अस्मत्-प्रत्यय-विषयत्व—*i.e.*, how the narrow, self-seeking individual Ego by a broadening and deepening process becomes at last the common "I" in all things and persons—the ultimate form of self-consciousness,—how the narrow 'individuality' is supplanted by 'personality'—is new in its treatment. The work, we hope, will prove a valuable and indispensable help to all seekers after truth who have an eager desire to know the teachings of Shankara in their true light. The author's enthusiasm for his subject and his lucid style will create an interest in the study of the Vedanta. We however regret to notice that the right import by the Shankara's great *sat-kārya-vāda* and the reality of the individual self have not received a *fuller* treatment in the work under review. Shankara has shown that the प्रागभाव of the effects prior to their production as held by the *Naiyāyikas* cannot be looked upon as merely *negative*; it really implies the presence of *future* which works in the present as a force of self-realising *idea.* Shankara's *sat-kārya-vāda* is a remarkably clear exposition of a *relation* between something present and something future, *i.e.*, something which *is* and something which is going *to be*—असंश्चेदभविष्यद् घटः सेश्वरं भविष्यद् घटविषयकं प्रत्यक्षज्ञानं मिथ्या स्यात्।……स्वेन च भविष्यद्- रूपेण घटो विद्यते" (*Bṛhadāraṇyaka-bhāṣya*), This is a very important point raised by Shankara and this cannot be overlooked. The future or the end, therefore, operates as a power in the present which is revealed only in the successive effects and this end constitutes the very essence of the cause and it enables us to *transcend* the mere time-sequence. Shankara's *sat-kārya-vāda* brings to light this transcendental idea of the causality very forcibly in his commentaries and this has all important bearing upon the final goal towards which the world moves. We hope however that the author will do full justice to this and other parts of Shankara's theory in the second edition of his work.

K. S.

Ourselves

The Asiatic Society

The Asiatick Society, named the Asiatic Society of Bengal in 1829, was founded on the 15th January, 1784 when Sir William Jones delivered a learned and suggestive "Discourse on the institution of a Society for enquiring into the history, civil and natural, the antiquities, arts, sciences and literature of Asia." Sir William Jones was elected the first President and continued to hold the office till 1793. For many years, the Society consisted entirely of European members, and it was not till the 7th January 1829, that Indian members were elected on the proposal of Dr. Horace Hayman Wilson. Sir William Jones was followed in the Presidential Chair by a long succession of distinguished European scholars, and it was not till a century later that an Indian, Dr. Rajendralal Mitra, was elected to hold the office of President in 1885. The second Indian to be elected President was Mr. Justice Asutosh Mookerjee who held the office during the two years 1907 and 1908. The third Indian to hold the office of President was Mahamahopadhyay Haraprasad Sastri who occupied the Chair during 1919 and 1920. Sir Asutosh Mookerjee has been re-elected President for 1921 and 1922. The Presidential Address, which was delivered by him on the 1st February last before a distinguished gathering of members of the Society and Delegates of the Second Oriental Conference, who had assembled in large numbers, will no doubt interest many of our readers who take a legitimate pride in the progress of research work conducted by members of our University. The full text of the Address is as follows:

GENTLEMEN,

It is not incumbent on your President to deliver an address at the end of the first year of his term of office, and if I had decided to keep silent on the present occasion, I could have cited weighty precedent in support of that course. I might also have justified my inaction on the ground that I have already had the privilege to address the Society at the annual meeting in recent years many more times than any other member. But I could not afford to forget that you did me signal honour, when you chose me your President for a second term, and I felt convinced that if I kept altogether silent, my attitude might be open to misconstruction. I trust I may accordingly rely upon your indulgent consideration this evening, while I attempt to supplement with a few observations of a general character the annual report which has been laid on the table, and make some reference to the progress of the work wherein we as a Society are interested, reserving for the next annual meeting a more comprehensive review of the subject.

Let me invite your attention, in the first place, to what may be regarded as domestic matters. During the last twelve months, our strength has been fairly maintained, and the slight diminution in the number of members need not give rise to serious misgivings. Amongst the members whose loss we lament, stand pre-eminent Babu Pratapchandra Ghosh and Professor E. B. Tylor. An erudite scholar, the former was closely associated with the Society as an active member for a long series of years, and even in his retirement continued to edit for us valuable Buddhistic works in the Tibetan language. The latter was one of the most distinguished names in our roll of Honorary Fellows whose achievements are too well-known to require detailed statement here. Our finances also are in a sound and stable condition, and during the year about to commence, we anticipate that our solvency will be amply maintained. I emphasise this point, as our scheme for a new building is about to materialise. It is really a matter for congratulation that the doubt which, at one stage, was raised in official circles, as to the nature of our title to the present site which has been occupied by us for more than a century, has proved to be entirely illusory. We have at length secured from the Government of India a declaration that the land on which the present premises of the Society are erected must be regarded as the absolute property of the Society, subject to the payment of an annual rent which, however, is remitted while the Society actually occupies the land. This view renders it possible for us to raise the requisite funds by hypothecation of the land and the proposed buildings. I am hopeful that this work will be taken in hand without further delay, though I do not overlook the difficulties that will follow from the possible dislocation of existing arrangements during the period of construction; we have not yet been able to arrange for temporary accommodation elsewhere, and the problem does not at present appear to admit of an easy solution, as there is no prospect of help from the quarter where we had confidently looked for sympathetic treatment.

Let me pass on now to the work which engaged the attention of our members during the last twelve months. I venture to think that judged both by quantity and quality, the out-turn will be found creditable in every direction. Take, for instance, a glance at the antiquarian side. Dr. Rameschandra Majumdar discussed with much learning the history and chronology of the Imperial Gupta Dynasty after the death of Kumara Gupta the First, maintaining, contrary to the opinion of Mr. Radhagobinda Basak and Mr. Nalinikanta Bhattasali that the Kumara Gupta mentioned in the Saranath Inscription was the son and successor of Narasingha Gupta. Mr. Panchanan Mitra investigated the interesting question of foreign affinities in pre-historic India, Central-Asian, Egyptian and Mediterranean, repudiating the theory of isolation with considerable force. Mr. Hemchandra Dasgupta cast doubt upon the alleged discovery of the existence of a script in India during neolithic times. Mr. Nirmalchandra Chatterjee traced primogeniture as the general law of succession in ancient India in vedic times and attempted to show how it steadily gave way to the prevalent rule of equal distribution of property. Mr. Narendrakumar Majumdar, who has travelled all over India at the instance of the Calcutta University, in search of manuscripts of mathematical and astronomical treatises, gave an interesting account of the Manava Sulvasutra belonging to the Black Yajur Veda, which supplements, in a large measure, the corresponding works of the schools of Baudhayana and Apastamba. Mr. Kaye gave a note on the arrangement of the books of the Rigveda. The study of inscriptions, on the other hand, attracted the attention of quite a number of scholars. Mr. Kisorimohan Gupta edited for the first time the Dhupi copper plate inscription which records a grant of land, by an Aryanised Synteng king of the Jaintia Hills, for the worship of the God Siva in the closing years of the eighteenth century. Mr. Haridas Mitra wrote on the newly discovered Bogra Stone Inscription which has been assigned to the tenth or even the ninth century on palaeographic grounds. Mr. Nanigopal Majumdar, one of the youngest of our members, has to his credit the largest number of papers on antiquarian subjects. In one of his notes, he traced the existence of the term Gauda as early as the fourth century before the Christian era. In two other papers, he discussed the readings of three Kharosthi inscriptions, namely, the Shakardara inscription of the year 40, the Mahaban inscription of the year 102, and the Loryan Tàngai inscription of the year 318. He also re-edited the Suë Vihar copper plate which dates back to the eleventh year of the reign of Kaniska and was first edited by one of our past Presidents, the late Dr. Hoernle, from somewhat imperfect materials. In another paper, he edited the Maner copper plate of

Gobindachandra which has an important bearing on the history of Bihar towards the close of the Pala rule. But the paper of Mr. Majumdar which attracted the most attention was that on the Andhau inscriptions of the Kshatrapa Dynasty, discovered by Prof. Bhandarkar in 1906. It is satisfactorily established that what was supposed to have been borrowed without acknowledgment from a paper by Prof. Lüders was in reality a well-known discovery of the late Pandit Bhagwanlal Indraji which no one could think of claiming as his own. Amongst other papers by some of the younger members of our society, may be mentioned one by Mr. Hemchandra Ray on Madra and another by Mr. Jyotischandra Ghatak on the identification of the plants Sarala and Devadaru so familiar to students of Indian literature. Of papers contributed by veteran members of the Society, we are proud to welcome two which represent a good deal of laborious research, namely, one by Sir George Grierson on the Prakrita Dhata-Adesas and another by Mr. Pargiter on a vocabulary of current Bengali words not included in ordinary dictionaries. Mr. Stapleton found time amidst pressing official duties to carry on his important researches on the History and Ethnology of North-Eastern India, while Mr. Seth gave an account of the oldest Christian tomb with bi-lingual inscriptions, which stands in the Armenian cemetery at Agra. Mr. J. Van Mannen carried us beyond the limits of India and discoursed with characteristic erudition on Tibetan repartee songs and on the relation between the little known Bon religion of Tibet and Buddhism. Mr. Ivanow contributed an important paper on Ismailitica, based on materials collected by him during his recent travels in Persia. Finally, we published the concluding instalment of the progress report of the work of Dr. Tessitori, the brilliant Italian scholar who was engaged on the Bardic and historical survey of Rajputana and whose premature death is a serious blow to the progress of research in an imperfectly explored department.

When we turn for a moment to the activities of our members in branches of physical and natural science, we meet with a number of abstruse papers on Chemistry, Botany and Zoology; of these, the most interesting, perhaps, is the investigation on organic antimonial compounds by Dr. Brahmachari and his colleagues, which are capable of practical applications of considerable importance.

I venture to hope that I shall not lay myself open to the charge of partiality towards our Society, if I maintain that the activities of our members justify a hope that its reputation will be well-maintained in the future. But I have heard it urged that we are no longer able to repeat the brilliant record of our earliest years. In this connection, I would like to invite the attention of our critics to two outstanding circumstances. In the first place, the pioneers in a new field have opportunities of exploration and discovery which can scarcely if ever recur to their successors, however able and devoted. In the second place, what is perhaps of even greater importance, the lamp which was lighted by our illustrious founder more than a century ago has enabled others to light similar lamps elsewhere, which must necessarily share with ours the glory of dispelling the darkness that envelops the history of our past. During the last century, societies and other institutions have sprung up in Europe and America as also in Asiatic countries beyond the limits of India, where Ancient Indian History and Culture engage the attention of bands of enthusiastic students and investigators. Many of these institutions are maintained by the State; many again are supported by liberal aid from the public funds, while others flourish by reason of private munificence. It is not practicable for me within the limits of the time at my disposal this evening to touch upon the activities of all of them; but I may remind you of the creditable achievements of some at any rate amongst those that have advanced the cause of learning in this country. Take, for instance, the scientific departments of the Government of India, Archæological, Geological, Zoological and Botanical, whose publications have attained a reputation not surpassed by that of similar publications in any civilised country. If we confine our attention to the Archæological survey alone, we find that besides the Annual Reports, distinct progress has been made with the Memoirs. In that series, the one which arrests attention forthwith is the memoir by Sir John Marshall on the excavations at Taxila, where he describes the Stupas and Monastery at Jaulian, incorporating a valuable contribution by Prof. Foucher on the decoration and evolution of the stuccoed stupas. In the same connection, we have the numismatic work of Mr. Whitehead and the study by Mr. Ramaprasad Chanda of the half-burnt manuscript of birch bark found in the monastery. When we turn to the Archæological survey of Burma, we come across a valuable monograph by Mr. Duiroiselle on the Talaing Plaques in the Ananda temple at Pagan, which was erected towards the end of the eleventh century and abounds in ornamentation of special importance, as well from the artistic as from the philological standpoint. The Epigraphia Indica continues to furnish most important materials for the reconstruction of Ancient Indian History, and one of the recent instalments where Mr. Yazdani deals with Indo-moslemic Epigraphy is full of interesting information relating to the Bijapur Kings, the Kutabsahi Kings of Hyderabad and the Khalji Sultans of Delhi. If we travel further southwards, we reach Travancore, where the archæological work commenced by the late Mr. Gopinath Rao has been carried on vigorously by his successors; and we are now in possession of new information relating to Bauddha and Jaina vestiges in Travancore as also to the Vishnu temple at Tiruvalla. If we leave aside for a moment State institutions, we find that good work has been in progress in the Bombay Asiatic Society, in the Behar and Orissa Research Society, in the Bhandarkar Institute at Poona and in the

Mythic Society at Bangalore. Nearer home, the Library of Jaina literature has made rapid progress at Arrah, and the most important of the volumes recently published is the Bhadrabahu Samhita, which gives an authoritative account of Jaina jurisprudence. But the event of the year is the completion of the fiftieth volume of the Indian Antiquary which has, for half a century, been the recognised medium of communication of researches in every branch of oriental scholarship and constitutes a mine of invaluable information. If we pass on for a moment from the record of original investigations to the rescue and publication of oriental works, we cannot overlook that our activities in the Bibliotheca Indica Series have been supplemented in a striking manner by the several well-known series published in Bombay, Poona, Mysore, Trivandrum and Baroda, even if I leave for another occasion the splendid achievements for the promotion of investigation into our Vernaculars by the Bangiya Sahitya Parishad in this city and the Nagari Pracharini Sabha at Benares. Sanskrit works of supreme importance have thus been brought to light and placed in the hands of scholars in a reliable form. Let me refer as an illustration taken at random, to a recent volume of the Gaekwar Oriental Series, designated the Kavindracharya Suchipatram. Kavindracharya was a famous South-India ascetic who lived at Benares in the middle of the seventeenth century and is still remembered for his eloquent pleading before the Emperor Shajahan in the Dewani-Am at Delhi, which deeply moved the Emperor and induced him to remit the obnoxious pilgrim tax levied in those days from pilgrims at Benares and Prayag. He had a famous library of manuscripts of inestimable value to all classes of scholars who came to Benares in search of knowledge, and the work now before us is a catalogue of those manuscripts, revealing to us the names of numerous treatises, which though in existence so recently as the end of the seventeenth century can no longer be traced.

I have not yet, however, turned your attention nearest home, because it is always darkest under the lamp. To my mind, the most hopeful augury for our future progress is the creation of living centres of oriental studies in connection with the Indian Universities, amongst whom the University of Calcutta has been the pioneer in this direction. During the last two years, the University has published seven volumes of the Journal of Letters and several separate works which abound in important papers on Indian Antiquarian Research; and the most pleasant feature of the situation is that we have contributions not merely from veterans, but also from scholars in the threshold of their career, such as Dr. Rameschandra Majumdar, Dr. Benimadhab Barua, Mr. Panchanan Mitra, Mr. Pramathanath Banerjee, Mr. Nalinaksha Datta, Mr. Amareswar Thakur, Dr. Surendranath Sen, Mr. Praphullachandra Bose, Mr. Dhirendranath Mookerjee, Mr. Prabodhchandra Bagchi, Mr. Susilkumar Maitra, Dr. Hemchandra Raychaudhuri, Mr. Nanigopal Majumdar, Mr. Hemchandra Ray, Mr. Masuda and Mr. Kimura. They have proved themselves able and willing to enter the field along with scholars of established reputation like Prof. Bhandarkar, Mr. Herbert Bruce Hannah, Mr. Ramaprasad Chanda, Mr. Haranchandra Chakladar, Mr. Kokileswar Sastri, Dr. Abhaykumar Guha, Mr. Saratchandra Mitra and Mr. Bijaychandra Majumdar. Many of the younger, like the older, scholars are members of our Society and have from time to time contributed papers which have been accepted by us for publication. The true significance of the appearance of a new generation of investigators, anxious to pursue research in the field of oriental antiquities, can hardly be mistaken, and we should all of us, without hesitation, welcome and encourage them in what we hope may prove to be their lifelong task. Our founder observed in ever-memorable words that this Society would flourish if naturalists, chemists, antiquaries, philologers and men of science in different parts of Asia would commit their observations to writing and send them to us; it would languish if such communications should be long intermitted, and it would die away if they should entirely cease. Let us be thankful to Providence that there is now not only no risk of even temporary intermission, much less of permanent interruption of the beneficent activities of this Society, but that, on the other hand, the scope of the work comprehended to be within its sphere by the genius of Sir William Jones has so vastly extended in amplitude and character that it is likely to provide engrossing occupation to devoted bands of investigators for generations to come.

THE WOES OF THE UNIVERSITY

The Senate of the Calcutta University, we understand, has written to the Government of Bengal on the subject of the proposal made by the University for raising the fee for registration of students from two rupees to five rupees. It may not be generally known that according to the Regulations framed for the Calcutta University in 1906, the University has been obliged to keep a register of all persons entering the portals of this University or its constituent colleges after matriculation. A small fee of two rupees is charged from such an aspiring student only once during his life. The register is absolutely essential for not only does the University keep touch with such matriculates but also gives them the status of University students wherever they may be placed in life. This we know has been labelled as an *abwab* by persons who live on *abwabs* but all University men know that such fees are levied at every University either in Great Britain and Ireland or in the United States of America.

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The University of Calcutta having fallen on evil times and on evil tongues desired a little increase of its income and sent up a unanimous resolution of the Senate to the Government of Bengal on the 11th April, 1921, to raise this registration fee. In a letter dated 22nd September, 1921, the Deputy Secretary to the Government of Bengal regretted that the Government of Bengal had not been able to come to a decision on the matter: "Resolutions have been put down more than once on this subject for discussion in the Bengal Legislative Council but they have not yet been discussed and until they are discussed and the sense of the Council known Government are unable to deal with this question." A notice of one of these resolutions was forwarded by our friend Mr. H. S. Suhrawardy, who, by the way, was unfortunately not reappointed by the Governing Body of the Law College in May 1921. The resolution came up for discussion before the Legislative Council and was carried on the 19th December, 1921. And the Government of Bengal, in the Ministry of Education, regretted their inability to sanction the change in the regulations proposed in the Registrar's letter dated 11th April, 1921. This unceremonious treatment of the University has, it seems, roused the apathy of the Senate and the Senate has just passed a resolution to the following effect:—

> "That the Government be requested to state the grounds for refusing to accept the recommendation of the Senate to raise the fee for registration of students."

We can very well anticipate the reply of the Government. The refusal of the Government, however, raises two important questions; firstly, should the University become or not an autonomous body, at any rate, under the Reformed *régime*; secondly, does the sanction of the Government imply sanction of the Bengal Legislative Council? And we know, the Hon'ble the Ministers, are not *legally* responsible to the Legislature.

AGE RESTRICTION IN THE MATRICULATION EXAMINATION

The courtesy of the Government, both *Pre-reformed* and *Reformed*, to a self-respecting University may well be illustrated by a reference to the battle which has raged round the question of reducing the age limit of candidates at the Matriculation Examination from 16 years to 15 years and two months. It was on the 22nd August, 1914, that in a meeting of the Joint Faculties of Arts and Science, that the late Sir Gurudas Banerjee of revered memory, mooted this important question. His proposal in an amended form was accepted by the Faculties, passed by the Syndicate and the Senate on the 21st November, 1914. The University, bound by the Universities Act of 1904, on the 9th April, 1915, made a representation to Simla to give effect to the resolutions of the Senate. On the 8th October, 1917, a further reminder was sent up to the Secretary to the Government of India to which the Secretary to the Government of India replied on the 22nd October, 1917, that "the question would have to be deferred until the consideration of the new arrangements proposed by the Public Service Commission was over." In the meantime, the Calcutta University Commission had been appointed. It came, it saw, it conquered the whole of India and made its recommendations. Shortly after the installation of the reformed Government and the transfer of the University to the Government of Bengal, the University on the 23rd May, 1921, made a fresh representation to the Government of Bengal pointing out the hardship caused upon gifted individual students some of whom had been kept back in school needlessly wasting their time for a year. The Senate further pointed out that no University in India excepting the University of Allahabad, insisted upon a rigid 16-year rule as will be evident from the following table :

Name of University.	Age of Matriculation.
Madras	15 years.
Punjab	15 years.
Mysore	15 years.
Bombay	15 years and 6 months.
Allahabad	16 years.
Benares	No age limit.
Patna	No age limit.

It was, however, on the 12th August 1921, the Deputy Secretary to the Government of Bengal declined to sanction the change proposed in a letter noted for its brevity : "In view of the possibility of early legislation relating to the Calcutta University the Government of Bengal (Ministry of Education) are not at present prepared to sanction any change in the regulation relating to the age for the Matriculation Examination." The Senate, we understand, has approached the Government for a reconsideration of the matter. Six months have gone by and the application for review must have been engaging the mature consideration and anxious deliberation of the Government. Robert Bruce tried nine times. Why not we ?

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OUR WELL-WISHERS WITHIN AND WITHOUT

The Senate on the 18th February last has been good enough to have disposed of a resolution moved by Babu Charuchandra Biswas to the following effect :

> "That a Committee be appointed to examine and report on the whole matter (relating to the taking over by the University of Calcutta, of the Calcutta Review), including the question of the *competency* and *advisability* of the University engaging in such an undertaking."

It was on the 8th January 1921, that the Hon'ble Sir Asutosh Mookerjee moved in the Senate that arrangements be made for the publication of University notes and news so as to make easily accessible to the public information relating to all University matters because, said the speaker, it was absolutely necessary that the University should be prepared to meet a determined campaign of calumny which had been carried on against it. "Indeed one might imagine," said Sir Asutosh, "that this was an age in which some people at any rate, made their living by manufacturing and propagating untruths and half-truths."

On the 11th February, 1921, the Syndicate considered a proposal of the Press and Publication Committee to the following effect:

> "The committee considered the question of purchasing the copyright of the Calcutta Review."

RESOLVED—

> "That the Committee recommend that the copyright of the Calcutta Review (together with all back numbers available) be purchased for Rs. 1,500."

The Syndicate accepted the proposal and be it noted that Babu Charuchandra Biswas was present in the meeting. On the 25th February, 1921, at a meeting of the Syndicate at which Babu Charuchandra was present the Syndicate ordered the payment of Rs. 1,500 to the Managing Director of the Calcutta Review on receipt of the back numbers of the Review. Meanwhile, though no payment was made, the back numbers were received and no qualms of conscience were felt by anybody. On the 29th April, 1921, the Syndicate adopted a resolution of the Press and Publication Committee, and sanctioned the arrangements for the publication of the Calcutta Review. Some unfortunate events followed with startling rapidity and the thunderclap from the blue came. The Registrar was called upon to explain his conduct in forwarding the now-famous letter of the University dated the 30th March, 1921, to Mr. Sharp and a thunder was hurled at the Calcutta Review.

A lay Senate, consisting of half a dozen judges of the High Court and a dozen other eminent lawyers who, have never been delighted in their lives with "rare practice" either in the corridors of the Darbhanga Buildings or in the corridors of the High Court, and who listened with religious attention and reverent admiration the exposition of the 'law of trusts' were called upon once more to admire the journalistic experience and acclaim the journalistic etiquette of the mover of the resolution. The Senate by a majority of thirty-eight votes to two gave the reply.

> "Let knowledge grow from more to more
> But more of reverence in us dwell."

THE *REVIEW* IN THE COUNCIL

Young Narajole, we understand, in a fit of patriotism and possibly with a desire to advance our cause, has asked a number of questions in the Bengal Legislative Council regarding the *Calcutta Review*, its policy and the actual amount of money provided for it in the current year's budget. We no longer wonder that such questions are allowed inspite of the fact that the Bengal Legislative Council is not the master of the Calcutta University and far less of the *Calcutta Review*. We may at once satisfy the curiosity of the aspiring Councillor or of the person or the persons whom he represents and who may not have the proud privilege of putting questions to the University, that not one single farthing has been budgetted for the Calcutta Review, its office, establishment, printing or despatch charges in the current year's budget and God willing, and if we can maintain the confidence which we have won from the public and the press, we shall not require any subsidy either from the state or from the University. In the meantime, *pax vobiscum* to the Kumar Bahadur and his advisors. We wish him all success!

THE FINANCIAL CRISIS OF THE CALCUTTA UNIVERSITY

A series of misfortunes, beginning from the year 1914, including the leakage of questions, the establishment of the Patna University in the midst of a session, the war and high prices all around, the depreciation of the securities, the creation of two new Universities at Rangoon and Dacca and last, but not of the least importance, the non-co-operation movement against the western system of education have all contributed to the drear financial prospect before the University in the present year. On a recommendation of a Committee appointed by the Government of India, the Post-Graduate Department came into existence. So long as the Calcutta University remained under the Government of India, the Government instituted careful enquiries with reference to each and every one of the appointments made in the Professoriate of the Post-Graduate Department. Sometimes correspondence and counter-correspondence, anxious enquiries made by the C.I.D.—all in careful search made after an "atmosphere of pure study"—created a good deal of delay and fastened the Government with the additional responsibility—apart from the ordinary responsibility of every civilised Government—of maintaining and equipping a University with the funds of the State. The acceptance of the princely endowments of Dr. Ghosh and Dr. Palit and of Khaira involved the University in heavy expenses and it may not be generally known, that during the last eight years, the University has spent nearly thirteen lacs of rupees from the students' fee fund alone upon the Science College. The result of all this has been that the University is now faced with a deficit of five lacs of rupees. The pre-eminent and reasonable request of the Senate to raise the examination fees in some cases by five rupees, in other cases by three rupees, has been refused on the flimsiest of pretexts; the raising of the registration fee from two rupees to five rupees has been strenuously resisted;

re-investment of securities with the sanction of the court has been derided by a section of the Press and some of our noble councillors have not hesitated to impute *motives* to the custodians of the funds in the University. Remuneration to examiners have been cut down, remunerations to paper-setters have been in some cases reduced, in other cases abolished; no fresh appointment in the professoriate during the last year has been made; technical and scientific education have been shamefully neglected; no attention whatsoever has been paid either to the physical or to the moral welfare of students. And all this for lack of funds, when funds are overwhelmingly available for some of the pampered departments of the state!

* * * * *

Far be it from us to grudge the nine lacs of rupees that have been recommended this year for our new-born sister of Dacca, which, by the way, has a specially circumscribed five-miles limit and which does not control the destinies of any high school or of any Intermediate College at Dacca. We find a liberal government has put down in the current year's budget presented before the Council, one lac and forty-one thousand rupees for the University of Calcutta which is supposed to minister to the needs of the whole of Bengal and of Assam. Out of this sum, one lac and twenty-eight thousand rupees is an assignment from the Imperial Government of India; the remaining thirteen thousand rupees represents the revived State-subsidy for messes for students of Colleges in Calcutta. And the Teaching University of Calcutta has been left to languish in the cold shade of neglect. If no financial aid is forthcoming—and there is no evidence of it inspite of the additional taxation of a crore and half upon the population of Bengal—the teaching department in the University in a few months will be closed. The abolition of this department will not gladden the hearts of our self-constituted educational experts; neither will it accelerate the progress of Science nor will it give back to colleges that cherished ideal which has been usurped by the University; nor will it send a thrill of joy into the hearts of disappointed candidates and dismissed servants; nor will it enhance the prestige of our generous councillors. The abolition of the Teaching University is fraught with grave peril—the University will be disgraced, national life, national thought and culture will cease to grow. But these are remote consequences far beyond the horizon, of the average good citizen. The immediate result will be that the entire professoriate—barring the professors who hold endowed chairs—will be thrown out of work and some of them may, goaded by dire necessity, commit either intellectual suicide or obtain decrees against the Senate of the Calcutta University from courts of law—for, most of them hold their appointments for a definite term of years—take execution of their decrees, seize the movables, sell off books and furniture in the University to satisfy their debt or their sense of revenge. Is not this Louvain with a vengeance? And what will civilised world think of Bengal and of her representatives?

THE SECONDARY BOARD OF EDUCATION IN BENGAL

The Senate of the Calcutta University, had on the 18th February, 1922, an occasion to discuss the resolution passed by the Bengal Legislative Council relating to the *immediate* creation of a Secondary Board of Education to which all schools and possibly all colleges, up to the Intermediate standard would be transferred. We are told that our well-intentioned remarks on the debate in the Bengal Legislative Council published in the earliest volume of the Review has given offence to some of our friends. We are indeed sorry for them. Senators of the experience and position of Sir Nilratan Sircar, Dr. Howells and Mr. Biss, upheld the traditions and the integrity of the University, and clearly laid stress upon the point that the University was an organic whole. Mr. Biss frankly admitted that in his attempt to reform the Primary Education of Bengal, he has come to the inevitable conclusion that the University, the colleges as well as Secondary and Primary schools are not detachable parts and therefore reform is not possible without a reform of the whole. So the reform of the Calcutta University, will necessarily entail a reform of the Secondary schools and vernacular and primary education throughout Bengal. Where is that constructive statesmanship which will solve all these mightily intricate questions with sympathy and with foresight? Any interference by a lay body like the Bengal Legislative Council, is likely to land the country in disaster.

THE STUDENTS' WELFARE SCHEME

It may not be generally known that the Calcutta University under the Vice-chancellorship of our distinguished physician Sir Nilratan Sircar, undertook the responsible duty of Examining the 40,000 students reading under the University, and of finding out ways and means to improve the health of our youngmen. The Students' Welfare Committee began its actual work from 28th March, 1920, and since then with very limited resources in both men and money, have examined more than 3,800 students reading in the (*i*) University Post-Graduate classes (*ii*) The Presidency College (*iii*) The Scottish Churches College (*iv*) The City College and (*v*) The Vidyasagar College. The report is in the press and we desire to print the whole of it in the next number and request our countrymen to read it carefully, to pause and think over the rapid deterioration and the ultimate certain extinction of the cultured manhood of the country. The report indeed, betrays a deplorable state of affairs. The number of students examined up to 31st December, 1921, and the period of examination in each College are as follows:—

College.		Period of Examination.	Number of students
1. The Scottish Churches College	...	28.3.20—16.8.20	913
2. The University Post-Graduate Classes		19.8.20—27.9.20	140
3. The City College	...	28.9.20—20.8.21	1710
4. The Presidency College	...	5.9.21—8.11.21	692
5. The Vidyasagar College (So far)	...		349
		Total	3,804

Of these 3,804 students, 1,034 are Brahmins, 985 are Kayesthat, 292 are Vaidyas, 29 are Kshatriyas, 98 Vaisyas, 17 Gandhabaniks, 45Subarnaboniks, Mahisyas 78, Vaisya Saha 54, Brahmos 49, Buddhists 7, Christians 32, Mahomedans 283, Arya Samajist 1, Jains 2.

Only about 10% of the students show well developed muscles as will be evident from the following table:—

College		Muscular	Stout	Medium	Thin
Scottish Churches College	...	13	9	47·8	28·9
University Classes	...	6·4	13·6	4·71	30·7
City College	...	8·7	5·7	53·2	35·4
Presidency College	...	10·4	6·6	55·2	27·7
General Percentage	...	10·1	7·2	50·5	31·9

About 41% of the students show a stooping posture.

About 64% of the students have got normal vision which the remaining 36% are defective. Only 13% of these defectives have, however, been found to use proper glasses.

College		Defective	Fullycorrected.
Scottish Churches College	...	38·7	14·1
University Classes	...	51·7	21·7
City College	...	29·3	8·6
Presidency College	...	47·3	16·3
		36·2	12·84

About a third of the students shows defective teeth as the following table will show :—

College.		Percentage of Figures.	
	Normal.	Caries.	Pyorrhoca.
Scottish Churches College ...	58·6	2·4	9·5
University Classes ...	60·7	4·3	8·6
City College ...	70·6	2·3	2·5
Presidency College ...	60·2	10·8	1·8
General Average ...	66	4·2	4·7

General defects including defects of heart, pulse, tonsils, lungs, throat, spleen, uvula, eye troubles, pharyngitis, nasal troubles, liver, etc., are given below in tabular form :—

College.	Number of Students.	General Defectives.	Percentage.
Scottish Churches College ...	913	145	16%
University Classes ...	140	50	36%
City College ...	1,710	353	21%
Presidency College ...	692	351	49%
	3,455	899	

PERCENTAGE TABLE OF GENERAL DEFECTS

College.	Heart.	Lungs.	Liva.	Spleen.	Tonsil.	Hydrocele.
Scottish Churches College	8·1	0·6	0·7	1·6	2·3	·09
University Classes ...	10·1	0·7	2·8	2·1	5·0	2·8
City College ...	4·8	0·5	0·6	2·9	4·5	1·0
Presidency College ...	3·3	0·1	0·1	1·5	14·5	0·5
	5·4	0·4	0·6	2·3	5·8	0·9

The percentages for defectives from all classes, have been thus given :

TOTAL DEFECTIVES

Scottish Churches College	64%
University Classes	77%
City College	64%
Presidency College	91%
General per cent	66%

"*We thus find*," says the report, "*that about two out of every three students require attention.*"

The Calcutta University is the only University in India which has undertaken the task of examining the physical condition of the students, without practically any assistance from the public (excepting the generous help of Messrs. Butto Kristo Paul and Co. who have contributed Rs. 511 in cash and have also promised to supply spectacles to students at cost price). The state has not come to the aid of the University and in a condition of great financial stringency, the University has been able to find about one thousand rupees a month only for this laudable object. All honour due to the never flagging zeal of the Honorary Secretaries, Dr. Girindra Sekhar Bose and Dr. Anathnath Chatterjee and the supervisors as well as the nine 'doctor' examiners who on receipt of a conveyance allowance of only Rs. 50 a month, have undertaken this arduous task. If the health of the students thus progressively deteriorates, then the whole system of our education should either be overhauled or be entirely abolished. The sooner we do either, the better.

IN MEMORIAM

Yesterday was the first anniversary of the death of Sir Rashbihary Ghose, an eminent lawyer, a profound thinker, a great benefactor and an illustrious countryman of ours. His associations with the High Court extending over half a century is the history of a great career marked by a gradual and steady ascent to the highest peak of professional eminence. His connection with the University is equally long and glorious. Towards the end of his career he laid the University under a deep debt by his munificent gift. It is, however, a matter of deep regret that the people of Bengal for whom he fought and bled has done nothing to recognise his great and distinguished services. As a lawyer, he always was a shining example of what a lawyer should be, namely, the upholder of truth and the staunch supporter of light and wisdom. As an educationist, he set the example of love of learning for its own sake. As a politician, he sought nothing but the glory of his country. Undisturbed by party factions, unaffected by party spirit, he pursued the path which must ultimately lead to the greatness of his country, namely, the path of moderation, ordered progress and unerring rectitude. It behoves us that we should do something not to perpetuate his memory, for his memory will always be dear to us, but to show our appreciation and our gratitude, our humble tribute to that great man who will always be a guiding star unto this and to many generations to come.

"Only the actions of the Just
Smell sweetest and blossom in the dust."